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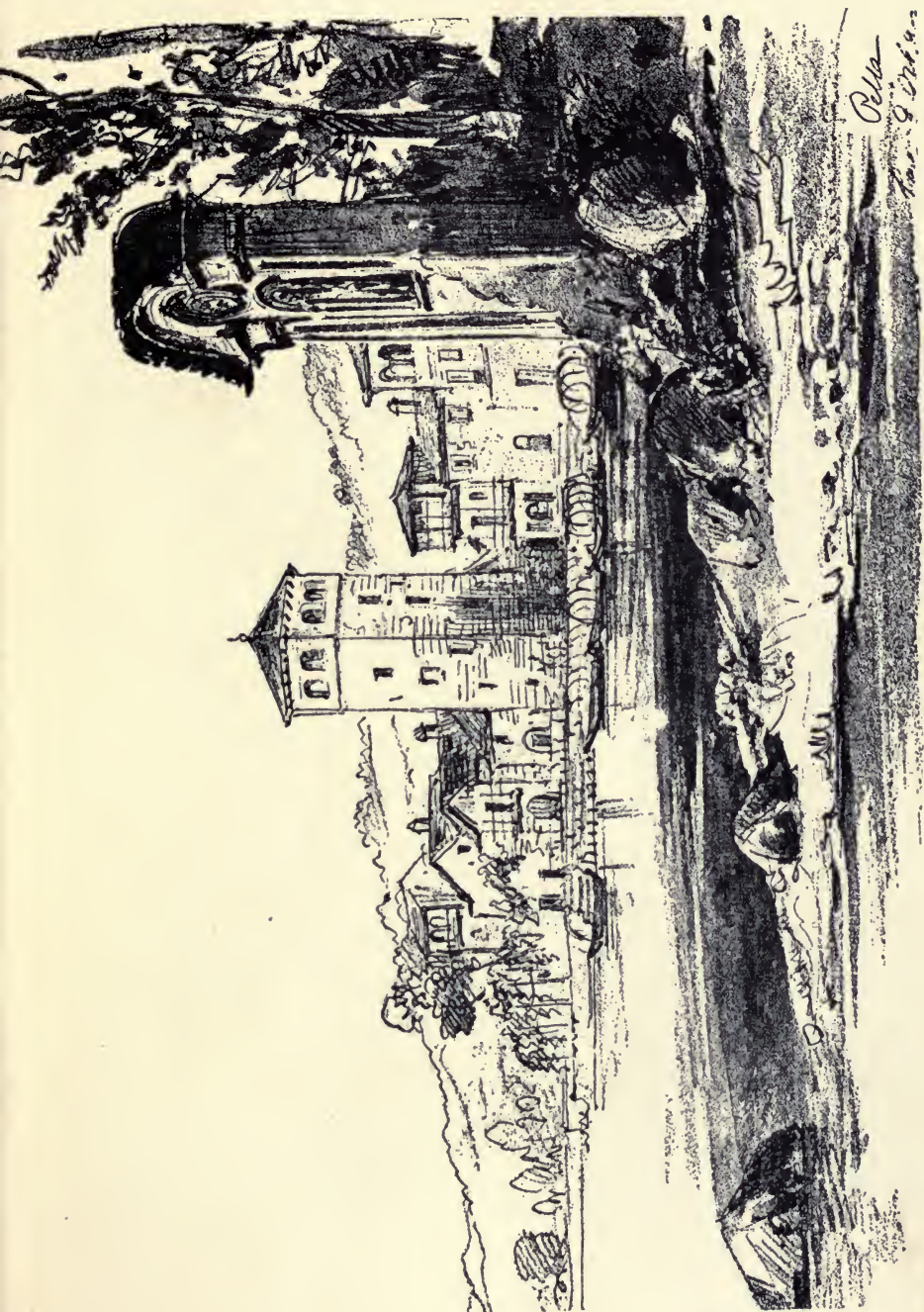
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A CHARCOAL SKETCH.



A FEATURE OF THE FLORAL FESTIVAL AT SAN JOSE, CAL.

Hill Photo.

Overland Monthly

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No 1.

THE HEART OF MORODOM

BY CHAPLAIN C. C. BATEMAN, U. S. ARMY

AFTER Captain Pershing had smashed the forts of the Sultan of Bacolod, he came to the Agus river, opposite Pantar, Mindanao, a distance of fifteen miles, for supplies and a day's rest.

Seated beneath the tent-fly in the cool of the declining day, he recounted the events of the march from Vicars, describing, with words all too few, the reduction of the Moro stronghold. The work was well done and the officers and men were given credit for it.

It should be known that the campaign had been unsought, unprovoked by him. Had the Sultan refrained after repeated admonitions, from his vulgar tirades and defiant threats, to murder any Americans passing through his territory, he would have been spared the humiliation which befell him.

Because, forsooth, Pershing was long in coming, he had conceived the notion that the American commander was afraid to venture along the west and north shores of Lake Lanao. But at length receiving tidings that the "Datto Americano" was about to leave Vicars with a large force, he despatched a swift messenger to Major Bullard at Pantar asking that he might be permitted to make a peace presentation of himself and suite at that place.

It is quite true that this was not

the first time he had communicated with Bullard; it is equally true that while he was "talking friendship" on the north shore he was showing his black teeth on the south. A fine double game he was playing. If Pershing did not come, his prestige would be greater among the neighboring Sultans; if Pershing should "call" his bluff he would run to Bullard with protestations of peace in the hope of saving his face, in any event.

In the meantime he was working his slaves night and day in the moats and on the parapets. The most strenuous efforts were being made to render the cottas impregnable. Nor was this all. His runners were busy conveying messages calculated to poison the minds of dattos of other sultanates, assuring them that he could not be dislodged, while he bragged of his ability to feed the remains of Pershing and his soldiers to the wild boar. The game failed, as double games are prone among both savage and civilized men.

Bullard secured two translations of the letter sent him, but accepted its declarations with large grains of salt, though deeming the matter of sufficient importance as to justify an official wire. It was clear that the Sultan of Bacolod was already spelling out the writing on the wall.

Bullard replied that the "way was open for any Moro to make known his friendship to the Government of the United States. He must possess but one tongue and talk straight. If the Sultan had two tongues, he possessed one too many. Americans are not double-tongued; they talk to all Moros the same way; they prefer to help the Moros rather than hurt them, but Moros must not wait too long nor impose too far upon good nature."

Perhaps the destruction of the forts at Bacolod could have been further delayed by a temporizing policy, already too long enjoined; but that destruction was as ultimately inevitable as that a cool dawn is followed by a hot day in the tropics.

Among the slain of Bacolod sultans and dattos were recognized, but the author of the trouble had escaped under cover of the night.

He lived to fight another day. He sought new fields and pastures green on the east shore, along which in due time the robust "regular" trudged upon a missionary errand in his behalf.

Now we were not a little curious, after the Bacolod column had departed on the return to Vicars, to know just what effect the campaign would have upon important engineering work then in progress in the vicinity of Pantar. Hundreds of Moro laborers were finding employment at good wages on the military road as graders and timber cutters. Would the dattos recall all these and bestow them armed in ambush along the trails frequented by our men?

Apart from having our camps shot into, an occasional soldier hacked with crises, sentinels attacked at night, and hunting parties assailed, while in request of boar or deer, we had enjoyed remarkable exemption from trouble with these disciples of Mahomet. We had done more in six months than the Spaniards had been able to accomplish in six years

on precisely the same ground. Not one of our men had been killed along a route that had cost the Spaniards a thousand lives to traverse. Behind logs, banks and stumps, our men had gathered hatfulls of empty Mauser shells ejected by Castellians when they were sorely pressed by the Moros.

It was now necessary that we should touch the pulse and take the temperature of our neighbors.

Accordingly Captain James A. Ryan, commanding troop C. 15th Cavalry, an officer well and favorably known to the chiefs of the Bayabaos, was directed to make a reconnaissance into unvisited territory and call en route going and coming at any cotta or dwelling he might choose.

Lieutenant Charles Burnett was soon busy with the details of preparation. Surgeon Godfrey, a chaplain and a hospital attendant were taken along for service in the event of "accidents." We quitted Pantar early next morning. Our horses, stripped of everything but halters, were put into the Agus river much against their will. They knew what it meant to swim in such a stream. They had scarcely got beyond their depth when the current swept them some distance below; they came out on the "home side" and frisked merrily back to camp.

A second attempt was successful. After officers, men and equipments had been ferried across in bancas, we were soon on our way. The air was cool, the sky slightly overcast, the spirit of adventure, a darling passion, was awake in horses and men alike.

Our course lay over grassy hills toward the southwest. It soon became evident that Moros were observing our movements from hills and lookouts. We were greeted with salutations by a datto, who invited us into his casa to partake of boiled eggs. The eggs might not be like Caesar's wife, but he wisely knew that other kinds of food were not,



Major Bullard.

in our eyes, above suspicion of poison or cholera infection. A trooper observed as he cracked a shell that if he found a chicken it would at least be well cooked for the boiling had been thorough. The eggs were sound to the core, and the hospitality of the datto was undeniable.

Leaving the Spanish trail to our left, we crossed a low divide and entered a beautiful valley flanked by wooded heights.

As we were descending to a clus-

ter of huts near a cultivated field our attention was attracted to a well-kept cemetery not far distant.

White is a badge of mourning among Moros, as among many Asiatics, and very picturesque on a plain do memorials erected to the honored dead appear.

These are usually artistic frames constructed of split bamboo or hardwood slats wrapped with bleached muslin. The figure of a fighting cock often crowns such fabrics. A

tall pole, feathered and fluttering with cotton drilling, resembling a huge quill pen, stub set in the ground, proclaims the loss of a cherished son. All such tokens are necessarily perishable, while the resting places of those who departed a few years since are wholly neglected.

The datto of the particular plantation at whose dwelling we had arrived was invited to accompany us through the valley. He assured us that no American had ever explored it; he had no authority from the Sultan to lead Americans into it; besides he had no horse and was too old to walk.

Captain Ryan pointed to a herd of ponies grazing in the bottom. He quickly replied through our interpreter: "Those are all mares; my stallions are at the lake; to ride a mare is contrary to Moro custom." At this juncture two substantial specimens of the Moro race stepped out and volunteered to act as guides. One of these we kept with us, the other at his own request was permitted to precede us at full speed afoot to apprise the people of our approach upon a purely friendly mission. The runner remarked as he left that he would tell the "women to keep quiet and not become frightened." We instructed him to convey our best regards to the ladies.

Then we were given an exhibition of the staying powers of a Moro messenger. He struck a trot which would have delighted long-distance pedestrians. Disappearing over a rolling elevation, he was not again seen until he emerged at a bend of the trail far up the valley. In the meantime our horses had been swinging along at a brisk walk.

We came to a large sweet-potato patch enclosed with a hard-wood fence—"pig tight." The owner, not content with securing his crop by means of the best fence that he could make, had set traps at every rod

suspending heavy sections of bamboo. These devices were sprung by a vine attached to each and running from hut to every point outside the field. These extraordinary precautions were taken against wild boar with which the Moro is unable to cope. The flesh of swine your Mahommetan fellow-citizen will not eat. He possesses few guns and no ammunition that he can afford to waste upon animals other than those classified as *genus homo*.

The kris, campilan and barong are made exclusively for carving his neighbors who may fall under his displeasure. Family feuds are very common. He would not think of "sticking a pig" with these emblems of authority and badges of rank; besides, the boar is armed in his own right with tusks capable of bringing matters to pass. As overtaker and undertaker the wild boar of Mindanao has won respect. To bury a dead hog with a defunct Moro is to cut off a soul from the eternal joys of the heavenly harem.

When a herd of boars attacks the trap-protected fence the vines are jerked, and the bamboos fall with a resounding whack. The animals are not hurt in the least—simply scared away. The traps are again set and a slave renews his watch.

Arriving at a village guarded by a cotta I first peeped into the "Mosque," a mere shed, whose single "sacred" emblem was a large suspended tom-tom made of wood and carabao hide, upon which is beaten the refrains of the nasal discords which answer for music. The gate of the cotta was wide open. A deep ditch, an adobe wall ten feet high, out of which grew an impenetrable bamboo thicket, in which lantacas (small brass cannon) were secreted, afforded protection to the datto's casa, within which women and children swarmed.

The patriarch of the place, with all his advisers, warriors and assembled slaves coming out, with great seeming cordiality urged us

enter the fort and tarry for refreshment. His numerous wives and still more numerous children were in high glee. There could be no doubt that our coming was the novel event of their lives.

The belle of the village was to be seen; she was also for sale. I did not get the figures, though I understood that the datto had cut the catalogue price fifty per cent in honor of our visit. There were no bids. The belle smiled as sweetly as a Moro belle can smile, considering her natural limitations. Assuring our new-made friends that we had till many calls to make ere the day was done, we changed our course, having explored the region as far as practicable on horse-back. Not being able to ascertain that the valley had any general designation, it was proposed in honor of the commanding officer of this reconnaissance that his name be hereafter associated with it.

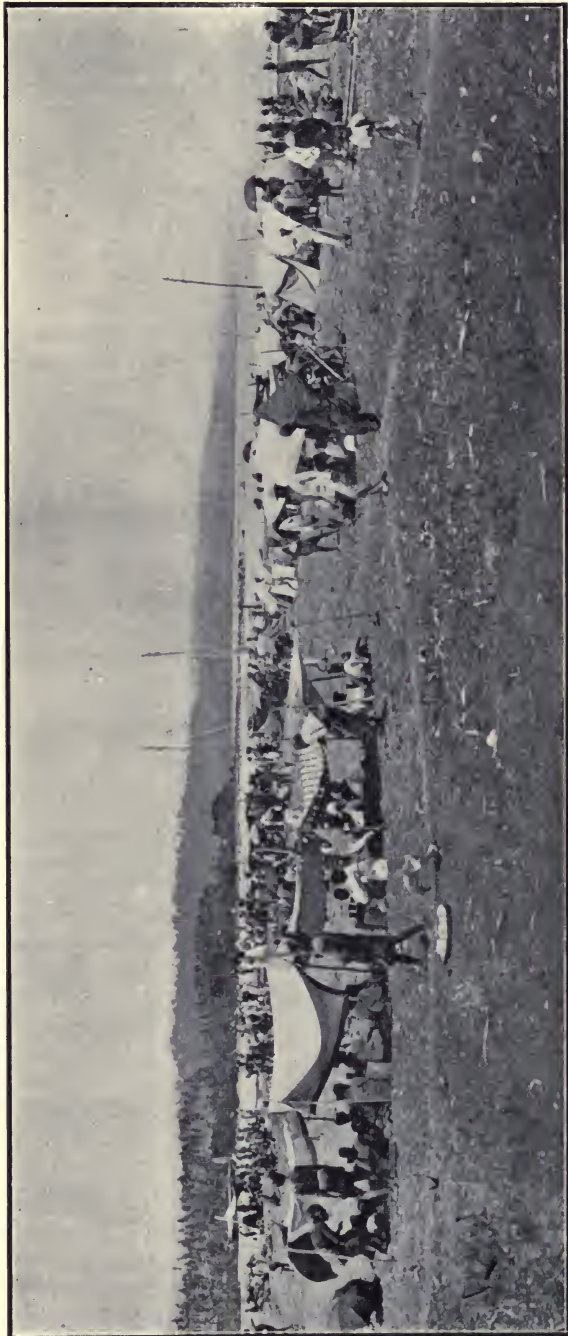
Turning southeast we picked up the Spanish trail at the base of the long ridge which cuts off a view of the Lanao region from the Pantar basin.

The first glimpse gained of Lake Lanao is impressive when one recalls the utter rout of General Cucuera in the year of 1641, after fighting for two years to subdue the Malanaos in a vain endeavor to hold the country for the crown of Spain.

For a period of two hundred and fifty years thereafter the lake men were left to pursue unmolested the savage tenor of their way. Thousands of lives have been lost by invaders and defenders along these shores. At Marahui, the Sultan, with the usual retinue of dattos, rajah-mudas and panditas about him, bid us welcome as we dismounted near the water's edge.

Pershing had left there during the morning hours of the day before. Marahui-ites were stunned by the disaster at Bacolod. The Sultan was loth to discuss it. He had arrived at Bacolod while the fight

was on; he had been an eye witness to the work of the mountain guns; he had been moved by the impetuosity of the soldiers as they carried



the position by assault; he had something to think about for the rest of his days.

Pedro, Pershing's cunning guide, with hideous grimace and vulgar jest, had ridiculed the munitions and war methods of his own race. "Fools! fools!" shouted Pedro, "to think that Americans are afraid of *lantacas* which make a big noise but never hit anything."

The Sultan, who had before exercising his offices for peace by carrying messages to and from Bullard, was now more than ever determined to cross the lake and labor with his hot-headed brethren at Taraca and elsewhere. He fell a victim to cholera while on this mission. More than once had he said that he desired the lake country to become safe for any man with good intentions to enter at will and leave at pleasure. On the face of the returns a long step had been taken toward that end.

The public pulse seemed less rapid, the temperature appeared to be returning to normal.

In a day's march we had encountered no resistance; on the contrary we had everywhere been received with expressions of good will.

The sun was sinking beyond the Tucuran peninsula as our horses were stripped on the banks of the Agus for the campward plunge. Safely on the other side, they scampered like colts to the corral.

It would have been easy enough during these days of uncertainty for our men to provoke a *casus belli*. They roundly cursed their luck that they had not been put into the fight at Bacolod. Construction work had been hard and long sustained. The temptation was strong to quarrel with the Moros; veterans could not have conducted themselves with greater circumspection. Discipline won in the struggle with passion.

Dattos who held valuable labor contracts on the military road still kept their slaves at work. These brilliantly attired chieftains were growing rich in Mexican pesos. The American camp lay, nevertheless, over a slumbering volcano.

A hunting party of Twenty-eighth Infantrymen was "jumped" by a band of Moros lurking in the colgon grass. The American warriors, though bleeding from kris-slashes, saw their assailants one by one fall under the might of their Krag's.

The end was not yet. Surface indications may never be taken as an index of what lies deep in the savage heart. These proud denizens of the jungle were wedded to the notion that we relied upon their promises and were deceived by the disclaimers.

The Moros are the Apaches of the Philippines. Events justified our judgment. War the Moros would have and we fought them.

WHEN TRUTH APPEARS

BY CLARENCE HAWKES

If night revealed what day did not disclose,
Then when man yields him to his last repose,
And that vast night of death comes swiftly down
May he not see what now no mortal knows.

THE LEGEND OF KWAN-SHAI-YIN

Merciful Mediator of the Mahayanas

BY L. CALHOUN DUFF

"All hail! great compassionate
Kwan-Shai-Yin!
O, that we may soon attain perfect
knowledge!
All hail, great compassionate
Kwan-Shai-Yin!
Oh, that all men may attend the eyes
of divine wisdom!"
—Liturgy of Kwan-Shai-Yin.

YE of the Occident, children of enlightenment, posterity of full centuries of progress, list to the worship of the Mahayanas, followers of the "Blessed One," glorifiers of wisdom, teachers of philosophy when yet ye herded the flocks of Attila or scurried 'neath the Thunderbolts of Thor.

From Kashmir to Lha-sa, from Thibet to Peking, from China to Korea, the "Land of the Morning Calm,"—spread the doctrine of the Mahayanas "Great Vehicle" of Northern Buddhism in the earliest centuries of the Christian Era. Cautioned in tolerance by the words of Gautama himself, this rapid religious conquest of full half the world was everywhere a gentle fusion of existent beliefs with the Indian spiritual conceptions. Thus do we find the attributes of a previous divinity oft-times the heritage of a Buddha of the invaders and the possibility of its existence lending strength to the theory of periodic births of "enlightened ones."

While Ulysses builded his wooden horse and by artifice gained what the prowess of Achilles ne'er could do, there lived (so runs tradition) a great King of the Mongols, Chung Wang, third ruler in the dynasty of Chow. Now, unto the wife of this mighty son of Heaven did the Great Spirit send a daughter, who growing ripe in years and wondrous beautiful, was deemed worthy to

be conferred by her illustrious sire upon the wisest man in all his wide domain.

Alas, Chung recognized not his daughter as an emissary of the Infinite One, and when in the fulness of her great compassionate heart she pleaded to be allowed to devote her whole life to merciful ministrations and to the guidance of blind, groping, suffering humanity, in a mighty rage at her disobedience he commanded that her beautiful head be severed from her shoulders. But lo! when the uplifted sword descended upon the raven tresses 'round her throat, shattered it was in a thousand fragments and unscathed before the ire of her father still stood in pensive meditation the glorious, divinely encompassed maid. Yet so blinded by the volume of his vexations was Chung Wang that he beheld not in this miraculous deliverance intervention from on high, and rushing forthwith upon his daughter, with his own hands he stifled the breath from her body; for be it known that to resist a parent is the highest treason and the greatest crime in the annals of mankind's transgressions.

But when Kwan-Yin had breathed her last celestial breath upon him and had descended even unto Avitchi, the uttermost of the eight hells, the Infernal Regions themselves, trembling with joy, were turned into a Paradise, and in terror lest he lose his heritage, Yama, God of the Underworld restored the living breath to her body, and conveyed her to the upper air. Then, seated upon a lotus, emblem of creative power, over the summer seas she was borne to the henceforth sacred isle of Poo Too, near the city of Ning-Po, where for nine years she lived, bestowing her gracious mercy upon all man-

kind, warning mariners of the dangers that beset them, and giving of her guidance to every comer.

This is the legend of Kwan-Shai-Yin, the Merciful, as it was in the second century of our era when the progress of Buddhism displaced in China the existence of numerous unsettled faiths. True to the policy of the great founder, here again, as in Thibet, it assimilated many of the current beliefs, nor was the previous worship of Kwan-Sha-Yin a small factor in the ready acceptance of the new creed.

When, in B. C. 153, under Kanishka of Kashmir, the northern Buddhists and the southern (Hinayanas) became distinct from one another, the separation was due largely to difference and thought and temperament between the disciples of the two schools. Thus, the Hinayanas regarded all life as a painful transition and the ultimate reward of endeavor to be total self-annihilation in a dreamless Nirvana. To the Mahayanas, however, Nirvana is born of a slightly different conception. While they hold all existence to be suffering, yet their idea of compensation has in it many of those concrete joys which could only be recognized by sentient entity. Thus the faith of the followers of the "Lesser Vehicle" is not nearly so impressionable nor so involved with legends and deifications as is that of the northern Buddhists.

In the second great book of the canon of the latter, "The Lotus of the Good Law," we find the closing Sutras devoted to the worshipful description of Avalokitesvara, the Great Looking Down Lord of Mercy and Compassion. It can be readily seen how in the introduction of Buddhism into China, the fusion of this deity and Kwan-Shai-Yin was brought about. Thus, upon its advent, Kwan-Yin was deified, and was supposed to have passed through all the stages of transition even to the last, the Bodhi Sattva, from whence she pledges herself to

all humanity not to go forth into Nirvana until every living thing on earth is beyond the pale of suffering forever.

The keynote of the Lotus Sutra has been thus beautifully expressed: "Where a gnat cries, there am I."

Kwan-Yin is often depicted as one of the "Three Sages of the West," seated to the left of the "Blessed One." On the right is Chi Chi, incarnation of Judgment, and between the Sacred Guatama, in whom is mingled the calm discernment of the one and the mercy and wisdom of the other. In truth a noble God-head.

To the enlightened Buddhist the worship of the left hand deity is representative of a lofty idea, rather than a belief in the potency of the image. To the ignorant, as often in our own hemisphere, the source and meaning of the conception is overlooked, and to Kwan-Yin is assigned many beneficent powers by credulous idolatry. The real significance of the thought is neither more or less than the recognition of reason as the merciful bequest of divinity to man, a means through whose agency he may free himself from the darkness of ignorance and climb into the celestial heights of true happiness—knowledge.

"Thus long ago, ere heaving bellows learned to blow," was conceived this beautiful theory of the purpose and ultimate goal of human endeavor and was constructed that pathway to human emancipation which we in our progressive onward march have appropriated as distinctly a product of Western enlightenment.

"All hail, Kwan-Shai-Yin! would that our power of acquiring knowledge might develop itself so that quitting this body we might obtain perfect rest and repose."

"Oh, may we soon cross to the other side in the boat Prajna (Sanskrit for wisdom.)"

"All hail! Amitabha Buddha!" (Liturgy Kwan-Yin.)

The Japanese-Russian War Pictorially

Photos by C. E. Lorrimer, Special Correspondent of Overland Monthly in Manchuria.



The Japanese Russian War Pictorially.—Russian Wounded being carried ashore by the French sailors, after the destruction of the "Varyag" and "Koreetz" at Chemulpo, Korea.



A. The "Koreetz" almost under water in Chemulpo Harbor. On the bridge of this ship a young Lieutenant, while directing the signaling, was shot to pieces by the bursting of a shell. Only his arm and hand were found, still grasping the flag.

B. A side view of the same ship.



A. The sinking of the "Varyag." Two monster columns of flame and smoke. The wounded Russians watched their ship sink from the deck of the "Pascal."

B. The overturned "Varyag" in Chemulpo Harbor.



The Japanese Cruiser "Chitose."



A Group of Russian Wounded in a Japanese Hospital.

NOTES ON CHOOSING A SCHOOL

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

THE immediate comfort of the boy, as well as his intellectual progress and his chances of successful struggle in the world of men depend very largely upon the proper choice of his school.

The requirements of a good school are manifold. It must give proper and due care to the manners and cleanliness of the boys, as well as to their physical health and moral and intellectual development. It is very necessary, moreover, that the school associations should be of the very best, that the social and moral standards of the pupils should be high, and that the teachers should possess not only intellectual accomplishments, but should be endowed, in addition, with certain graces of manner, which of themselves enforce respect and place them on a footing superior to that of the somewhat crude objects of their discipline.

The associations and the calibre of the teachers ought to be the determining considerations. A boy of average ability, in almost any school, can accomplish sufficient work to enable him to pass the matriculation examinations at the university, and hence to pursue his ordinary professional studies. So that the mere curriculum of book-work in a school is not a matter of very great importance.

In these days of free and well-conducted day schools there is generally some particular reason for sending a boy to a boarding school, such as inability on the part of the family to cope with an active and growing boy, restiveness of the boy under parental control, or some

other personal or family reason why it is better that he should not remain at home.

The school then should be chosen to suit the temperament of the boy, and it is here that the difficulty begins to be apparent.

It is not easy to discover the attitude of a school with regard to certain vital questions. The school catalogues cannot be relied upon, except for the most general statements, and long magisterial disquisitions respecting management and school discipline are not to be taken as conclusive of anything in particular.

The prowess of the school in games, on the one hand, or in actual university work on the other, is a better guide, for these show that there is a sort of virility about the place, and the chances are that a tone of healthy activity pervades the institution. This is the best atmosphere for boys as for men, for where real work is being accomplished and actual results achieved, there is little danger of idleness and the vices which spring from it taking root.

But there is some risk that things are not all that they ought to be in an institution where the amount of energy expended upon athletics is excessive. The public schools of England are at present suffering from this very thing. The great, and, indeed, universal attention which athletic sports receive at the hands of the British public has caused the schools to expend an excessive amount of energy upon them, and the head-masters are now crying out against a tendency which they are powerless to stem, but

which is nevertheless causing much waste of energy.

The athletic boy is the pride of his family and of his school. His are the immediate rewards, and he is very likely to obtain professional and social consideration by virtue of his physical feats, which will give him an advantage over his better informed but less robust schoolmates. So far is this carried that the writer knows of English university men even in this country, who are able to make a living simply by virtue of their reputation for athletic prowess in the home college.

This zeal for athletics is apparently very innocent, but there are other matters involved which are not so harmless, for there is another world closely surrounding the world of sport which is altogether demoralizing and dangerous. Thus, we read that the boys at Eton have lately been discovered to be engaged in extensive gambling transactions. They bought the evening papers ostensibly to read the football news but in reality to follow their own gambling operations. Moreover, athletics have become so complicated that it is hard to say where the region of amateur sport merges into the professional, and even school athletics may easily take on the complexion of gambling, and as a matter of fact tend to do so, even here.

The American habit of exclusive training for special athletic events has a very unhealthy effect upon the school boy. Athletic ability comes to be regarded for its own sake, and instead of a means to the enjoyment of life, is apt to be considered as an end in itself, a point of view destructive of true sport.

It must be supposed that all this will right itself in time, but in the meantime the schoolboy runs a certain amount of risk from the society into which he is likely to be drawn by his fondness for athletic sports.

Many parents choose a private school chiefly because it claims a certain social exclusiveness, but social exclusiveness implies extravagance, the waste of money and indulgence in dissipation, of one sort or another, and is in fact the very worst possible atmosphere in which a boy can be educated. For where the school lays claim to social distinction and bases its grounds for support upon the wealth of its patrons, the masters are more than likely to be more or less toadies. Their preferences will be obvious to the boys, who naturally lose respect for them and their authority, and acquire thereby a certain unhealthy cynical attitude toward life and which only tends to increase their belief in the absolute supremacy of mere money.

The important task is to discover the tone of the school, and that is particularly hard, as the tone in the same school varies from time to time, so that the school which at one time is beyond reproach, may at another be really a dangerous place to which to send a boy who is easily influenced.

It is interesting to observe the effect of this tone upon a new boy. The writer has watched it for a number of years. The boy who finds the school tone higher than that to which he is accustomed is likely to feel the bracing effects of it, and to begin an upward climb which will be of incalculable benefit to him, and which may ultimately place him in a class to which he seemed never likely to belong.

On the other hand, the boy who feels a moral relaxation in school as compared with home life, is not unlikely to loosen his moral hold and the last state of that boy will be worse than if he had never gone to school.

Nothing is more changeable than the tone of a school. Instances have frequently occurred where the head boys have kept an excellent spirit alive for a whole year, but when

they have left, their successors, who have been under the same influences, and have obeyed the higher standards fairly well, suddenly, and apparently unaccountably, when they have come into positions of influence, have reversed the policy of their predecessors, and have become just as great a danger to good morals and good discipline as their predecessors were a support.

There can be no question, at least on the part of those who have had experience, that it is the boys who make the school, for the governing power is perfectly helpless to deal with a set of boys whose minds are deliberately set upon a wrong course.

The big boys, the upper form men, are the censors of morals and the natural leaders of the school. The authorities, on their part, may determine the qualities which constitute an upper form man, and thus set a standard to which the lower form men must to a certain extent conform. Now and then, however, a boy with a personality arises, who puts the authorities to confusion, and becomes himself the uncrowned king of the place, which boy is, generally speaking, an excellent person to send home again.

Occasionally, on the other hand, we get a master of exceptionally strong personality, who has very definite ideas as to the way in which he wishes his school to be conducted. Unfortunately, this cannot be relied upon, for such men are scarce in every profession, and it must be admitted that that of teaching is by no means the best suited to the development of personality and strong character. But whenever such a man has been found he should be sustained by every possible means; he is simply invaluable to a boy.

In the matter of physical care, boarders in private schools do not have to contend with insufficient and poor food as was the rule not so many years ago, and it may gen-

erally be taken for granted that the food supply is abundant and wholesome. Furthermore, there has, in late years, been a great improvement in school hygiene, so much so that hardly any improvement can be made in the system of dormitories and class-rooms in the modern school buildings, and this country is far in the lead in the matter of all mechanical school contrivances.

It may fairly be debated, however, whether moral and intellectual development has followed in the wake of these practical improvements. The problems which confront the modern schoolmaster are in their essence precisely the same as those which faced the old headmasters, and it cannot be affirmed with anything like certainty that the moderns are solving them better. The ordinary head-master is, generally speaking, better equipped than his predecessor, but conspicuous and really talented pedagogues are no more numerous than formerly. In fact, the great headmasters of the last twenty-five years in Great Britain and the United States combined, could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

It may be questioned, also, if we have made any distinct advance in school instruction. Our system is different, that is all. Now we prepare boys for the specialist: then an attempt was made to instill the elements of general culture. The specialist system is probably more economical for the community as it ensures greater accuracy and rapidity in the performance of specific tasks, but it is very doubtful if it makes for the greater happiness of the individual and the joy of life.

And it must never be forgotten that from the small schools which it is now the fashion to despise proceeded a very splendid set of men who did their work well in their day and gained an appreciation of the individual and the joy of life. And it must never be forgotten that from the small schools which it is now the fashion to despise proceeded a very splendid set of men who did their work well in their day and gained an appreciation of the individual and the joy of life.

The best school is that where the true value of simple, refined living is best learned. But where is such a school to be found? Advertising will not discover it; more often than not it will escape the eye of the superficial observer. It is not likely to be a popular academy—the chosen resort of the wealthy and socially distinguished.

Continual experiments are now being made to supplement the deficiencies of ordinary schools by the creation of schools where the system is directed to certain special educational ends. Many of these are mere fads, but many, on the other hand, are valuable and conscientious experiments which

must have a beneficial effect upon education in general. Nearly all of them are possessed of some merit.

Perhaps in this study of the needs of the individual boy lies the solution of many educational problems. The necessity of sending any boy to private school grows less and less every year, with the improvement in the public schools, and this fact, taken together with the tendency toward specialization in educational methods may bring about a sort of pathological pedagogy which may lead to something like a scientific view of education as adapted to the needs of the individual boy.

NIGHT AT THE HACIENDA

BY S. HOMER HENLEY

Night, and the stars, and the scented air;
Silence faint-stirred with the cricket's note:
The soft breeze, forth from its secret lair,
Breathes shadow songs from a shadow throat.

Sighs from moist lips of flowers asleep:
Murmurings low from the pine-tops dim—
And she leans from out her casement's deep,
And closes her eyes and dreams of—him.

The fountain's mute in the court below,
But its waters glint in the star-shine there;
And the orange-blooms sway to and fro.
(A rose is caught in ner dusky hair.)

Night, and the stars, and the scented air;
Silence faint-stirred with the cricket's note:
The soft breeze, forth from its secret lair,
Breathes shadow songs from a shadow throat

THE FAVORED ISLES.

The Land of the Afternoon

BY BURTON McKNIGHT

“**L**AND of the Afternoon” it is called—land of the setting sun it is. The brilliant coloring of the evening sky, with its riots of pink and green, purple and crimson, may be well thought an intensified reflection of the myriad hues which are found in tree and flower, on plains and mountains. The Hawaiian Islands have about them a charm which whispers romance and forgetfulness, of the silver moon and the shining sea, and so great is their hold, so tence their grip on the heart-strings, that he who once has felt their spell, walks forever as in a dream, and perfect peace comes again only under the shadow of the palms and within the sound of the surf. Hawaii, whose story is told with pathos and bathos as well, has ever been the alluring perspective, and now that travelers turn their eyes to the West, its manifold advantages claim the attention of the world.

Honolulu is to-day more definitely the mid-ocean capital than ever before, as traveled on the Pacific, increasing with great leaps, draws new ships and capital to it. The globe-circler now sees a wide-awake, thrifty, well-groomed and rather attractive city, where a few years ago there was only a fringe of good business houses along the beach. Its harbor is deep and fairly wide. Three battleships, four cruisers and two colliers, added to the normal merchant marine, failed to crowd either fair way or dock room. The greatest ships afloat may come up alongside the wharves. Its commerce claims the best steamers, the largest sailers fly the American flag, and cries for more, since 25 per cent of its output passes through the

Golden Gate for trans-shipment for New York.

So much for the commercial side of the city treated superficially. There is another. Scenic Honolulu is one of the gems of the world. Perhaps nowhere else, certainly nowhere within the environment of a great city, exists such a natural sight as the Nuuanu Pali. This is the cliff over which the first Kamehameha drove thousands of his enemies, after a pitched battle. It lies at the head of a valley at the back of Honolulu, and this narrow pass makes a funnel for the trade winds of the north, so that the constant thing is to find a gale blowing in the Pali, no matter how light the airs down town. The story of the scene of blood enacted there reads like a fairy tale. We sight a narrow gap to the sea of the north coast, across a stretch of ranches, and the impression made is one of peace and happiness.

Encircling the city are the mountain chains of the backbone of the island of Oahu, and these, with their many peaks and cutting valleys, combine to form changing pictures as the rainbows arch over them, or the clouds hang low, glowing in the sun and giving a color to the soft skies rivaling that of Italy.

The foliage of Honolulu is distinctive. It is impossible to convey in words, the impression made by the combinations of many greens of the flowering trees and vines, the brilliant yellows and purples and reds, which shine through the mass of palms everywhere. Looking toward the mountains, the shades in the foliage are many, and yet blend exquisitely. Varieties of palms are encountered throughout the city

and its surroundings, while tropical shrubs and northern neighbors, which have become glorified by their transplanting, make jungles of the house-yards and public squares.

In Kapiolani Park there are examples of tropical arborculture, which are not excelled in any known tropical or sub-tropical ground. All over the city may be found avenues of royal palms, date palms, of coconuts, acacias, ironwoods, and eucalyptii, with coconuts nodding here and there in the background. The culmination of the display of tropical verdure is found in the Mounalua estate, a few miles west of the city, reached by a fine road. This estate is threaded by boulevards. There, too, is the polo field and golf grounds, the former in a natural amphitheatre and the latter rolls over the hills near by.

On the mountains back of the city are clustered villas where the Honoluluans take their outing in summer, seeking the higher levels for change of air. Tantalus at 1600 feet elevation bears on a plateau a score of attractive summer places which are delightful rendezvous for a day's outing. The winding road up the mountain's backbone passes through a forest of eucalyptus, and here and there are afforded glimpses of the mountain tops, of valleys on either side, of the blue sea stretching away to the south, making the drive one of exquisite beauty.

Along a line of railroad extending seventy miles northward there are grouped series of sugar plantations, the most productive on earth. The railroad swings through the United States military and naval reservations, around Pearl Harbor, and then by a jutting hill to the Waianae coast, along the base of whose cliffs it extends, its embankments often reaching to the surf, and thence to Waialua, where there is a beautiful resort hotel, with golf links, tennis court, boating, bath-

ing, shooting and all the pleasures of a modern summer place.

Away from Honolulu, on Maui, the beauties of Iro Valley beckon, and Haleakala summons the sight-seer to witness a sun-rise from the 10,000 feet elevation. On Hawaii the 60 miles of cane fields along the Hamakua Coast, seem like hanging gardens in their splendor. The road to Kilauea, through its jungle, entrances with its pleasurable surprises. Kauai has the wealth of verdure that has given it the name "Garden Isle," and the charm is as deep as lasting. Mountains rise 14,000 feet above the sea, and hold their snow-clad heads in the clouds. Along their uneven sides the forests show varied colorings and form striking pictures.

The restfulness of such vistas, when one has been harassed by the cold, the fog, the snow, the scorching heat, cannot be described. They tell of a year of spring time, the perennial season of bud and flower. When the sun comes north and stands overhead, the trade winds from Behring Sea blow constantly, fanning the cheek of nature, bringing grateful showers. It is always cool. A maximum of ninety degrees for the hottest summer day has not been exceeded, while the average for no one month has been above seventy-eight degrees for years. The average rainfall for 10 years has been 27.40 inches, with a maximum below 40 inches. In fact, the daylight rains are usually so soft and gentle that one pays no attention to them. The air is filled with crystalline drops, and over the green valleys arch bright rainbows. The sun is seldom lost, the average number of days when the sky is obscured being not above eleven in recent years. As a direct result, there is a depth of blue in the sky colorings, a piling up of cumulus clouds into effects which are exceeded nowhere on earth.

These effects, so brilliant and striking are not only for the sun-

light, but as well of the bright nights. With the rare atmosphere, the moon has an unwonted brilliance. It is not uncommon to be able to read by the light of the full moon, and no more witching enjoyment is afforded anywhere than to ride or drive or row or swim under a sky of blue, illuminated by a moon which seems to float in a sea of light, while the airs, as soft as silken plush, brush the cheek.

So bright, indeed, is the moon that scarcely a night passes when the silver ball shines full aloft, but

a lunar rainbow may be seen from lanai or roof garden.

These elements make the charm of the tropic. Beauty of surroundings, peacefulness of environment, the constant possibility of drives or walks or rides, day or night, coupled with the opportunity to indulge in every sport 365 days of the year. Combined with this perfection is the touch with the outside world through the cable, making of the mid-sea islands, nirvana for the tired, the ill, the sated, the pleasure seeker.

NATURE'S ALCHEMY

BY ARTHUR MacDONALD DOLE

'Tis morning, and a pulsing surf
Unfurls foam-crested billows toward the strand,
Then casting liquid fleece upon the beach,
Swift ebbs from Monterey's far-fabled sand.

To-day a sombrous gray-spun roral veil,
Which cheerless falls from some unbidden source,
Screens all familiar scenes afar and near,
That cross its chilling, vap'rous-laden course.
This mist-world now seems lifeless and alone,
Enshrouded in the dull pallescent light,
Which baffles oft, the mariner afloat,
Who seeks to guide his white-winged craft aright.

'Tis noon, gold rays illumine land and sea,
Trim slanting sails o'er sun-flashed waters dart;
The scene made brilliant, challenges the pen,
All has been alchemized by Nature's art.

WHEN THE DEAD RETURN

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Being a reply to an obituary notice by the Editor
of the Overland Monthly.



Charles Warren Stoddard.

Cambridge, Mass.

April 29, 1904.

Dear Friend, Whose Name I
Know Not:

In the Easter Number of the Overland Monthly you have strewn the flowers of rhetoric upon my not unpremeditated grave. How can I thank you for a kindness—a loving kindness—the breath of which is as fragrant as the odor of sanctity? I was indeed dead, but am alive again! In a spirit of tranquility, the memory of which shall sweeten every hour of the new life I have entered upon, I received the Last Sacrament of the Church. Do you know how one feels under such circumstances? I feel as if I had been

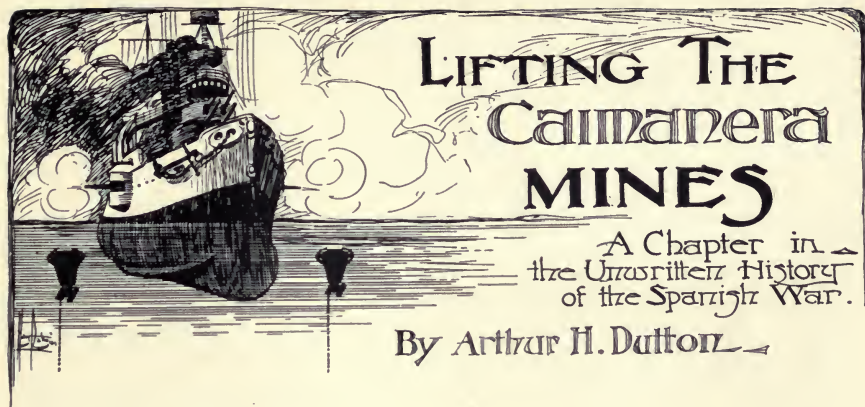
the unworthy recipient of some Order or Celestial Merit.

I know how awkward it is for one to re-appear upon the stage when one's friends have said their last adieus—but it was not my fault that I arose again from the dead and have clothed myself with this fleshly robe and am in my right mind, as all who have seen me hasten to assure me. It is a reincarnation, with a memory richly stored—a memory that embraces the details of a life led in some other, more shadowy world. The perspective of my past is glorified—I had almost said sanctified—but I am painfully conscious of the conspicuous anti-climax in the foreground. Anti-climaxes are fateful and hateful, yet this anti-climax I must wrestle with even unto the end. It may be, it must be, that being spared, I am spared for a purpose. In this hope I seek consolation, for I have unwittingly undone what was so prettily done for me. My anticipated taking-off was heralded to slow music, and had I not missed my cue, my exit should have been the neatest act in all my life's drama.

I beg forgiveness for having spoiled the consistencies, and offer the only apology that is left to offer—the prayer that I may be enabled to live up to my epitaph.

I know not what use you can make of this letter, unless you make it public in order that my readers may know that I am I—and not another posing as the ghost of my old self, and that I am yours, faithfully, affectionately and gratefully,

Charles Warren Stoddard.



AFTER the third week in June, 1898, serious fighting had ceased around Camp McCalla, the foothold won by our forces on the outer bay of Guantanamo, Cuba. The marine garrison was securely entrenched, the dense jungle in the immediate neighborhood of the camp well cleared of the enemy, frequent shelling of the woods on the northern and western borders of the bay by the Marblehead, Dolphin, St. Paul, Suwanee, and other vessels, had put a stop to the occasional pot-

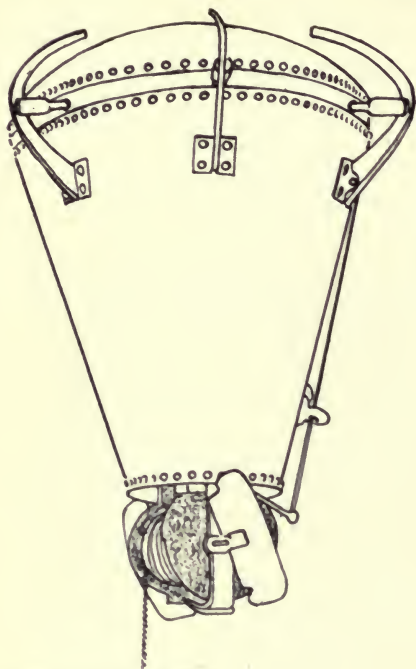
shots by lurking guerrillas at the vessels at anchor in the harbor, and the place had become a snug haven for the colliers and supply ships of the blockading fleet. The Spanish troops had fallen back on the town of Caimanera, a short distance up the river of the same name, which emptied into Guantanamo Bay.

There they could be reached only by guns of the heavier calibres. The warships in the harbor occasionally dropped a few shells into the town at long range, but it was an unsatis-



Dragging for the mines.

Drawing by Halg Patigian.



One of the mines.

factory practice at best, and unmilitary, as it really accomplished no strategic end. It frequently destroyed the property of non-combat-

ants, without doing any real damage to the enemy's forces.

It was decidedly better to steam up the narrow river and attack effectively, but a formidable obstacle to this procedure lay in the fact that the mouth of the Caimanera was heavily mined. The existence of these mines had been discovered in a rather startling way a couple of weeks previously by the Texas, which, standing into the river, to shell the town, had churned up a big submarine mine with her propeller.

That it did not explode and destroy her was but another of the experiences of our navy during the war which were little short of miraculous. The Marblehead had a similar experience.

The presence of the mines having thus been revealed, their removal became a necessity for future aggressive operations.

The task was not an easy one. The location of the mine fields was known only in a general way, their number and extent were matters of guess work. The river was a nar-



Dolphin and Marblehead shelling Spanish trenches.

Drawn by Halg Patigian.



Bluejackets on U. S. war vessel.

Waldon Fawcett, Photo.

row one, with detachments of Spanish troops on both sides. Fortunately, they had no field artillery, else the undertaking would surely have had a different ending than it did.

Captain B. H. McCalla of the *Marblehead*, the senior officer present, was a man who had never been deterred by obstacles, and he was ably seconded by Commander H. W. Lyon of the *Dolphin*, a cool, gallant and skillful officer, whose splendid conduct as executive officer of the ill-fated *Trenton* during the Samoan hurricane of 1889, in which that vessel was lost, had already won him enviable laurels. A decision was promptly reached, and June 22d was selected as the day for the attempt.

Early that morning the launches of both ships were equipped for the work. To the stern of each launch was attached one end of a small boat chain, connecting the two, and of such a length as to sink fairly deep

beneath the surface of the water, and at the same time permit the boats to be sufficiently far apart to sweep a channel plenty wide for the warships to pass up.

In the bow of each launch was a one-pounder rapid-fire gun, and in addition to the regular crews, there were two officers, a machinist, with nippers, wrenches, and other tools, and a couple of riflemen. Bandages, tourniquets and flasks of stimulants were also taken along, grim reminders of the possibilities ahead.

About 9 a. m. the start was made, each launch towing a smaller boat—a dinghy—for use in lifting the mines when found.

Meanwhile, other preparations were made on the two ships. They were always kept cleared for action during those troublous times, but on this occasion, threatened with musketry fire at short distance, a few extra precautions were taken to protect the crews of the exposed guns,



Sailors boxing on U. S. war vessel.

Waldon Fawcett, Photo.

for neither ship was armored. Hammocks, containing mattresses and blankets, were piled up around the forward guns, forming a breast-work a little more than breast-high. Extra charges for the rapid-fire guns were placed close by them, for quick work would be needed to silence volleying Mausers at close range.

And here a pretty incident, characteristic of the Yankee tar of '98, was noted. On board the *Dolphin*, the shield of the 6-pounder rapid-firer on the port side of the fore-castle had been cracked while in action a few days previously, necessitating its removal, leaving the gun without this frail protection, which was of service only against small arms. Noting its removal, the crew of the companion gun on the starboard side requested the removal of their shield, on the ostensible pretext of lack of symmetry. It was "not ship shape," they said, to have one gun without a shield, and its mate with

one. They did not say that it was disagreeable to them to be protected when their neighbors were not. Of course, their divisional officer did not feel justified in complying with their request, but on the morning of the mine-dragging expedition the first thing that attracted his attention was a neat little barbette around the reserve ammunition boxes amidships—made of the starboard gun-shield, which the determined men had surreptitiously removed during the night, gathering around their shieldless gun when called to "quarters" with solemn, innocent, though satisfied expressions. The divisional officer did not feel called upon to take any action in the matter. Neither did the ordnance officer, who observed the situation later. Indeed, the second day of dragging witnessed the absence even of the protecting hammocks, the men claiming that their presence interfered with the quick handling of the guns. As soon as the launches shoved off

the Marblehead and Dolphin got underway, and proceeded slowly after them towards the river's mouth. It was one of those nearly cloudless, lazy calm days, sometimes seen during a Cuban summer. The water was hardly ruffled by the occasional fleeting zephyrs. Nearly astern of the ships was Camp McCalla, on a bluff overlooking the bay, the Stars and Stripes hanging lazily from the flag-staff. Just below the camp a couple of colliers and the transport Panther lay peacefully at anchor. There was a general stillness over all, broken only by a faint bugle call from the camp and the clank of the anchor chains as the two cruisers got underway, with smoke pouring from their funnels, propellers monotonously thrumming, and cool, silent, expectant men standing about their guns, which were kept trained on the ominous banks of the river, ready to pour

forth torrents of shell and shrapnel at the first hostile shot from shore.

The launches had hardly gone a quarter of a mile when they were seen to stop, then slowly come together. They had picked up the first mine. A few moments sufficed to bring it to the surface, unscrew the lid, and remove the deadly bursting charge. It required gingerly handling, for the least awkwardness, even a slight blow, would discharge it and blow the handlers and other boats to atoms. With care like that of a mother tending her babe, the dangerous machine was deposited in one of the dinghies and brought aboard the Dolphin, where its bursting charge was put securely below, and the mine itself put on the forecastle. It was a curious-looking affair, made of iron and surrounded with firing pins, impact upon any one of which would explode the charge. It was somewhat incrustated



Sword exercise by U. S. seamen and officers.

Waldon Fawcett, Photo.



Quarter-deck

Drill of U. S. Marines

Fawcett, Photo.



Small arms drill on U. S. naval training ship. *Microsoft* (Walden Fawcett, Photo.)

with barnacles and weed, though, and to this fact, no doubt, was due the narrow escape of the Texas, one or more of the pins on the mine she struck having probably been jammed by barnacles. Yet nearly all the mines subsequently found had considerable marine growth upon them, showing unmistakably that they had lain a long time in the water, and this proving that the Spaniards had prepared long in advance for the war. Later investiga-

rewarded by the sight of men moving about behind the trees on Cayo del Hospital, an islet on the starboard bow of the Marblehead, which promptly lowered two pulling boats, loaded with marines, to rout them out. The Spaniards quickly retreated from the island, and the marines returned without firing a shot, the enemy having fled out of range.

Next, on the opposite shore at Hicocal Point, a few riflemen were discovered, but they, too, soon dis-



Officers' mess on U. S. man-of-war.

Waldon Fawcett, Photo.

tions indicated in nearly every case, however, that the mines were internally intact and efficient, and that but few firing pins were impaired by exposure. The Texas and other ships were merely extraordinarily lucky.

The launches were now well inside the river, the ships a couple of hundred yards behind. Keen eyes scrutinized the shores for signs of the lurking enemy. They were soon

appeared as the Dolphin's battery was trained on them. The launches continued their work, and by dinner time seven mines had been safely picked up, and over a mile of the channel cleared. The boats then returned for rest and food, the ships anchoring.

In the afternoon, the Dolphin's masthead lookout reported a large body of Spaniards on a bluff overlooking a low spit covered with



U. S. sailors in riot drill on shore.



Signal service wigwagging exercise.

Waldon Fawcett, Photo.

mangrove trees, close to where the launches had ceased their work for the time being.

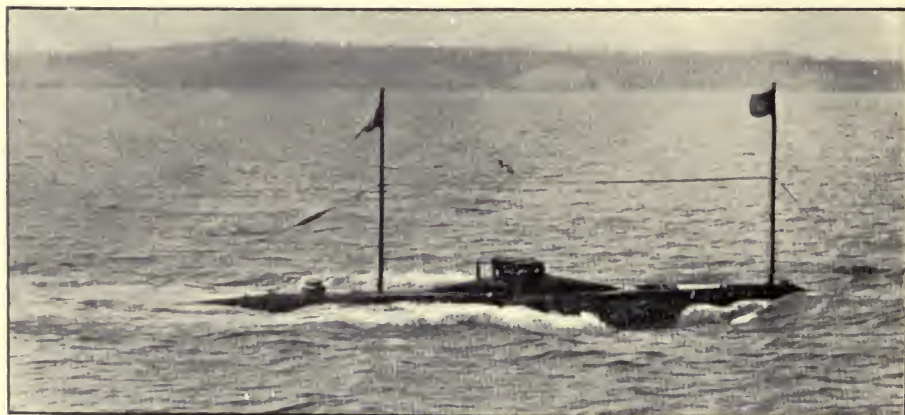
The Dolphin instantly got underway, and approaching closer, discovered that the Spaniards were industriously throwing up intrenchments, from which to fire on the launches when they resumed their work. The works were then thoroughly shelled by the Dolphin, the Marblehead coming up shortly after and hurling round after round of shrapnel into the incomplected rifle-pits.

No further attempt was made to dispute the operations of the Americans, and during the two succeeding days the mine fields were completely swept away. The recovered mines were sent north, and now serve as

curious relics in various navy-yards and museums in the United States. One of them, picked up on the first day, had a deep dent in it, where some vessel struck it, exactly midway between two firing pins, another miracle.

With wonderful luck, not an American was hurt during this ticklish task, and its success was doubtless due as much to its very boldness as to the perfection of its plans. The battle of Santiago occurred close after, and with the destruction of the Spanish fleet, further operations against Caimanera were not called for.

Together with the gunboat Sandoval, which it sheltered, Caimanera fell into our hands by surrender, without bloodshed.



A U. S. Sub-marine.

YALE AND THE FRASER RIVER CANYON

A Dead Mining Town in the Living West

With Illustrations by the Author.

By Frank Williamson

WILDLY, tumultuously, with a dull, persistent roar, which absorbs all minor sounds, the swirling, seething waters of the Fraser river hurry past the old mining town of Yale, and give the one touch of strenuous life and movement to the scene. This little town, now almost deserted, is from several points of view, one of the most interesting and picturesque spots in British Columbia—with its wonderful environment of grim mountain walls, the purples and greens of whose summits are now wreathed in gray moving vapors, clear and sharp, then change into hazy evanescence. Rifts of snow still lie deep in the higher ravines. The craggy heights, torn and fissured by the elemental warfare of centuries, are lightly touched with vegetation, gray and sombre, brightened here and there during the autumn months with the vivid scarlets and yellows of the maples. The lower slopes, however, are generally thickly wooded with spruce and cedars which, reaching down almost to the water's edge, leave visible only a dark belt of partially submerged rocks, and these seem to be ceaselessly struggling for an existence amid the raging waters, which are formed by the melting snow and ice away up in the far North.

The principal charm of the place lies in its proximity to the notable Fraser Canyon district, and Yale is perhaps one of the best points from which to get in touch with this wonderful series of canyons, which, beginning at Yale, extend some fifty miles northward, nearly to the town of Lytton, at the junction of the Thompson river with the Fraser.

All this portion of the Fraser river is historically interesting, from its being one of the chief fishing and hunting grounds of the Fraser river Indians. The remains of their partially underground "Keek-Willee" houses are very numerous. There are deserted villages and old graveyards; some of the latter having figures nearly life-size, carved out of cedar trees, still remaining. Their caches, placed high up on the branches of trees, sometimes fifty feet above the ground, and accessible only by means of a notched pole or of a rope, may still be seen in many places along the banks of the river. Flint implements and arrowheads, and sometimes a curiously carved piece of stone in the shape of a turtle, and perhaps a stone spoon or mortar for grinding corn, are often dug up from the river gravels during the process of gold washing. The few Indians, or Siwashes, as they are called, who live in the district, and who are rapidly dying out, still follow in a desultory way the habits of their ancestors. Salmon fishing is their chief industry, and on both sides of the river along the Canyon are seen their wooden stages, formed of light poles, where they hang the strips of salmon to dry after the fish have been cleaned and cut up by the women. For knives they still use pieces of sharp slate, procured in the neighborhood, and exactly similar to so many that have been dug up—with arrowheads and implements—many feet deep in the gravel of the river bars. On some rock jutting out over the boiling rapids may be seen the slender scaffold of poles and ropes where the Indian fisherman perches himself, and, with his big dip net, waits for the salmon as they work



Yale and entrance to the canyon.

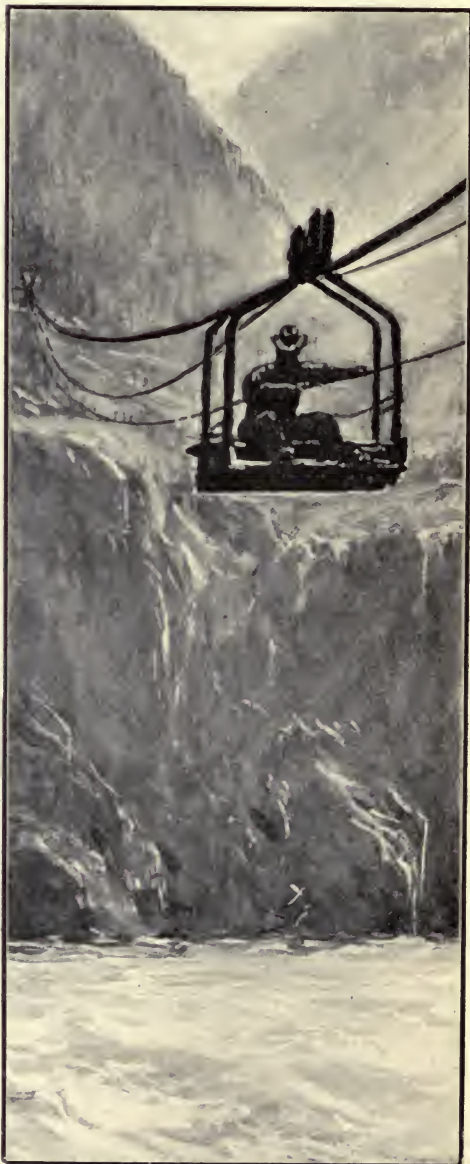


Where the railroad winds down the canyon

up the river. Sometimes, during the salmon run, a curious sight is seen in some bend of the canyon, where a little bay has been formed. This bay is sometimes packed full of big fish, who are resting there until they feel inclined to continue their rush up the rapids. In such a case, the little bay seems quite black with the fish; their backs and fins are protruding out of the water, and they look solid enough to walk on. At other times in some of the side streams which empty into the Fraser, the fish will work up the stream—perhaps during the temporary high water of a freshet—and then as the stream lowers, twelve to twenty pound salmon may be seen by the dozen stranded on the bars. The Indians still navigate the river in their big canoes, cut out of cedar trees, and it is quite an experience to travel through a portion of the canyon in one of them—the roar of the waters and the rapid movements and dexterity of the Indians with their paddles in avoiding the whirlpools and rocks give one a good deal of respect for the Siwash, even if one feels inclined to give him a wider berth upon shore.

At Yale, there are still one or two Indian women who make the famous Fraser River baskets, for which there is a large demand. On visiting one old woman in her little cabin, we found her working on a basket and introducing into the design of the basket a pattern of butterflies; her model was a local butterfly she had caught, and the result on the basket was truly decorative. Three colors, black, brown and white, are generally used in the ornamental designs on the baskets. Black is obtained by using strips of hickory bark; brown is the bark of the mountain cherry, and the white is marsh grass. This combination forms a very harmonious arrangement upon the general body of the basket, which is of cedar strips.

is situated at the north end of the town, just across Yale Creek; here may be seen a somewhat irregular collection of wood cabins of all shapes and sizes, and in all stages of dissolution, together with all the nameless bric-a-brac and junk so dear to the heart of the Siwash. The ground is rough and full of boulders,



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft

Crossing the canyon.

The little Indian village at Yale

but here and there are patches of rank grass and a few apple and plum trees. Fragrant heaps of salmon relics spread an odor which produces an impression upon the senses which is not soon forgotten.

There is an interesting little Indian church and graveyard close by, but the latter lacks the delightful touches of barbaric color, that may be seen in burial places at a greater distance from the influence of civilization. Immediately adjoining the Indian village and on the South side of Yale Creek, is the Chinatown of Yale, where Ah

mining town, having a moving population of four or five thousand people. Gold was at that time vigorously mined along the banks and upon the exposed river bars, above and below Yale, and several millions of dollars were then taken out. When the gold placers were partially washed out, new discoveries were made in the Cariboo and other districts in the north, and the population dwindled down, until now there are less than four hundred people, including Chinese and Indians, in the district.

Down by the water's edge are the



Indian caches near Siwash Creek.

Lee and Charlie and a few other stolid but not uninteresting Mongolians do a little of everything to help along the progress of civilization. In the summer, mining up in the mountains, washing, baking and market gardening, quite a number of them may still be seen, when the river is low, washing gold out of the river bars.

In the old days before the railway was constructed, Yale was a busy

rotting timbers of the old steamer landing stages, now partially buried in the sand. The main street at that time was adjoining the steep banks of the river. Its present condition is desolate in the extreme, the long, deserted, grassy street with its broken line of empty and dilapidated buildings, once stores, saloons and banks, remains, and in some of the buildings may still be seen the old fixtures, and even iron safes;



The Fraser River, below Yale.

one big safe lies partly buried in the roadway, where it has been for many years, together with a heap of costly mining machinery. The one house occupied is at the far end of the street and is used as a store by Chinamen. This is the only sign of life now remaining of what was formerly the principal street of a busy town. A somewhat similar aspect generally prevails throughout the present town, where old, empty houses are slowly falling to pieces; their available and movable parts, such as doors and windows or flooring are gradually being appropriated by any one contemplating improvements. You see facing you near the depot, where the train stops, a building with a hotel sign upon it; if you go up to it you find it empty and dismantled. One really well built frame house of several rooms, with brick fireplaces, standing upon a large, grassy lot, with apple trees and a small stream at the back, was offered for seventy-five dollars complete, or rather incomplete, as several doors and windows had already been annexed and carried off. Its situation upon a bluff above the river entitled you to some wonderful views of river

and receding mountain ranges, and these views alone should be worth the price asked.

Apart from its delightful environment of mountain, forest and river, one of the most potent charms of Yale lies in its absolute repose. Nothing seems to be doing; in fact, nothing is doing. A few trains pass through daily—one passenger train going east and one going west; these form apparently the only link with the outside world. For a few minutes there is a bit of a stir, the train stops on what forms the principal street, now carpeted with verdure of the softest green—the cows, ducks and chickens, who generally seem to own the main thoroughfare, have discreetly and deliberately retired into the background, the station-master, who also acts in many capacities as telegraph operator, freight agent, ticket clerk, etc., assumed a momentary importance. The store-keeper, who is also postmaster, is quite busy with his mail pouch, and the collection of his packages. The Gold Commissioner is pleased to lend an added dignity to the scene. A few old-time miners stand around, and some Chinamen and Indians gaze upon the scene

with a suggestion of faint interest. Perhaps a passenger or two alights, a bag of mail and a few parcels are handed out. Two or three Indian or Chinese children rush a small fruit business with the passengers, the train moves slowly on, and after the delivery of mail has taken place at the store, which function is generally attended by nearly the entire population, the usual air of repose descends once more upon the scene.

Several points of wonderful scenic interest are easily reached from Yale. There is a trail following up Yale Creek to the falls, a short distance above the town, and thence westward over the mountain range, overlooking the Fraser Valley, through a great forest of cedars. This trail leads through an undergrowth of ferns and mosses, which can hardly be seen to such perfection outside of British Columbia. The view from the summit of the range, looking down upon the wind-

ing Fraser River between the great hoary trunks and lichen-clothed branches of the forest trees, is one of the greatest beauty. The view extends beyond the Hope Mountains; to the southwest the river winds like a streak of silver far below, and the town of Yale lies nearly vertically, two thousand feet below.

About two miles up the canyon above Yale on the other side of the river is Siwash Creek, a very delightful and interesting spot. The canyon is crossed at a narrow spot by a steel cable, which supports a cradle upon runners, and here you can pull yourself across one of the wildest bits of water which is seething in the canyon below. It is to most people a rather novel sensation to go through the air, apparently attached to a slender rope above such a roaring Niagara; rocky precipices rise sheer above the water on both sides. Having crossed over there



Drying salmon near Yale.

is a trail leading up towards the head of Siwash Creek, to some placer and quartz mines, and another trail which leads along the bank of the Fraser River, partly over a terrific slide of enormous rocks, and winds along at the foot of precipices two thousand feet high, until the mouth of Siwash Creek is reached. Here is a plank bridge over the creek, and you come to what was formerly an old Indian settlement, but not entirely deserted and abandoned, except for a few Siwash who visit the place during the fishing season.

Here, amid the trees and wild undergrowth, may be seen the remains of several large "Keek-Wil-lee" houses, as well as some big caches placed high up in the trees; down by the water are the Indian fishing places and their shelters for drying the salmon, and near by are their old camping grounds. A few caves up in the rocks show signs of old occupation, and an extensive graveyard with many opened coffins shows that quite a large village existed here in times gone by. In the graveyard, under the trees, were lying several almost life-size figures of Indians; these were grotesquely carved out of cedar trees, and afterwards painted. At this part of the canyon the scenery becomes very wild and impressive, the mountains rise several thousand feet in height above the river, which, with its big whirlpools and mad rush, leaves a deep impression of force and grandeur.

A short distance below Siwash Creek, are some deserted Indian houses, which do not seem to have been occupied for a considerable time. There are numerous fine apple and plum trees around, with apparently no one to gather the fruit, which was dropping off the trees at the time of our visit. The whole place was covered with an almost

impenetrable growth of weeds.

For some distance above Yale the old Cariboo road may be traversed, though in many places rock slides have obliterated it, and rendered it somewhat dangerous. It winds along the sides of the mountains in some places high above the railway, and thus offers very extensive views of the canyon gorges and the river below. Before the construction of the railway this road was the principal means of access to the gold mines of the Cariboo district and the far North, but since the railway has been in use the old road has been allowed to fall into disuse. This is to be regretted, since it would, if kept in repair, have formed such a delightful means of seeing some of the finer views of the matchless series of canyons a few miles above Yale. At present the only way to see them is to proceed along the railway track, which, although it is everything to be desired in the way of allowing one to get into intimate touch with the wild scenery around, yet in doing so presents a continual succession of somewhat nerve-racking experiences; long, dark tunnels to be passed through, and high trestle bridges to be crossed, through the tide beams of which may be seen the rush of waters far below and the roar of which prevents one from hearing any coming train. For twenty-three miles above Yale the scenery continues to be of the wildest description; the great river cuts its way through the mountain walls, here dashing against opposing masses of black cliffs, there broken by enormous piles of boulders, the waters meanwhile one surging mass of white foam, and the whole scene closed in by the varying contours of mountain forms here covered with forests of deepest green, which gradually pass into the purples and grays of the distance.



The world of desert and hill-top.

The old chief, Levy-Levy.

Over the lava-topped hills.

LUCY, OF THE HUALAPAIS

A Breeze from the Painted Desert

By Alma Martin Estabrook

SHE was tired, was Lucy of the Hualapais, so tired that half-way along the trail she stopped, and loosening the band about her forehead, dropped her oya in the scant shade of a greasewood bush, and sitting down, dug her brown toes into the lavender sand.

Across the lava beds against the side of the mountain, her wickiup clung; the wickiup where Wielietopsi had brought her so many moons ago that neither he nor she had tried to reckon them; where the papooses had come, one, two, three, four, round and brown, into this world of desert and desolate hill-top; where life, slow-cycling and sluggish, centered for her, and where now the supper fire's gray blue smoke drifted hazily skyward, and where in the late afternoon sunlight she caught the gleam of her eldest daughter's gay blanket.

The limpid shallows of her eyes reflected a shadow strange to them and over her face, scarcely less round than her papoose's, a line drew taut and cut.

She had come from the old chief,

Levy-Levy. And what he had told her had disturbed her usual serenity.

Presently she roused herself and went sturdily on. The wickiup faced the west. Its end was open, and there in the splendor of his brown baby nakedness, among skins and rags of myriad colors, with a scrap of blanket blazing somewhere back of him, sat in state the little Wielietopsi, blinking black eyes of defiance at the sun.

Wielietopsi, the first, lay not at full length on his pile of skins watching his squaw as she toiled up the hill with her burden. More sleeps ago than she could count on her work-blunted fingers, he had departed, suddenly, for the Hunting Ground of his fathers. But she thought not of his absence as she toiled homeward, nor as she mechanically shared in the supper about the fire in the open. And after the papoose and the younger children had been put to early bed she called her daughter out with her.

They stood beside the corral of peeled cactus stalks, talking softly, standing close. The wind came

over the lava-topped hills from the Bad Lands and fluttered their worn bandana blankets about their bare feet; Venus stared at them from the west; and over their troubled heads a beneficent moon beamed gloriously.

The spirit of Wielietopsi was not at peace. This Levy-Levy had made known to her. The old chief's sister, Salamadi, upon whom the restlessness of old age had settled, wandering on the hills by moonlight, had met him, and he had made known to her his sense of injury and resentment that no horses had been sent with him into that place where his fathers were all mounted.

Wielietopsi, in the flesh, had been held in little esteem, so little, indeed, that at his death no sacrifice in his behalf had been suggested; but in the spirit he commanded both awe and consideration.

Levy-Levy had plainly intimated to his squaw that his spirit must not be allowed to "yamma" about the hills.

But the little cactus corral held but one occupant—the stiff old gray horse who munched his feed and looked at them out of sleepy eyes. He represented a large part of their living and the only means of conveying the necessities to the wickiup perched so eyrie-like upon the ledge.

Leaning her bare arms on the top of the corral Wielietopsi's squaw looked over at the old horse with speculative eyes, and slowly shook a determined head.

* * * *

Lucy, of the Hualapais stirred in her sleep, and wakened. Untroubled slumber was usually with her. Her questioning eyes sought the papoose at her side, but he slept the undisturbed sleep of Indian babyhood. No unaccountable noise met her ear. But suddenly she remembered! And remembering, she lifted her head cautiously, supported only by her splendid supple neck, and waited, listening.

The wind leaped over the lava beds and threw itself on the wickiup, shaking all its loose ends or shingles and flapping canvas. The hut was like a great grotesque rattle, seized suddenly and shaken with might, for the grim and whimsical satisfaction of the spirit of the roisterous night.

But she was not afraid of the wind. She knew it. To its lullaby, now fierce, now gentle, generations of her forbears had slept. Its whimsies and its vagaries troubled her not at all. What she feared was the intangible, the unknown. This visitor who would come stepping silently out of the world beyond her senses into the world of quickened pulses and acute heart beats.

And in the moment's seizure of panic and palsy she knew that he must be appeased.

Days of toil and sleeps of troubled weariness would not compare with sickening night moments like these. Fear of the man who was gone had always dominated her, and he was doubly fearsome to her now.

By the sky she knew it to be almost morning. The stars were gone but one. It hung, big and golden, squarely in the dome of heaven. And she lay down shivering, and drew her blankets close. The wind whipped her mane of hair across her face. Like the eyes of a child fastened on a bauble suspended above it, her eyes fixed themselves on the solitary star—a little while. And then she slept.

* * * *

The canyon was remote and almost impossible of access. It lay like a caldron into which the god of upheaval, snatching from the grim hills about it their broken ribs of rock, had cast them, gnarled and contorted, monstrous things that made strange pyramids down its length, or lifted themselves against its ragged sides almost to the rim. August torrents had cut a way through it, leaving chalices in the white marl, cups where the water

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tingered longest, and where green things still grew in the crevices, scant wiry growths of much root and little leafage.

Mesquite and scrub-oak mounted with boulders toward the canyon's rim, and grew there, green against the whites and softened grays. Some of the bushes had been burned, and stood black and skeleton-like, throwing queer shadows.

Over certain of the huge supporting pillars of the great sides there was a touch of pink—the soft and exquisite coloring of ages. At its mouth a spring, solemn and limpid, with the sentinels of a band of wild burros keeping guard over it. One, striped like a zebra, threw up his head and listened, and the four about him became rigid as they stood. He looked toward the trail that approached from the limitless stretch of desert. A spot disturbed its unbrokenness.

The leader snorted, and wheeling, plunged up through the canyon, his fellows at his heels. Like goats they mounted from rock to rock, and at the head—the only place where even they could scale, climbed precariously to the edge. Then they turned, snorting and vengeful, and watched the strange approaching spot.

It lengthened, ran into a ribbon of dull color, and fluttered up the soundless canyon.

A half-hour it must have taken in approaching a halting place, and the sentinel burros, still upon the brim, perceived their enemies, the Indians.

An old warrior grotesque in a work-a-day civilian's suit, came first on his wire of a pony, behind him two young bucks, each mounted and one leading an old gray horse, then

the squaws, four of them, as squat in the saddle as out. They moved without sound other than that made by the horses in their painful and sometimes almost impossible efforts to scale the rocks that all along blocked the way, and reaching a certain spot, where high on the jagged canyon side a recent fire had burned, they solemnly dismounted. The horses were tethered, or held by the squaws, all except the gray horse; he was led farther up the steep side to a shelf of rock, where mesquite, charred and blackened, stood.

A pile of ashes lay there, at its roots, undisturbed by the elements. A twisted rifle, broken by the heat, lay across it. It was the funeral pyre of Wielietopsi.

Close by the young bucks dragged fresh mesquite and piled it high. The gray horse whinnied nervously, and from below, another as old as he, remembering other scenes like this, perhaps, answered with a kind of reassuring cry.

Stolid and motionless, with heavy faces and black, back-tossed manes, the squaws waited, Lucy of the Hualapais among them.

Then the old warrior lifted up his hands toward the strip of blue summer sky above, and spoke into the stillness. A shot followed his words, and then another, in rapid succession.

The gray horse lurched, and fell, and the flaming mesquite caught him.

The sides of the canyon gave back the echo of a great sigh. For at last the spirit of the wandering Wielietopsi was appeased. His stiff old charger was with him in the Hunting Ground.



THE WORLD'S THOUGHT

A Compilation by Pierre N. Beringer

The Whitehead Torpedo.

The Whitehead fish-torpedo, as used by both Russia and Japan, has already confirmed, in a measure, in the present war, the recent prophecy of a naval expert that this engine of war and its user would gain a halo of romance eclipsing that surrounding the gun and the ram.

This projectile has become the most terrible, both in its effects and in its silent, insidious flight, of all the modern engines of war.

First produced in 1866, with a speed of only six knots for a short distance, and a low explosive power, the "baby," as the seaman calls it, has become a highly organized machine. The Whitehead is divided into eight compartments, containing, respectively, the firing arrangement, explosive chamber, air chamber, balance chamber, engine chamber, buoyancy chamber, bevel-wheel chamber, and rudders and propellers.

It is sent into the water by revolving tubes, dropping gear, above-water tubes, or below-water-tubes; usually the latter, owing to the danger of the torpedo being hit by the enemy if held above the water line.

The explosive charge contains 200 pounds of gun-cotton, and when the torpedo, gliding swiftly beneath the water, comes in contact with a ship, a rod at the head is driven in against a detonator, which explodes the charge, and tears a hole in the ship's bottom.

Pure Food.

The passage of the bill establishing national standards for food pur-

ity to apply to exported foods and those entering into interstate commerce will make it incumbent on the various States to bring their food standards into uniformity with the national schedule. They cannot be compelled to do so since their jurisdiction covers all foods sold in their own States, but it will be to their interest to do so for two reasons. In the first place, divergent national and State standards will result in confusion and inconvenience. A manufacturer must comply with one standard for goods to be sold in the State, and with another for goods intended for the interstate market. He could only choose between them by choosing between the two markets. In the second place, the federal standards are not hap-hazard requirements. They are the result of careful study by Government experts. They are as lenient as honesty, sound commercial policy and sanitary considerations will permit; but they are thorough and are said to be fair and judicious. Few, if any, States have been so careful; most of their standards are somewhat arbitrary, inclining now to too great leniency and again to unnecessary harshness.

Gold Production.

The total gold production of the world from the discovery of America to the year 1901, according to the report of the United States Mint, is in round figures \$9,811,000,000. Pure gold of this value would weigh about 16,272 tons, and occupy a space equal to 27,099 cubic feet. Graphically this amount could be represented by a solid circular tower of gold 20 feet in diameter and 86

feet high. The total yearly world production of gold since 1901 would increase the height of such tower about 3 feet each year.

Postal Regulations.

The Post-Office Department has been trying for a good while to raise the second-class rate of postage on everything but the daily and Sunday newspapers. Why not on these? Simply, of course, because they are political journals, and have political influence, and the department is afraid of them. It prefers to confine these attacks to publication of little or no political influence, and the daily papers uphold the department in so doing.

There is no logical reason why any daily paper should go through the mails at one cent a pound and weeklies and monthlies be deprived of this privilege? The law makes no distinction of this sort.

The Auld Brig o' Ayr.

The "Auld Brig o' Ayr," which Burns made dear to all lovers of his immortal poetry by the famous dialogue between the new bridge and the old one is falling into decay. Well, it may, for the date of its foundation cut into its wall is 1252. Six hundred and fifty years is a respectable age for a bridge. Burns makes it say to its spick and span rival who reproached it as being old-fashioned and ugly. "I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn." This was sheer boasting, for already the beginnings of the decrepitude that has come upon it must have been working in its foundations. Its supports are now crumbling. An architect, who is also an archaeologist and an enthusiast for Burns, reports that it will soon collapse unless it be shored up and renewed. He is trying to induce the town council of Ayr to appropriate \$3,500 for its preservation. The council is willing to act, it is said, but is delaying over a question of whether the money

should come from taxation or be taken from a bequest long ago made for the purpose, the validity of which is undecided. Here is an opportunity for Andrew Carnegie.

Orthography of the War.

We may expect a fine assortment of spellings for place names in Japan, Korea and China. It is not a matter that need worry the painstaking persons who revise the war despatches before they are put in type. The other day, a publisher suspected that he had paid too dearly for a map compiled for him because the name of a Korean treaty port was spelled Mokpo. He discovered the form Mok-p-ho on another good map, and it seemed more impressive. But who shall decide which is correct when the doctors disagree?

No uniform system for the transliteration of these Eastern names into either English, German or French has ever been adopted. We are not much enlightened even when we consult the best German maps, which, in their spelling of Oriental place names, perhaps come nearer to representing native pronunciations than those of any other country. If we consult the Kiepert maps we shall find many spellings that differ from those on the Andree maps; and in that court of last resort, Stieler's Hand Atlas, many spellings are discovered that differ from them both. If we are perplexed between Wiju and Wi-ju, we may turn to a well-written English monthly published at the capital of Korea. Surely, this magazine should give the acceptable transliteration of the name of the Korean town; but here we are confronted by an orthographical monstrosity, Eiet-chu, and prefer impalement on one of the other horns of the dilemma.

Several attempts have been made to secure uniform spelling of these Eastern names, and they have helped the map-makers to a considerable extent; but the outcome has



Picturesque Hawaii.—On the beach at Waikiki, Honolulu.

not resulted in uniformity and is confusing.

Kiepert adopted rules by which he regulated the spelling of these place names on his maps, and later Richthofen suggested rules for the spelling of Chinese names; but the Germans to-day mix up the two systems, and the geographers of other Western countries, while conforming with some of the principles laid down by these authorities, do not adhere to either of them.

There are many difficulties in the way. The broad foundation of the best geographic orthography in America is, as stated in the rules of the Royal Geographical Society, that vowels should be pronounced as in Italian, consonants as in English, and that "the true sound of the word as locally pronounced shall be taken as the basis of spelling." But what is the true sound of the word as locally pronounced? Metchnikov in his language map of China, for example, gives eleven principal dialects of the Chinese language as spoken in China proper. A foreigner's idea of the correct spelling of a Chinese place name usually depends upon the particular group of natives with whom he confers. If he adopts the Cantonese pronuncia-

tion of the name of China's capital he will say that Peking is the best English approximation of the sound. If he learns the pronunciation from the inhabitants of the province in which the capital is situated he will say that the best English rendering is Peking. He may add incidentally that the name of this province appears on American and British maps as Pechili or Pechili, or Chihli or Chili.

A few years ago our board on geographic names ruled that the spelling "Pekin" should be used in all government publications; but the board was even violently assailed with weighty objections to this orthography, and last year it felt constrained to reverse its earlier decision; so Peking is now the governmental usage in this country.

Another difficulty is that all the Oriental pronunciations seem to Western ears more or less vague and indecisive. As Reclus remarks: "Americans and Europeans are constantly struggling to distinguish between l, m and b, between h and p, between ien and ian and an and in."

It is a sort of go-as-you-please spelling match. The best way for Westerners who are not Orientalists is to adopt the simplest spellings

used on good maps. Hyphens have their significance, but they are better omitted than misplaced. Ping-Yang represents the correct sound more nearly to the ordinary reader than P-hjong, Yang. Chifu is perhaps better than Che-foo, and no one need feel injured if the hyphen be omitted.

We can understand what places are meant and worry along very well, even though some of the spellings be truly wonderful. Some day order will be brought out of this chaos, but it may not be until the whole question of the proper local pronunciations and the best phonetic representations of them is submitted to a committee of competent Orientalists whose decisions shall be generally accepted.

Who are the Japanese?

Originally the islands that make up Dai Nippon, or Great Japan, were peopled by a Caucasian race, who

occupy in Japanese history a position similar to the early Britons in English history. These people, now represented by the hairy Ainus of northern Yeddo, were driven northward by the swarm of Mongolians who swept across Korea from northern China. The first great leader known was Jimmu Tenio, who founded his dynasty about 660 B. C. He is deified as the descendant of Amaterasu, Goddess of the Sun. Another string of Mongolians came from Malaysia by way of the string of islands. To this southern strain is probably due the mercurial temperament of the Japs. Superficially the Japs seem to resemble the Chinese, but close examination proves that the race has been evolved independently. They, however, absorbed the earlier Chinese civilization.

The history of the succeeding centuries is vague until about 200 A. D., when an Amazonian empress



California, the Sportsman's Paradise.—A three hours' catch on lower Eel River with rod and reel.

by the appropriate name of Jingo captured Korea. This campaign was a big thing for Japan in more ways than one. The vassals brought with their tributes the knowledge of writing, the civilization of China, the mulberry and the silk worm. The art of spinning and weaving followed, and in the year 552 the first image of Buddha appeared. In the succeeding century there was a perfect rage—like that now for Western ideas—for the civilization of China. Arts, customs and opinions—whether of society, morals or politics—were assimilated with the greatest ardor. Buddhism made rapid progress. Feudalism was instituted, and great offices were made hereditary and the Shogun of Yeddo (sho-general, gun-army) became of greater power than the Mikado. In the fifteenth century the Mikado and Shogun got to fighting, and both were whipped by the Samurai, or warriors. After that a series of strong Shoguns held sway over the land.

In 1545 the Portuguese navigator, Mendez Pinto, with a lot of followers, landed and soon established himself. He was followed by the Jesuit missionary, St. Francis Xavier, who made rapid progress, the imitative Japs taking readily to the new visitors and new customs. But the visitors were too free and were ordered away in 1597. By 1638, after terrible persecution, Christianity was extirpated and all foreigners were kept away except the Chinese and Dutch traders. This expulsion was accomplished by the Tokugawa Shoguns, who introduced a horrible system of espionage, which has left its mark until the present day in the shape of dishonesty and lack of civic courage.

When Commodore Perry knocked at the door of Japan in 1854, the Shogun rule and the last phase of mediaevalism fell before the modern civilization. That date, when the treaty with the United States was signed, March 31, 1854, was the

birth of modern Japan. Yokohama, Nagasaki and Hakodate were opened to trade in 1859, and the next year we sent a minister to the court of the Mikado.

The daimios or military leaders, were a long time in accepting the changed conditions, and there were many attacks on the foreigners. Our own legation was attacked in 1861, and an interpreter killed, and the legation was burned in 1863. Repprisals and punitive expeditions followed for several years, and it was 1868 before order came about after the young Mikado had overthrown the military rulers. The first year of enlightened rule really was 1868, when the Mikado moved to Tedo, changed its name to Tokio, and made it the capital of the empire. He soon abolished the feudal system and began to copy the ideas of the Western civilization. The first newspaper appeared in 1870, and the first railway was opened two years later. History moved rapidly after that, and the country was opened to foreigners generally. The edict against Christians was removed and missionaries welcomed. A constitution granted to the people went into effect in 1889. Japan declared war on China on February 12, 1895, which lasted less than a year. After the treaty of peace, Russia stepped in and robbed Japan of all the fruits of victory except the island of Formosa and the retention of the captured Chinese navy.

Notes on Japan.

The term Mikado, usual appellation of Japanese Emperor among foreigners, literally means "The Honorable Gate." It is a very ancient Japanese title. The Emperor's real title is "Tenio."

The present ruling family obtained their position by usurpation. In 1868 the Shogun (real sovereign), who had held power in successive families since the 12th century, was beaten in a short but decisive civil

war. In 1871 the Japanese feudal system was abolished.

The Salic law obtains in Japan—no female having the right to ever become Sovereign.

Japanese system of Government is that of an absolute monarchy. Yet a constitution was promulgated on February 11, 1889. By this the Mikado combines Sovereign and executive rights, exercising the latter with the advice and assistance of Cabinet Ministers, appointed by himself and responsible to him. There is also a Privy Council.

The Mikado can declare war, make peace, and conclude treaties. He exercises legislative power with the consent of Parliament. Parliament consists of a House of Peers and a House of Representatives. To the House of Peers (numbering 300) it is possible for any one not a "lord" to gain admission, provided that he has paid within a certain district the highest amount of direct national taxes on land, industry or trade, and been nominated by the Mikado. This is somewhat different to the British House of Peers or the Victorian "Upper House."

There are also 300 members in the House of Representatives, a fixed number being returned from each election district. Proportion of members to the population is one to 128,000. Qualifications of electors are—Male Japanese subjects of not less than 25 years of age, fixed permanent and actual residence in the district for not less than a year, and payment of small direct national taxes. Political aspirants for this House must be 30 years of age. They are elected for four years.

Voting is by secret ballot, similar to Australian method.

Local government is carried on by a division into 36 districts, ruled by governors. In 1879, city and prefectural assemblies were created, based on the principle of election. Their power is confined to fixing the estimates of the local rates, subject to the confirmation of the gov-

ernors, and finally of the Minister of the Interior. All male citizens, 25 years old, resident in the district three consecutive years, and paying a moderate land tax, are eligible as members. The franchise is given to all males of 26 years resident in district who pay a land tax.

The population of Japan is over 40 millions.

Absolute religious freedom is given, so long as it is not prejudicial to peace and order. There is no State religion and no State support.

Elementary education is compulsory. The university consists of a university hall, colleges of law, science, medicine, literature, engineering and agriculture. The bulk of the elementary and higher schools are supported by Government and local rates.

A system of justice founded on modern jurisprudence has been established. There are seven courts of appeal for civil and criminal cases decided in courts of first instance, of which there are 49. There are 8 State prisons, 130 local prisons, 4 naval prisons, and reformatories in each district.

The Government reserves a large sum of money for relieving pauperism.

The sources of revenue are land tax, income tax, excise, bank licenses, stamp duties, tobacco tax, customs, etc.

The peace strength of Japanese army is 284,741 men. All males over the age of 20 are liable to serve for seven years, of which three must be spent in active service, and the remaining four in the reserves. Every male, however, from 17 to 40, is liable to be called out in time of war.

The Japanese fleet consists of some half-dozen first-class battle-ships, four armored coast defense vessels, seven armored cruisers, five third-class cruisers, 16 or more protected cruisers, and 12 gun vessels. The torpedo flotilla consists of 16

first-class, 23 second-class, and 28 third-class boats.

The land is cultivated chiefly by peasant proprietors, tenancy being rare.

There are two classes of railways—State and syndicate. The State had five years ago only constructed about 632 miles, while the syndicates owned 1873¼ miles. Twenty-eight railways were owned by the latter.

Let the Filipinos Alone.

No part of Secretary Taft's interesting and very instructive speech

ing them to put a demand for Filipino independence into their platforms. In brief, Secretary Taft's argument against such a declaration is that its immediate effect would be to disturb the tranquility which now exists in the islands, and arrest the work now going forward for the building up of a permanent, well-ordered government. A promise of independence, he said, helps no one. It would introduce at once into the islands the issues of present fitness for self-government, would bring to the front the violent and irreconcilable elements of the



Education in the Philippines.—School children celebrating the Fourth of July.

was more impressive and convincing than his earnest protest against the effort of a small element in our entire population to meddle in the affairs of the islands and create unrest and dissatisfaction among the natives. A petition has been in circulation for some months seeking signatures, which it is proposed to present to the national conventions of the two parties, ask-

ing them to put a demand for Filipino independence into their platforms. In brief, Secretary Taft's argument against such a declaration is that its immediate effect would be to disturb the tranquility which now exists in the islands, and arrest the work now going forward for the building up of a permanent, well-ordered government. A promise of independence, he said, helps no one. It would introduce at once into the islands the issues of present fitness for self-government, would bring to the front the violent and irreconcilable elements of the

Surely the opinion of a man like Secretary Taft, who has established the present government and administered it so wisely and so well as to command not only universal commendation but, also Filipino confi-

dence, should prevail in this matter. Who are the advocates of the meddling policy? Chiefly persons who have never been in the islands, and who have had only one desire in relation to them since they came into our possession, and that is to see them set adrift from this country and go to ruin through anarchy. What they are seeking is not the success of the government's policy, but its failure. They are not after tranquility, but trouble. They are incapable of even hearing the appeal which Secretary Taft makes to them. That is sane and wise, but for that very reason the meddlers are unable to comprehend it. Happily, there is no danger of the Republican convention listening to their plea to disturb existing tranquility, and a demand from the Democratic Convention will not count, because its political character will be obvious.

The Kaiser's Musicians.

The first Royal Marine Band of Germany, one of the best musical organizations of its kind, and known on the other side as "The Marine Schauspiele - Kapell - Aus Hamburg," will soon be installed as a feature at the show in St. Louis, where it is to be an important part of the German exhibit. It is the Kaiser's own band—his pet body of musicians—and he has commissioned it to come to the United States to play a short engagement at the exposition. The band is said to be an object of great pride to the Emperor, and it was from a desire to give the band an opportunity of playing before Americans that the tour was originated.

There are several interesting features connected with the Royal Band which are not, as a rule, seen in musical outfits in this country; for instance, every player stands almost 6 feet in height, while the leader is 6 feet 5 inches.

All the members have been equip-

ped with brand new uniforms and the appearance they should present will be more than striking.

Some of the best soloists in the German Empire are numbered in this crack organization, and every man is proficient with both brass and string instruments; they are capable of giving an entire symphony with wind instruments, and the repertoire at their command comprises fifteen hundred compositions of the greatest masters of the musical art.

An innovation entirely new in the musical field in the country is a concert with kettledrums and long herald horns, representing a cavalry charge. These horns have long been out of service, even in the old country, and are looked upon as relics of the times when knights held their annual tournaments, but the Emperor had these horns especially made for the Royal Band, and it now forms one of the chief features of its concerts. Another entirely new accomplishment is a concert with steel violins, instead of wooden ones; this violin has been patented by the leader, and although the music is somewhat like that of the wooden violin, it is unlike enough to cause considerable comment.

It is a well known fact that the Kaiser is a lover and a severe critic of music, and this fact alone is convincing enough of the band's merit, as every musician has been picked with the greatest care and with a view to pleasing his majesty.

American Railway Methods.

Neville Priestly, under secretary to the government of India railways department, who were sent to America last summer to study and report on American railways, has submitted his report. "The railways of America," says Mr. Priestly, "are commercial undertakings on a gigantic scale and are operated under conditions which are to be found nowhere else in the world, since

they receive no protection from the State, and have had to fight their way to the front by sheer ability of management. If I have appeared enthusiastic at times, it is because I was greatly impressed by the courage with which the railroad officers have faced their difficulties and the pluck with which they have overcome them. It is impossible to associate with the great men who have made their mark on American railways without being, I may say, infected with some of the enthusiasm they show for their business. It is not until one realizes that the one idea in the mind of American railway men is to "get there," and they do "get there," and by the quickest and shortest way, and do not allow themselves to be turned aside either by red tape, old-time

prejudices, tradition or any other of the bogies by which older countries are assailed, that one understands how the results have been obtained which one sees there. American railway men are quick to see a new idea; they are quicker still to try it. They take a great pride in their profession, and are all striving to get at the science of it. That their methods are not always perfect is what might have been expected, but they have managed to do what no other country in the world has done, and that is, carry their goods profitably at extraordinarily low rates notwithstanding the fact that they pay more for their labor than any other country. It is in the study of how they do this that much benefit can be derived by other countries."



Picturesque Hawaii—Honolulu Flower Mart.

A GUILTLESS ATONEMENT

By Helen Ellsworth Wright

IT was six o'clock when the Plittsville stage stopped at Bolt's Hollow. Mark Demming, the solitary passenger, clambered from the inside of the coach into the scented twilight.

Seven years counted much, measured on a man's yardstick of life; seven years counted for nothing, measured on the tamaracs, and the river, and on the eternal gray summits, curving towards the East. They looked as if he might have left them yesterday, and yet, between gaped a chasm of time, blackened by disgrace, by unmerited dishonor, and by faithless friends. Even Lisa, his wife, had reproached him, though his soul was as clean as the soul of their child.

The driver drew the mail-bags from under the boot, tossed them to the steps of the road-house and swung himself down behind them.

"How's this weather for Easter, eh?" he called to the driver.

Demming turned his coat collar high, and strained his ears for the voice that should answer.

"It's fair enough," replied unfamiliar tones. "We'll have green corn in less than a month if this keeps on."

Beneath the great-coat, Demming breathed more freely. The former host would have recognized him in spite of the beard and the frost in his hair. He winced, remembering how, on his last stop at the road-house for dinner, they had placed him at a side table, with his escort, the deputy-sheriff.

"We can't mix convicts with rents," the landlord had said. "Not that the stripes 'd rub off, if he had 'em on, which he hasn't, but it ain't just policy."

What did it matter anyhow? Demming shook the stoop from his

shoulders. His glance was defiant. He had served four years, unjustly convicted by circumstantial evidence; he had toiled, self-sentenced, for an added three, to make Lisa and the child proud of him again, and now——. His eyes grew dim. In his pocket was the product of those last three years—a roll of notes and the deed to a farm in the valley. Perhaps he should have written to his wife, but his heart had been sore with her doubt of him, and yesterdays were yesterdays, he argued. To-morrow would be the season for fresh beginnings; they would pass from the shadow into the sun, he and Lisa, and the child.

It was a good hour later when the boy brought the stage from the stables. The driver emerged from the bar, smacking his lips as he came. Climbing to his place, he gathered the reins.

"Want to come up?" he called to Demming.

Then the coach settled herself to the grade, and away to the east hung one white star, over Plittsville, and Lisa.

The azaleas were blooming as they had in springs gone by; in the canyon the river frothed between banks of saxifrage. For the passenger, the sounds and the scents of the mountains had tongues. Their message was of a past redeemed, and an Easter.

"Know any folks in Plittsville?" the driver suddenly asked.

Demming started. He had a vision of a blue-eyed woman and an elfish little girl. "I used to," he responded.

"For instance, who?"

"Well," Demming guardedly answered, "there's Billy Kahn, the foreman——"

"At the Wild Cat Mine," nodded the driver.

"Where is he?" Demming inquired.

The driver's tone grew speculative. "Now, that we can't exactly say," he replied. "Billy was a good sort, though, and I reckon he went up. Who else do you know."

The passenger's heart, brimming with the past and the future, recalled the man who had sealed his love and Lisa's. "John Rand, the circuit preacher," he suggested. "Is he there yet?"

"Y-es," the other answered. "He's tucked in his crib up in the graveyard on the hill. We've got a rustler now," he continued. "Tomorrow's the first Easter in the new church, and my wife— But say," he interrupted himself, "don't you know any live folks? How long have you been away?"

"Seven years," said Demming, and a silence fell.

Over the summit crept a fair spring moon; in its light, the mountain's breast grew pale with dog-wood stars. A faint perfume came to him, and he knew that a clump of chemise lilies were blowing near the road. Their perfume reminded him of Lisa; she was like it, rare and sweet, and illusive.

"Seven years," began the driver. "Let's see—that must have been—about the time they trapped Demming!"

His companion fumbled for the rave of the seat, found and grasped it. "About," he said.

"That was in spring," went on the driver. "I got my run along in the autumn, but I've heard a lot about him, though. He tried to show clean hands, but it didn't go down with our folks," he grinned. "No, sir-ee! I'll bet his heart was as black as a bottle-rock."

The final pull up-grade set the stage to singing on her axles; the driver whistled an accompaniment. After a pause, Demming leaned determinedly forward.

"He left a wife," he said, "and—a baby."

"A girl," corrected the other. "She come four the next March." He unfurled the lash to flick the ears of his leaders. "And she's no more like her mother," he continued, "than a digger pine is like a rhododendron flower. She's her dad over and over again! My wife says so!"

Demming remembered, with a pang, how disappointed Lisa had been that the baby had his hair and eyes. He had wanted her christened "Melissa," but the mother had said she was "swarthy," and they had called her "Joan."

"As I started to tell you," broke in the driver, "we've got a new church over at Plittsville, and my wife—"

But no one listened. Demming was nerving himself for a question.

"She's— She's well?" he asked.

He dared not speak her name lest his voice should betray him.

"Who's well?" snapped the driver. "Huh? . . . Melissy Demming? Why, she's well enough, I guess. As I was sayin' at the church—"

"And when he—Demming, you know, when he—went away, did she—grieve?" The passenger's voice was unsteady.

The driver looked at him. "Why, yes, I s'pose so, some," he said. "That's the way with wommin folks. He did his turn, and got out, and when he died—"

"Died?" echoed Demming. "Not—died?"

"Yes, died," cried the driver. "I said so, didn't I? We learned he died. It was decent of him, too," he continued. "And Melissy she did the neat thing by him—she put up a monument with a likely motto on it. It's a good monument," he added. "My wife says so."

A laugh throttled Demming. A monument to his memory! Life was throbbing in his veins; love was pulsing in his heart. In the pocket of his great-coat were the notes, the

deed to the valley farm, and a string of pink corals for Joan. Already he could see the lights of Plittsville. Behind him the pines rose dark; before him the river stretched a white ribbon of foam, and the morning would break upon Easter!

He turned glad eyes to the driver. "Do you know Melissa?" he asked.

The man stared. "Well, rather!" he chuckled. "I married her two years ago come fall!"

For Demming the moon went dark; the road billowed; the river rushed in his ears.

"You—married her?" he faltered. "I don't—understand!"

The driver smiled. "Well, you would," he said, "if you could see her a-watchin' for my stage! Why, she knows when them leaders strike Main street! She'll be out there a-waitin' at the gate, as bloomin' as the lowlands in May! And sing! Whew! A brood of young orioles rolled into one can't touch her when— Whoa!" He suddenly set the breaks and leaned towards the passenger. "Say, you'd better get down and crawl inside. Yes, you had!" he insisted. "I know when a man's gettin' 'stage struck'! Why, I had a Cornishman up here last week, and he got as flabbergasted as a trout hung to a tamarac! It's the altitude and the joggle of the seat.

Persuasion was useless; he released the break. "When we get in town," he said hospitably, "you'd better come up to the house, along with me. My wife'll know— Stop at the turn? Why, there ain't anything there but the graveyard."

Night still brooded over the mountains, and the tamaracs, and Plittsville, but her face was pale with the coming birth of day, and the star-points in her diadem were pale and uncertain. In the burying ground the sleepers faced towards the sunrise, and Demming had stretched himself among them in like direction. His overcoat was

wet with dew, but he scarcely knew it.

At length a drowsy twitter told of an awakening bird. Another answered. A quail whistled in the brush. A lark warbled a voluntary. Demming sat up, gazing with hot eyes ahead of him. To the east was a band of crimson on the forehead of morning. He turned his back upon it. He saw the snowy crowns of the buttes grow pink in reflected glory. A million tiny crystals caught the light and tossed it on to another. The sun had rolled the stone from the sepulcher; the world vibrated with Easter.

The man buried his face in the grass. Lying so, heart to heart with the earth, he felt a material something against his side. It was the case containing the corals for Joan. Demming groaned. The child belonged to him. He wanted her, he needed her, but the trail of duty lay narrow, clear-cut, ahead. The sin was Lisa's; the sacrifice must be his.

Suddenly, as if by the signal of a great leader, a myriad of bird-voices broke into an anthem; the air throbbed with its music, and through it broke the mellow tones of the church bell.

The anthem was sung; the final echo of the bell melted into the spill of sunshine, and a hush fell on the burying-ground. Then it was that a solo became audible. It was a human voice, a child's voice that quavered on the high notes and flatted a little, and it was very near to him.

Demming sat upright. A clump of "Judas tree" held its shield of magenta bloom not fifty feet away, screening a chancel where a quaint service was being conducted. The words of the singer came to him, distinctly:

"Shall we gather by the river,

Where bright angels' feet have trod,

Gather with the saints at the river

That flows by the throne of God?"

Demming rose to his feet. There

was a familiar timbre in the voice in spite of its immaturity. Tiptoeing to the brush, he came to an abrupt stop behind it. Between its arms of bloom he could see a plain wooden shaft, painted white, and on it, in bold, black lettering, he read:

"In Memory of Mark Demming.
"Though thy sins be as scarlet, they
shall be as white as snow."

Before it stretched a mound of stones and clumps of clay, half-hidden in dog-wood stars. It was evidently the laborious effort of childish hands. A little girl stood by it. Her frock was outgrown; her straight, dark hair hung elfishly about a face from which peered fathomless eyes. Her whole lithe body swayed in a sort of religious ecstasy.

"Yes, we'll gather by the river," she continued.

"The beautiful, the beautiful——"

A twig snapped under Demming's foot, and the child wheeled upon him.

"Oh," she gasped, with an indrawing of the breath. "I—didn't s'pose there'd be a—congregation!"

The father heart in Demming cried out for recognition. This was his baby, his Joan! Emerging from behind the Judas tree, he stood looking at her; the pile of earth was between them.

Her eyes faltered under his gaze. "I—I didn't s'pose ther'd be but one of us," she shyly continued, "but——" recovering herself, "I reckon he'd be glad, don't you?"

"Who?" Demming's tones were uncertain.

"Why, dad," pointing to the mound. "I made it," she went on. "It looks pretty good, don't it? It took buckets and buckets of stones! Did you know him?" she suddenly asked.

Demming nodded; he could not speak.

"Well, he isn't under there," she said, worry puckering her brows, "and I don't know how the Resur-

rection Angel's ever going to find him, but I s'pose he's got a way."

Dropping on her knees, she began tracing some freshly carved characters with the end of a stubby forefinger. The new letters were directly below the old ones. Demming noticing them for the first time, read: "I am the Life."

The child glanced proudly up at him. "That's the motto mother's fixed in the church," she volunteered, "only I didn't put 'resurrection' in 'cause there wasn't room." Suddenly she sprang to her feet; her eyes were passionate, "And it does mean convicts," she cried, "don't it? It means convicts, and poor sick animals, and—— You aren't—crying?" She leaned concernedly across the little mound. "My! I thought you was! Let's go on with the singing!"

In flood-tide of a child's confidence she reached out her hands to him. Her father groped for them; he could not see her for the moisture in his eyes.

"We might do the second verse," she suggested. "Are you ready?"

"On the margin of that river," The shrill, childish treble pierced him; he steadied himself by the little hands he held.

"Washing up its silver spray,

We shall walk and worship ever,
All——" Her clasp tightened. "Will saxifrage grow by that river?" she questioned. "Dad liked saxifrage. Mother said so once."

"Yes," Demming answered. He did not know his own voice, but he spoke as one with authority.

"And will there be blue-winged cranes? And spotted lilies in June?"

The father bowed his head. The clinging clasp had strengthened the demand for what was his own. Lisa had her husband; the child was his! He must have her! He would have her!

"Joan! Joan!" he cried. "Joan!" Springing across the little mound, he caught her to him. He covered her face with kisses, brewed in tears.

"How—did—you guess that—was my name?" she panted. "Oh, don't cry like that!" Her breast heaved in sympathy. "There—there——" Her petting fingers left grimy paths upon his cheeks. "And we haven't done the chorus," she hinted. "Mother sings that to the babies."

"Babies?" Demming echoed the plural.

The child nodded. "It's twins," she sighed, "and they're girls." The pensive look of a care-laden woman darkened her eyes. "Two's a great many," she said, slowly, "but mother likes 'em, only—sometimes, when it's dark, she hugs me tight and cries. I guess she loves me most, 'cause—I'm like dad."

Demming shook himself suddenly free from her. The mother's memory of him, her love for Joan, had

raised a fresh barrier between him and his child. The atonement must be his in full, that for Lisa might be the peace of the unconsciously redeemed. For her sake he must be through time a man without a home, without a name. Already "the river" seemed running between him and Joan, but Time was limited, Eternity was infinite; he could wait.

With an impulse he drew the corals from his pocket and fastened them around her neck. "Listen!" he commanded. "Go tell your mother that a man who saw Mark Demming die brought you these! Do you understand?"

The child nodded. Bewilderment was in her eyes.

"Tell her that 'I am the Life' is for convicts, and that the greatest test of a great love is silence! Go."

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

O master architect of many mused rhyme,
Who taught me first the music of philosophy,
And bore from temples old the Druid harp to me;
Making me hear and know the wisdom of old time;

How oft through lyric strain or epic swing sublime,
Enchanted by the sacred flame, I've followed thee
Until thou stoodest revealed in fiery majesty
Singing of endless life in far elysian clime!
And listening many a time in bondage sweet and long
To the smooth purling of thy lines, till all my heart
Out-leaped its human loves, dreaming, I bore away
In search of happy isles, hid in the coming day;
And, timing thus my quest to thy harmonious art,
My soul was wrapped in matchless majesty of song.

A SHOT IN THE MIST

A Story of Hawaii

BY HENRY WALSWORTH KINNEY

FAR up the mountains the moonlight was falling in bright spots in the scattered openings. The dense clumps of ohias threw big black patches of shadow. Near the ground, where ferns and guava bushes almost hid the narrow trail, all was darkness. The sheriff of the district and another man were lying behind a couple of big gray boulders, shadowed by a clump of tree-ferns. Nothing in their plain dress of khaki riding trousers and dark sweaters indicated that they belonged to the police; only the big revolver holsters in their belts showed their business. A delayed hawk soared slowly up towards the mountain from the ponds below. The chirruping of crickets in the grass and the wind in the trees were the only sounds. The two men in the shadow lay quiet, watching.

One man carefully changed into a new position. "Beastly long wait, Billy!"

"Hoomanawanui (patience.) This is our chance. This is a go, sure, I think."

"What is the game, anyhow?"

The sheriff laughed. "Do you know, Jack, when a man is too slick to be caught any other way, watch his wahine (woman, girl.) I know that Keawe is making okolehao (Hawaiian "moonshine.") He is making it near here, but I have watched and spied for months and I can't find the still. He is too slick. He stays here in the mountain, and never comes makai, so I can't follow him. Then I get the idea—who is his sweetheart? And I talk with the girls. Kamala is his sweetheart. Pretty girl, too. Lives down makai. You may have seen her. Well,

I find out that she comes up in the night to see him. She can't go on the side of the mountain like a fly. She can't fly like a bird. She must come on this trail, and I think he meets her near here. Then he takes her up to his hut. That must be near the still, for it is hidden. I haven't been able to find it. But we can follow the two, and then—pau ka pilikia."

"Well, seems like a good plan. However, I don't fancy this mixing up a girl in this sort of thing. I've had enough of it."

"Do you mean the time you shot that girl by mistake, somewhere over in Hawaii? You couldn't help that, as far as I've heard. By the way, I never heard the ins and outs of that racket. You might while away time, old man."

"Deuced poor story to while away time with, Billy, to tell the truth. But you are one of my friends, so I suppose I might as well do it. Well, you see, this was about five years ago. I was in Honolulu doing nothing in particular, so the old man sent me to Hawaii on this job. You see, there was all sorts of okolehao all over the district. The sheriff there couldn't make out who made it. Once or twice in the mountain he stumbled upon caches with twenty or thirty gallons of the stuff. He found them by watching people who came to take away the okolehao, but who made the stuff he couldn't make out. Then this fellow up in the mountain began to shoot cattle. When the ranchers tumbled to that they raised a roar, so the old man sent me over to see what I could do.

"I had rather a nice time to start with. I put up at Ah Chu's 'hotel.'

You know the place—double-decker house with big lanai? Old Ah Chu sells a little liquor on the sly, and makes the best alligator pear salad in the land. Well, I played the capitalist and just loafed around, spent a bit in gin to the natives, and was thick as thieves with the population.

"With all this, time hung heavily on my hands. You see, I could not do much but knock around and keep my eyes open, so I went and made an ass of myself, you would say. I fell in love. The only time I really was in love in my life, and, by God, the last time, too. The girl was half-white. Pretty as God ever made a woman. Tall, with a figure and carriage like a queen. Eyes like a mountain pool at night, and a braid thick as your arm down to her waist. Yes, Billy, I don't think you can imagine me really in love, but, so help me God, if ever a man loved a woman I loved that girl. When I think back of the time then, I begin to understand that such happiness couldn't last. We would sit on the veranda evenings and watch the lights all over the valley. And the sea would be murmuring down below, and the palm trees stood out black in the moonlight, and Keola would play the guitar and sing, and we thought of nothing but the moment. Like fools, we were happy in our own little Paradise, thinking that it would last forever."

"Ssst!" whispered the sheriff.

From a bend in the trail a dark figure showed dimly against the black ferns. He came forward, and passed close by the two watchers. The man was a young native. Around his neck he wore fern aylei (wreath) he had made. He walked erect and lightly, singing softly to himself a bit of native love song. The two men behind the stones watched silently until the figure disappeared farther down the trail.

"That's him, Keawe," said the sheriff. "The fool! All he's thinking of now is Kamala. Well, they'll come back this way pretty soon,

and then we'll give them a surprise. See the lei he has made? He isn't worrying a deuce of a lot."

"Poor chap!" said Jack. "This is beastly business, anyhow. The more I have of this, the less I like it. But I guess it has to be done. Well, I was talking of my little only love story. That ended badly, too, as you'll know. Now, after I had been there about six weeks, knocking about all over the mountains, I at last found the place. I had decided pretty well whereabout it was—where a couple of small gulches ran up into the mountain ridges, and I used to lie and watch the places with a field glass. One day I saw the thin blue smoke rise in a faint streak through the trees. I put in two more days and got everything pat. The still was in a little gulch high up by the ridge. The ridge was a narrow hog-back. Near it was a cave with quite a space in front of it. There the beggar lived.

"When I found these things out, all there was left was to make the arrest. I told the native officers to be ready at midnight, so we could sneak up in the darkness and make the haul just at daybreak. Of course I'd have to go back to Honolulu when the business was pau; so in the evening I went over to Keola's house to talk things over with her.

"It was a fine night. Keola played the guitar and sang as usual. Then, as it grew late, I began to tell her that I must go away, and asked her would she go with me, and then—well, something I said made her ask me, or I really don't know how it came about. Anyhow, before I knew it, I had told her all about the okolehao raid and my plans, and all that. The little girl seemed awfully agitated about it. 'What will you do if he shoots?' she asked. I told her in that case all we could do was to shoot back. 'But he never hurt you. How can you be so wicked?' she said. And then she began to cry and beg me not to go, or at all events to put off the

raid. And she cried harder and harder, and put her arms around my neck, and asked me not to go. I wish to God I hadn't; but then, like the vain, pig-headed fool I was, I thought she was just worried that I might get popped, and I didn't want her to imagine that I was afraid. Then when she saw it was no use, she all of a sudden grew calmer. Then she became loving and passionate, as I never had seen her before, for she was usually quite shy. At last, when I left, she put her arms around my neck again and kissed me. Such a kiss a man only gets once in his life. It seemed to burn, long and tender and wild and passionate, all in one. And I thought it was all a woman's vague fears, but now—I understand.

"Well, the raid started beautifully. I had four policemen with me, all natives. We tied our horses when it got too steep, and began to climb. At daybreak we were climbing along a hob-back ridge that ran in right angle with the one where the still was, and joined it just like the letter "T." I shall never forget that morning. The sun was rising red over the mountain. The dew was glittering in the trees and ferns. The air was cold and fresh, so it felt good to take it in great big breaths. We were right on the ridge. It was sharp as a knife almost. Below us on both sides we could see down the slopes, covered with fern. Then further down was the light green ti, and popping up here and there were big ohias and even koa trees. We were climbing carefully along the narrow ridge. We all had rifles and they hampered us a good bit. The ferns grew right over the ridge, and we were creeping under them with the smell of the fresh sod in our nostrils and the wet, cold dew splashing against our foreheads as we shook it from the fern leaves.

"We got quite close up to the place and took stops every now and then to look ahead. Suddenly I saw something white in front of

us, where the still was. It moved along the ridge and came closer to the platform outside the cave. There was a light mist rising from the valley, so the figure couldn't be seen plainly. It was too tall for a goat, though; it must be a man. I got a bit excited and rose up above the ferns to look. I couldn't have been up more than half a minute when bang! went a rifle-shot from in front of us and the zipp of a bullet as it ploughed the ferns and dirt just below us. In front of the cave a little puff of smoke showed where the shot came from.

I raised my gun and took a good sight at the cave. It must have been about a thousand yards, so I really didn't think of shooting, but the native behind me said 'too far,' so I got mad. The white figure was then right by the cave, and made a fairly good mark in spite of the mist. So I aimed carefully and let go. I never made such a shot in my life, and it must have been the devil himself who carried that bullet. I would cut off my right hand could I have missed that shot.

"The white figure sank together and fell in a heap on the ledge. Then from the cave came the bang! bang! of a magazine rifle, and the zipp-zipp of the bullets ripping the ferns around us. I made three of my men crawl along the side of the ridge, away from where the fellow was. I and the fourth man crawled slowly on. We kept well under the ferns and hugged the ground closely, so the beggar shouldn't see us.

"Peeping through the ferns, I could see that a man had come out of the cave and was standing on the ledge with his rifle. Every now and then he would shoot at where he thought we were, but he couldn't see us, and his shots were wild. When I got within about 400 yards I thought I'd try my luck, and popped up carefully to take aim. The fellow must have had eyes like a lynx, for he saw me immediately and aimed at me. Just then one of

the policemen who had climbed along the side of the ridge, popped his head up within 200 yards of him. They had been climbing in safe cover and had gone quicker than I could. The policeman raised his gun over the ridge and shot the chap before he could pull at me. He fell right by the other one with his rifle clattering on the ledge. I crawled along carefully, because I didn't know but that the beggar was shamming, and didn't look above the ferns until I got right to the ledge. Then I made a rush, but it was not needed. The fellow was dead. But the other one in white—the one I shot—was a woman—it was Keola.

"I stood as if I had been shot. I couldn't grasp it all for a minute. Then the whole dreadful agony of it all burst upon me, and I threw myself down by the body. God knows I must have been like one insane. I thought she was dead—she lay so still, but when I talked to her and patted her head, and called her all the pet names I used to call her when we were together, then she opened her eyes and whispered: "Oh Jack!" The blood had made a big blotch on her white holoku, where that infernal bullet had hit her. Right over the breast it was. She whispered something, but although I had my head right down to her lips I couldn't understand. She didn't seem to suffer any pain. Only she was very weak.

"Well, we made a litter as best we could and bandaged her, and then we carried her down the mountain. It was an awful job. To carry her down the steep mountain side without hurting her was impossible. Every now and then the poor girl would groan, and then I would curse the men, although they did their very best. But they took it all quietly, for they knew I was beside myself, and I must have been. That whole trip still stands to me as an uncanny sort of unreality. There they were carrying a dying girl down the mountain, and the blood

was making a big, red blotch on her white dress, and I had shot her—and the girl was my Keola—my sweetheart Keola. The whole thing resounded in my head like a crazy jumble, and I trudged along dully with my eyes on Keola, and the blood spot in the litter.

"How we reached home and what the people said and did, or what I did, is still all a whirl to me. I found later, in the investigation, how the whole thing was. The okolehao fellow was Keola's brother. He had always been a bag egg, and had ended his mad career with killing a man. He got away from the police, and as he was never seen since it was thought that he had managed to leave the country in some way. That's why the identity of the okolehao-maker was a mystery. No one thought it was he, because he was supposed to be away across the sea. And in all those five years his sister Keola—my Keola—had been caring for him, managing to bring him all he needed, without being found out. Later on, when he started making okolehao, a friend of his had managed the sales for him on a 'divide the pay' basis, but these two were the only ones who knew.

"Then I understood why Keola had been so queer that last evening when I told her that I wanted to hunt her brother. When she saw I was determined, she made up her mind to go ahead and warn him, and through the workings of fate she was just too late.

"Well, Keola lived all that day. I stayed by her bed, and the natives didn't worry me, for they understood. Only that old beach-comber, her father, tried to reproach me with a lot of senile fal-de-lal, but after he saw the way I took it, he let me alone. I was not to be bothered just then. I stayed by Keola's side, while she lay there unconscious. Towards evening she seemed to sleep a little, and then, just as the sunset showed red among the branches of the mango trees outside

the house, Keola woke up. She was a bit dazed at first, but she soon remembered everything. She did not know that her brother was dead, and she asked me about him. And I lied—I swore that he was alive, that he had escaped. She was a bit uncertain, but I swore it was the truth. It was perjury, but could I tell my dying sweetheart—whom I had shot—that I had caused the death of her brother also? No, Billy! That lie made my little girl's last hours easier, and I am willing to take my punishment in hell for it, if that must be.

"Then the sunset glow died behind the trees, and the moon rose over the mountains. Everything was still, except the breeze in mango trees and the sound of the ocean—and I was alone with Keola. And everything was as it had been these many happy night before—only that Keola was dying—and I had killed her. And in these dying hours Keola was sweet, as she was in life, only it seemed to me a supernatural sweetness that was awful bitter, just because it was so sweet, and I had lost it all. If it had not been for Keola that night, I think I'd have—well, you know what I mean—but she was so tender and seemed to know how I felt, for she tried to make me forget all the agony. Then as the moonlight fell in through the wide windows she made me get the akulele (native guitar) and sing all the old songs we used to sing together. And she lay there and smiled to me, as I tried to sing with a lump in my throat, and the tears—yes, I'm not ashamed of it—the tears rolling down my cheeks. It was pretty sad singing, you can know. Then I ended up with this one:

"'Ever true and dear to you
I will be,'

but she caught my hand and pulled my head close to her face—for she could only whisper:

"'Jack,' she said, 'Jack, I am dying. You know I am. And I am dying happy. I am your love, and I will always be. You will never forget me, and when you go back to your haole girls and marry a white girl, I am your love and you—will never forget me.'"

"I tried to stop her from talking. God, it was true! I'll never forget her. But Keola was dying, and dying fast. She shaped her lips for a kiss, and as I placed mine against hers in one long, sweet kiss, Keola's dying breath left her beautiful body—for when I raised my face from hers—Keola was dead."

Jack stopped and looked steadily out in the darkness. For a time the two men watched silently in the dark, quiet night in the stillness of the mountains, then both peered forward.

Coming up the trail was Keawe, the okolehao maker, and Kamala, his sweetheart. The man walked carelessly along the trail. Around his black locks was a lei of sweet-smelling awapuhi, evidently brought him by the girl. The man had his arm around her waist, and as the two passed the hiding officers, he laughed to the girl and caressed her. Then the lovers disappeared farther up among the ferns.

The watchers rose and followed carefully. After a few minutes a small opening in the ferns showed a sort of tunnel in the underbrush. Through this the men crawled, and at the end of it was the hidden place. The men, lying at the end of the tunnel, peered into a small gully. In the bottom of it trickled a little stream. Built over that stood the still. Near it were several barrels of ti-root mash and jugs for the liquor. A little higher up was a little grass hut. Keawe was showing his sweetheart a sample of his brew.

"Look at this, Kamala. It is clear as the dew and makes the heart glad and warm. It will make our fortune, Kamala. See! I'm safe. No one can find me. No one except

you, and you must always find me."

The young native shook his long locks, put an arm around the girl's neck, and laughed out into the quiet night.

"All right now," whispered the sheriff. "When I say three, we

make the rush—one——"

Jack's hand caught his arm. "No, Billy, not now. We know the place. Some other time will do as well. But don't disturb them now. Look at the girl. They are happy. By God, Billy, I can't do it now."



A SYMPHONY IN SCARLET

BY ELEANORE F. LEWYS

WERE you ever in one of the prettiest Shires in England on a moonlight night, out on the terrace of a picturesque country home, with its sloping velvety lawns overlooking its acres of wooded park lands; listening to the gurgling laugh of the little brook down there at the end of the rose garden; at peace with the world, and blissfully conscious that you are really quite popular with the whole house party, of which you constitute a guest, for the reason that you are not pretty enough to attract more than a small share of the men, and your wardrobe is not such as to cause envy on the part of the women? If not, you will fail to understand the mildly ecstatic state of Miss Hastings's feelings, as she leaned back on the cushions of her comfortable garden chair, and gave herself up to a delicious, dreamy languor, born of the moonlight, the scent of roses, and the silence.

But like all dreams, her's was interrupted; some one stepped from the low windows of the drawing room out onto the terrace, and stood before her, hat in hand, hesitating a little before he placed a chair beside her.

She did not need to look up at him, because she knew that it was Lesanoir. No one else could slip into seats with the easy, unobtrusive grace that Lesanoir had.

"You think it beautiful." He did not ask this, he affirmed it. "After the glorious scenery of your America it must seem a little tame. But there is something in English scenery that appeals to me more than the scenery of other lands; and it should also to you, if you are at all given to self-analysis. A nervous, highly-strung tempera-

ment needs a soothing, not an inspiring effect."

The girl looked up quickly: "Nervous, highly-strung, indeed!"

But her companion went on calmly: "You remember Browning's:

"On such a night as this."

As a rule, Kate abhorred poetry quoted. "Most people," she said, "read poetry in a drowsy, sing-song way that, instead of putting her to sleep, had the opposite effect, and made her want to scream."

But now she listened with the consciousness that her pulses were strangely stirred, and that her eyes were full of tears. The moonlight was bright enough for the man to distinguish them, had he looked, and Kate impatiently shook off this softened mood. Her common sense told her that her companion was that superfluous article—a male flirt. He made her think somewhat of a vampire, preying on the life-blood of people's emotions; a man of transient passions himself, yet forever striving to awaken, to create, and then blight the deeper soul-feelings of others.

She could easily understand the influence he would have over a woman like little Mrs. Stanhope, for instance, but wondered that she herself would ever fall under the spell of his caressing manners, his deep eyes and musical voice.

Mrs. Stanhope was a small woman, hysterical, impulsive, who, behind her frivolous mask, seemed to send forth a perpetual question: "Where? Where?" A constant seeking, asking for what she knew not. The need of something to grasp and lean her poor, little, world weary soul on.

Her husband was a big, easy-going English Squire, who took great pride in his ancient wine-cellar,

blooded horses, and lastly, his pretty wife. His all content of life in general, and his sleepy, unemotional nature, completely blinded him to many little incidents which would have aroused another man to speedy action.

"A well-matched pair," Lesanoir had once said, with the quintessence of irony.

Now, as Kate sat idly leaning back on her cushions gazing into the blossom-scented dusk, her usual good sense at war with the germ of sentimentalism that is implanted in every woman's breast, a sudden determination awakened in her to meet this man with his own weapons, to stir whatever deeper feelings he had into action, and then to cast him aside, as one would a last summer's gown, that has served its purpose.

She started as Lesanoir leaned over and touched her hand softly. "I am jealous of your thoughts," he said caressingly.

The girl's figure stiffened, and then quite suddenly she burst into a ringing laugh, genuine girl's laughter, a parting of red lips over white teeth, her head thrown back, eyes half-closed, her whole face lighted up with the enjoyment of it. She was so utterly unlike every other woman he had met that it was only natural she should create an interest in Lesanoir, that he did not think himself capable of. Even her laugh, real, whole-souled, nothing affected in it, was a novel experience to him.

He found himself gazing at her, not as he usually looked at women (the pretty ones), as if they were pictures finished and tinted for his approbation, but as if she was really another soul—perhaps?—with a mind back of whatever fleshly charms she possessed.

But she was still laughing. Not at him, surely?

"I was just thinking," she began, lightly, "that we all have dual natures. I am a mixture of a Kid and

an old Lady. The 'Kid' wants to climb trees, and flirt, and be naughty generally, and the 'Old Lady' has to sit on her. The 'Old Lady' thinks that anything not strictly conventional and discreet, never pays in the long run. I suppose," with a sigh, "the 'Old Lady' will win out in the end. She always puts up the toughest fight. And yet, after you realize that nothing lasts, that we are only little grains of sand on the shore, that the great tide washes in and out at its pleasure, that the wind tosses where it will, why, then, what does it matter, anyway?"

She looked up at him with a little, half-pathetic, wholly alluring smile.

Lesanoir leaned forward breathlessly. "Be the 'Kid' to-night," he said.

The girl started from her chair and fled to the low French windows, that led into the drawing room. She stood there a moment, the glow of the lights inside shining on her wind-tossed hair, the soft draperies of her dress clinging around her feet. Was that a small hand blowing an airy kiss, or was it only an hallucination, the offspring of the moonlight, and the strange spell that seemed to have fallen upon the man?

* * * *

"A musician," remarked the Professor, one cool October noon as the guests of the Kent house were dawdling around the great fire-place of the drawing-room, waiting impatiently for Lesanoir, (who, knowing full well the pleasure he could dispense from his slim finger-tips, tantalizingly withheld it, to be the more appreciated), "does not realize his power, or this world would be more topsy-turvy than it is. Talk about hypnotists! They would not 'be in it' did the former know themselves."

The Professor was one of the lions of the Kent Manor house-party. He had spent several years in In-

dia, and it was rumored that he was no amateur in experiments in the Black Art. The climate of that country had tanned his skin to the color of old parchment, but the uninterestingness of his face was redeemed by two luminous, and yet velvety brown eyes, that lit up when he became excited (as he usually did in an argument) like two darkly bright stars. These eyes, however, were, as a rule, hid behind blue glasses. Perhaps, seeing so much into the petty lives of those around him had wearied them, and their owner felt the advisability of frequent rests.

"Every living thing has its key-note," he went on seriously. (The listeners, convinced that the Professor was astride one of his particular hobbies, settled themselves for comfortable attention. Only little Mrs. Stanhope smothered a tiny yawn behind her great black fan. "Yes, more, every inanimate as well as animate thing. Discover the key-note of a steel-ribbed skyscraper, and it is as a house of cards in your hands!")

The women looked incredulous. The men smiled covertly.

The Professor's eyes gleamed and scintillated, and his voice rose angrily.

"Oh, you must have facts," he sneered. "Your small imaginations cannot grasp an unproved thought! You have not heard, then, of the experience of a party who were climbing the Rocky Mountains? Inspired by the wonderful scenery, one of them commenced to recite Tennyson's 'Bugle.' She had hardly reached the second verse when they were startled by a terrific crashing sound, and a huge boulder, whose key-note had responded to some vibration in the elocutionist's voice, went flying down the precipice, just escaping the person who had inadvertently started it from the position it had held for centuries. And how much more can music influence than merely an inharmoni-

ous noise? There is protection in the fact, however, that to accomplish one's purpose, the receiver must be tuned up to the same key as the transmitter. Opposing forces could avert the vibrations from their intended path, also, and at best a key-note is only struck at random.

Even with the irritation of "Just a coincidence!" from the men, the speaker ceased as suddenly as he had begun. There was a slight stir of the heavy portieres dividing the drawing-room from the music-room, and Lesanoir sauntered in. Fresh as a boy after his brisk walk in the early autumn air, his face seemed to reflect a self-satisfied, conscience-clear soul, at peace with his fellow-creatures in general, and his manner charming as usual, ready to please, "at your service."

There was none of the usual affectation about this man, no untidy love-locks hanging around his neck, no carelessness of dress, nor Wagnerian collar and tie. Instead, he was always attired in quiet, good taste, with a skin that showed the flow of healthy blood, with bright, clear eyes, a strong, clean mouth, and with closely-clipped dark hair that revealed the shapely contour of his head.

Now, after his graceful bow, he immediately went to the piano and seated himself.

"You see," he cried, turning around to look at his audience laughingly, "I know just what you are waiting for. But you will wait a little longer. I must have an inspiration."

His eyes sought some one in the room, and finding her, rested there for half a second. Miss Hastings blushed.

For such a small woman, Mrs. Stanhope could certainly appear very fierce. Her arched brows met in a frown; her white teeth gripped her red lips. "I always thought she pinched her feet!" muttered Mrs. Burnes-Johnson to Mrs. Wall-

ingford, "and now I am sure of it. Such ridiculously small shoes!"

"My dear," said Mr. Stanhope, leaning over and touching his wife's wrist with one fat, red hand, "I told you not to eat that deviled crab for luncheon!"

Then, in the silence that ensued, a little belated white butterfly fluttered in at the half open window and hovered over a bowl of late-blooming carnations on the piano. Lesanoir smiled, and began to play softly . . .

A shudder of wind among the half-naked trees that trembled in the gust, and disheartedly drop their last few leaves—a rippling stir of waves over the deserted pond, a warning tremor of sound in the wind's voice—the promise of a storm in the grayness of the lowering clouds—the dank foreshadowing of wintry days to come, the farewell of summer!

A last shiver of frail life. Ah, poor little dead white wings!

* * * *

With one arched foot thrust from among her ruffled skirts, Miss Hastings was frankly admiring her new patent kid slippers, in the long mirror of the ball-room, and congratulating herself that whatever points of beauty she lacked in her face, she certainly possessed pretty feet, when the voice of Lesanoir, coming from the opposite side of the hall, broke into her thoughts.

"Why not try them in a waltz?" he asked laughing. Then: "May I have the pleasure."

He had crossed the room in a second, and stood bowing before her with mock formality. "But the music?" inquired Kate.

"We can imagine that one of Strauss's sensuous, yet pensive waltzes is being played. Imagination is the mother of Pleasure, you know. Real enjoyment is never experienced—it is only anticipated. And anticipation and imagination are one and the same."

He had placed his arm around

her and was gliding over the floor before she had a chance to answer him. Lesanoir always took for granted the consummation of his wishes.

For awhile the soft swirl of her skirts, the slip of their feet over the polished wood, and the heavy beating of their hearts, were the only sounds in the vast, echoing ballroom.

Then a faint, barely perceptible strain of melody, like the music we hear in dreams, floated through the quiet room and pulsed itself to their rhythmical, flying footsteps in a dreamy waltz measure.

Kate raised startled eyes to her partner's face, but he only smiled, and drew her closer to him. Miss Hastings's usually well-behaved heart was going at the pace of a racer's, and for the first time in her twenty-eight summers she realized that virtue is not a sterling principle of some women's characters, but simply an accident.

Suddenly she paused and drew herself from his arm. Standing by one of the long windows near the group of palms behind which the orchestra was wont to conceal at the famous Kent dances, was Mrs. Stanhope, pale as death, her eyes like dark, burning coals, her hands clenched at her sides, watching the two dancers with the unwavering gaze of a tiger ready to spring!

For a moment the three stood as if spell-bound. Then the man, whose self-possession seemed to have deserted him for the while, advanced to Mrs. Stanhope smilingly, and held out his hand.

"We are trying the new slippers for to-night's hop," he said, in a cordial, conversational manner, as if the woman before him was no more to him than other of the household who had chanced by, "and they answer their purpose very well, do they not, Miss Hastings?" And he turned to her, and smiled again. "And now," he continued,

"let me take you both to the drawing room, as this great barn of a place is rather draughty."

He offered his arm to each of the women, but Kate had suddenly become very much interested in a large picture of Greuze's "Innocence," and evidently did not hear him. Mrs. Stanhope, however, drew nearer to Lesanoir, and grasped his arm with tense white fingers.

"You have discovered a new plaything, have you not?" she asked airily, but her trembling lips spoke of the control she had to put upon herself. "Really, you are insatiable, Arnold! But remember that the old toy must be got rid of first. It will not bear patching up and passing on to some one else." Her voice ended in a little, hysterical laugh.

Arnold frowned slightly. "My dear Leslie, you speak in riddles. I am very anxious to know what you are to wear to-night, that I may choose your flowers to harmonize." Then he said in a lower tone: "For God's sake, Leslie, at least be original in your speeches. Are we the characters of some yellow-covered French novel?"

He glanced around apprehensively, and finding that Miss Hastings had vanished, pressed Mrs. Stanhope's fluffy head against his shoulder. "You are tired."

"I am not going to the dance to-night," said the woman dreamily, with the dazed, powerless manner of a bird fascinated by a snake, "I feel as if I—would never dance again. My heart," she pressed one tiny hand against her side, "is like a stone."

Lesanoir drew the pathetic little hand through his arm, and led the way to the music room. "Let me play to you," he said softly, "you are excited, and my music will soothe you, little foolish girl."

There was a small gathering in the apartment when they reached it, and Miss Hastings was there be-

fore them. The rest of the guests thought Mrs. Stanhope's companion looked unusually brilliant, as he sauntered to the piano with the air of one whose performance is ever welcome. And yet, his manner had nothing ostentatious about it. He flung one rebellious lock of black hair from his forehead, laughed a little, caressed the keys noiselessly a moment, and then began to play. Kate, whose gaze had been fixed upon the ground—some way she did not care to meet his eyes just now—found her glance at last wandering against her will to his clean-cut profile. His half-modestly triumphant appearance had changed, and with it his playing.

His thin, curved lips were pressed together almost savagely; his eyes, bright, intense, glowing with the fire of genius, were fixed before him on some vision of his own conjuring. There was a tenseness, a determination to conquer, to bring about some desired end, pervading his whole being. His hands obeyed tirelessly the grim purpose of his soul.

The strange symphony he improvised had no beginning. His fingers glided into the melody of it, as if it was a broken thread of problems that he was only taking up again to puzzle over, to untangle.

What was Life? And more, what was Death? Why did God implant the germs of passion in our natures, and then cry: "Thou shalt not!" Why? Why?

And through it all a persistent, wailing note, a voice groping in the dark; a spirit searching for its creator; insistent, sad and lonely as the plaint of a night-bird whirring through the shadowy trees; the cry of a lost soul!

Slowly the form at the instrument relaxed. The playing finished with no awe-inspiring chords; it only trailed off into silence. There was no end to the phantasy, as there had been no beginning. The vain questioning that had predominated

was only quieted for a little space!

There was a breathless hush in the room for a moment. The drowsy hum of bees among the lavender outside stirred the air. The voices of the gardeners could be heard disputing over the placing of certain flowers. The five o'clock gong rang for high tea, and still the silence was unbroken. Then came a woman's exclamation.

Kate had hurriedly arisen and was bending over the divan near

the fire-place with a white face and horror-stricken eyes. For leaning back among the soft cushions, a gray pallor on her delicate features, her lips parted, just showing the glint of her white teeth between, was Mrs. Stanhope, both small hands pressed tightly against her heart, crushing the bunch of jasmine and ferns that she wore, as if to ease some sudden pain—poor little lifeless white hands!

CRYPsis

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

The random pictures of his pen
 Were veiled to every passing eye,
 And, like the ghosts of maids and men,
 Unseen, unheard, they floated by.

Like late-hung masterpieces skied,
 They molded on the walls of Chance—
 Till one went by who clarified
 The cryptic symbols with a glance!

He shed a light on lilt and line;
 And all the heedless turned to bless
 That mind whose misty quarantine
 Had stayed his revel of success.

And lavishly of tardy Fame,
 And Honor, and Renown they gave—
 Gave to the relic of his Name,
 And carved them on his granite grave!



Fishing for Muscalonge on the Mississippi

ODD THINGS WHICH LIVE IN THE SEA

BY E. R. MILLER

"There is no great and no small
To the soul that marketh all."

THE odd and interesting things which can be gathered on the sea-beach when the tide is out, are a never ending source of delight to those so fortunate as to pass at least a portion of the year on the coast. It is then that one can see and study living forms so curious that their place in the animal world would be questioned but for close observation and research, proving beyond a doubt that they eat and breathe and reproduce their kind according to set and unchanging laws.

I recall how once, miscalculating the time of the tide, I returned from a beach some distance from where I was stopping, empty-handed, save for what I supposed was a bunch of tubular roots of a water plant. I took apart the potato like growths, and a yellowish fluid exuded; a cut disclosed unmistakable signs of animal life. Later I learned that I had found a colony of tunicates, and that they were thus named because each animal is encased in a tunic entirely separate from the body, excepting where the mouth and anus are caught at the openings.

The tunics in this instance closely resembled the skin on the tuber roots of dahlias, but in some species they are leathery or gelatinous and may be translucent or transparent.

Because of the close crowding each individual was very irregular in form, with two chimney-like protuberances. At the end of one of these was the mouth, by means of which the tunicate sucked in water containing its food supply, and at the other end was the anus through the red lips of which I observed minute yellow globules exuding.

The microscope confirmed this belief that the globules were eggs, and that therefore these were tunicates which did not develop the embryo within the body as do some species. Before the larval period of the animal was studied it was classed as a mollusk, and not until recent years was it ascertained to be a vertebrate, although the most degenerate of the alliance.

In its baby days, it swims like a tadpole, and has a rudimentary back bone, nerve cord, brain, digestive system, tail, eyes and ears. But as it nears maturity these higher functions break down, or are absorbed or lost, the animal attaching itself to some object by means of sucking disks, and there it may remain stationary for life, as one of a colony or it may float as an independent, solitary individual.

Many of the tunicates are highly phosphorescent, but never contain hard tissues. For this reason no fossils are found.

The marine hydroid is another deceptive animal growth. On account of its fine-branched appearance it is frequently gathered as sea moss. The stems enveloped in a sheathe give rise to two kinds of hydranths, closely resembling flowers. The one bears petal-like tentacles which gather and digest the food, while the other, elongated buds, are the reproductive parts. From these escape, when ripe, the young "Medusae," commonly called jelly fish. The eggs from these hatch into the free swimming planulae, which eventually attach themselves to a support, and by branching and budding, each planula begins a hydroid colony.

At spawning season the Medusae are said to take on most brilliant tints. Frequently in summer great numbers of the fish can be seen

swimming close to the surface. They are phosphorescent, especially so when irritated, and all are provided with stinging cells for defense and offense. They can usually be gathered on a quiet evening by dipping with a surface net. If some are carried home, in sea water, and placed in glass tumblers, they will prove an interesting study.

The delicacy of the "umbrella" tentacles, hanging stomach, etc., will then be apparent, and one is not surprised that so exquisite a part belongs to the flower-like hydroid.

Still another animal resembling a vegetable is the sea cucumber, and may be found when the tide is low, with its body buried, its round face wreathed with tentacles alone being visible, and these, if disturbed, will be quickly withdrawn by powerful action, into the stomach, literally turned inside out like a stocking, and if a specimen is dissected the head and long neck are found to occupy a fair portion of the body cavity. The skin of the "cucumber" is leathery in texture, very tough and showing under the microscope a spatter work of hard calcareous particles or plates. These are for its surface protection, and are exquisite in design, varying in form according to the species examined.

The animal lays eggs and the young are very unlike the parent, being a wee free swimming auricularia.

Then there are the star fishes clinging for dear life to some support. If one can induce them to let go, they will double up and prevent if possible becoming good specimens. However, when placed on the sand and left for a time they will straighten out and try to crawl away. Quickly immerse those desired in a previously prepared solution of alcohol and formaldehyde. This bath will enable you to dry the fish with better results, preserving the form and greatly lessening the odor.

The sea urchins with their spined and bristling shells can usually be found at the edge of low tide among sea weed and in sheltered places. I was surprised when I learned that the exquisite lace embossed flattened ball sold by every dealer in sea-side curios is the cleaned shell of this animal. The rows of fine openings on the shells indicate the location of the feet, while the raised disks mark the attachment of the spines, by means of a regular ball and socket joint.

A pyramid of white teeth extend from the center of the flattened side of the urchin and here is encountered, the first indication of dentine in the animal kingdom. If the shell is broken away these teeth are seen to be set in an equal number of bones. This entire structure has been named "Aristotle's Lantern."

While walking on the beach one is always finding bits of wood thoroughly perforated by tubular excavations varying in diameter from a pin head to a ten-cent piece. Usually the passageways are empty, but occasionally a small worm is found within its white casing, the toredo, a mollusk whose ravages upon ships and docks along the Atlantic and especially the Pacific Coasts is causing so vast an expenditure of money and thought in the hope of finding some means of controlling its rapid and disastrous work.

There may also be a very different worm living in one of the tubes which will vomit out and quickly withdraw its stomach and wave its short tentacles at you and wriggle its many-footed body until you are more than glad to allow it to depart. It, however, was an interloper and had appropriated the home so laboriously excavated by another, rather than construct one for itself as do the "Terribella" and "Serpula." The former worm lives in a tube of hard, skin-like texture, the material of which is secreted by the animal, and it may be found attached to a stone or piece of wood.

The "Terribella" has a wreath of tentacles about its head and extends them in search of food, quickly withdrawing into its home if alarmed. More interesting to me are the tube shelters of the "Serpula." They look like a twisted, snarled bunch of fossil worms. My first view of an inhabitant was when one reached out a dainty little rose and cream striped morning glory from a freshly gathered specimen. I held my breath. What would come next? There was the flower, even to a seed capsule and a rose red stem, and around it began to appear fine, thread-like feelers of the same color. Then came another morning glory, much lighter in tint, and more tentacles. No doubt the worm was as surprised at its surroundings as was I at its appearance. I touched the blossoms, and instantly one withdrew, and then the tentacles and then the other morning glory which I found fitted perfectly into the round opening of the shell.

It was the "operculum" or door. Soon from the other openings appeared wee striped flowers. Apparently some instinct has apprised the colony of its removal from its native habitat.

Speaking of sea flowers reminds me of the anemones which were recognized as animals over two thousand years ago. They live a stationary life, usually in some swift current which brings to them a supply of food; this they suck in greedily and by its absorption are nourished. However, they can move from place to place by means of a

basal disk or foot.

Some anemones are twenty inches in diameter. They inflate the body with water and then expel it through the mouth and tentacles. These are numerous and can be extended or withdrawn at will. Because of rapid growth, the anemones like caterpillars frequently change their skins. They possess stinging cells, as do the hydroids, and by the detachment of a small piece from the pedal disk they may multiply themselves. This is also accomplished by budding and by eggs. An instance is cited where an anemone lived in captivity for six years. Eggs from its young hatched at the end of two months. Therefore increase is rapid with these many and delicately colored living flowers, which can be found with but little effort, as they are never in deep water.

Oh, the harvest of beautiful, rare and curious things which the beach yields when the tide is out. Lovely white butterfly shells from the back of some long-dead chiton, sea weeds of yellow and red and green, and possibly crawling upon them the "marine geometer," holding itself very stiff or measuring off distances just as do the terrestrial ones. And everywhere on the northern coast great colonies of the acorn barnacle, each in its tightly-closed box. But watch when again the water begins to flow over their localities. See how the lids open and the dainty fringe of fingers reach forth for food as if realizing the importance of the adage: "Time and tide wait for no man."





Repose

THE GHOST OF THE FOXHALL

A Mystery of the Sea

BY LOYOLA L. MILLS, U. S. A.

"First rise after very low, indicates a stronger blow;
June, too soon, July, stand by; August, look out you must;
September, remember; October, all over."

THUS runs the sailor's proverb of the hurricanes of the West India Islands, a proverb known by heart by all those who have seen these revolving storms go sweeping by, leaving death and desolation in their wake. "September, remember," said Captain Thomas, of the British tramp Foxhall, slowly to himself, as on September 8th, late in the afternoon he was nearing the Windward Passage, en route from Cape Town to Galveston. "Wonder if we'll make it this time without a blow," he mused, looking toward the southeast, where a cloud bank was rising, around which at short intervals played flashes of lightning. "Doesn't look very good for this time o' year, eh! Mr. Munson?" he said, addressing his first officer, at the same time pointing to the southeast. "Is everything on deck secured?"

"Yes, sir," the mate replied; "the bos'n just reported everything doubly lashed."

Darkness falls rapidly in the tropics, and in a short time after the sun sank from sight the Foxhall was wrapped in inky darkness, which more clearly revealed the flashes of lightning from the southeast. "Keep her west by nor' till seven bells, then let her go nor' nor' west," said the skipper as he started below to answer the summons of the dinner bell. His foot was on the first step of the ladder leading to the deck below, when—swish! something about the size of a potato shot past his ear, then, spat! something cold and clammy struck him full in the face.

While Captain Thomas was trying to figure out what had struck him, Mr. Munson, on the other end of the bridge was yelling: "Get out, you beast, get out—le' go my ear! le' go." "What is it?" sang out the Captain; "Jersey mosquitoes?" "No, it's bats," said Munson. "Look here, this one was trying to make a nest in my ear." "Where did they come from?" asked the skipper, savagely eyeing the creature. "From the islands," replied the first mate; "they are gettin' away from a hurricane. They're a sure sign of a blow," he continued, "a sure sign. I've navigated these parts nigh on to twenty years, and never knew it to fail. If we don't see some fun to-night, then I miss my guess." The mate was right. Before six bells in the first watch the storm broke with all the fury of its kind, lashing the sea into a yeasty foam. For a while it looked as if the ship could not stand the strain; she pitched and rolled, shaking herself clear of one sea; only to struggle with a bigger one. By skillful handling and the use of oil a catastrophe was averted. So next morning found the Foxhall weather beaten but able to proceed. Early on the morning of the ninth Rebecca Shoal light was made on the starboard beam, distant ten miles. The departure was taken, and the course set, across the Gulf of Mexico for Galveston. "We ought to pick up the Bolivar Point Light at three o'clock in the morning," said the skipper, emerging from the chart house, where he had been figuring out the course and distance. "Will you run right in, sir, or lay to till daylight?" asked Mr. Munson. "Lay to," laughed the skipper; "lay to off Galveston? Why I know that harbor as well as I know the streets of Glasgow!

No, sir-ee! We'll be past the health officer before sunrise."

If Captain Thomas had only known what the next twenty-four hours would reveal and the sight that awaited them in Galveston, he would not have been so confident of an early arrival. At three bells (one-thirty) in the mid-watch the captain was called according to his orders. He awoke with a start. He had been dreaming of ghosts, and gave a sigh of relief to find it was only a dream. Coming on deck the cool sea breeze thoroughly awakened him, but try as he would he could not shake off the nervous feeling caused by his dream. The creaking of a derrick block caused him to shudder visibly. "Have that block secured, sir," he said to the officer of the watch. The officer looked surprised. The "Old Man" had never been so particular before. A seaman with a rope yarn soon silenced the block, but the captain's nervousness increased. At the time calculated for Bolivar Point Light to be seen, all hands were trying to pierce the darkness ahead. Seven bells were struck and no light in sight. The "old man" was pacing the bridge like a caged tiger, stopping at every turn to peer with his night glasses into the gloom. "Mind your helm, there!" he yelled to the man at the wheel who had let her run off half a point. "Keep her steady." Turning suddenly, he asked the officer of the watch if the search-light was ready. "All ready, sir," the officer replied. "Have it turned on, then," he said. "Aye, aye, sir," said the officer, repeating the order to the electrician, who was stationed to operate it. The current was switched on, and the instrument began to click, as the carbons automatically came together; then, with a swishing sound, a beam of light shot out across the water. The air was misty, causing the finger of light to reveal grotesquely the night birds, as they circled and careered in its wake. Every eye was expectantly following the path of

light, when suddenly the captain cried: "Look! My God! do you see that? Back her! Back her! For God's sake, back her!" he shouted. The third mate pulled the handle of the telegraph back, to which signal the engines promptly responded. "Does anybody see it?" hoarsely whispered the skipper, pointing a shaking finger at the ghost. For a ghost it was, floating lightly on the air in the beam of light, its long arms waving frantically, as if to warn them back. Once it vanished, then re-appeared, gesticulating more frantically than before; then disappeared, and was seen no more. Every one saw it and felt fear in his bones. The next instant the ship struck, and ground her nose in the sand. But the engines were doing their work, and she backed off, rolling deeply in the ground swell. She continued backing until well clear, when the anchor was let go.

"Here is the ghost, captain," exclaimed the electrician who had been operating the search-light, holding up a badly scorched bat by the wing. It had found its way into the search-light during the shower of bats off the Windward Passage. When the current was turned on its shadow projected on the beam of light, producing the apparition that scared all hands out of a year's growth, but saved the ship from sure destruction. Bolivar Point light, as well as the whole city of Galveston had been destroyed by the hurricane of September eighth, in which thousands of lives and millions of dollars in property, had been lost, and had it not been for the timely intervention of a harmless insect eater, the crew of the "Foxhall" would have been added to the list of the missing.

Under a glass case in the captain's cabin visitors to the "Foxhall" are to-day shown a fine specimen of the West Indian bat, mounted with all the care of the taxidermist's art, and its fur is a little scorched, that fact only adds to the estimation in which it is held by all on board.

THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

BY EDWIN MOXEY, Law Department W. Va. University

THE birth of a new State is always a matter of interest from the standpoint of international law, as well as from the standpoint of politics. The degree of interest, however, varies with the circumstances of birth and importance of the new State. The circumstances in the present case are of unusual interest because of their departure from the slow and prosaic course of events ordinarily expected in the process of State-building. Nor is the new State an unimportant one. For, notwithstanding its territorial smallness, its location endows it with a wealth of importance to the whole commercial world.

As the attitude of the United States toward the new Republic has occasioned no small amount of criticism, though nowhere has this criticism been so virulent as in the United States Senate, it is fitting that we study soberly the action of our Government from the standpoint of international law. These critics insist that the United States fomented the revolution upon the Isthmus, recognized the Republic of Panama prematurely, disregarded our obligations to Colombia under the treaty of 1846, and that the President and Senate are attempting under the treaty-making power to usurp powers which properly belong to the House. As to the first of these, there is no evidence that the administration did anything to foment trouble upon the Isthmus. The accusation rests entirely upon supposition. If the revolution could be accounted for upon no other ground than the theory of guilty co-operation upon the part of the United States, the above supposition would have a logical basis upon which to rest.

But no such explanation is nec-

essary in order to explain the facts. There was ample incentive to revolt, apart from any outside interference. The people of the Isthmus had never derived any very substantial benefit from their political connection with Colombia. Only about one-tenth of the revenues collected from them were spent for their benefit, and what protection they received they received from the United States. To be thus used as a political asset for the benefit of a knot of corrupt politicians at Bogota was certainly not well calculated to strengthen their feeling of allegiance.

Viewed in the light of Colombia's past indifference toward the welfare of her Isthmian provinces, it seems entirely natural that when their interests were selfishly sacrificed and their reasonable hopes blighted by the political narrowness which rejected the Hay-Herran Treaty, the people of the Isthmus should have done exactly what they did, viz: dissolve the political bond which kept them from rendering the service and reaping the benefit which God and nature intended they should. It is an injustice not to concede to those people, situated upon the world's highway of commerce, some degree of intelligence and some degree of self-interest. Not to have manifested a determination that this great natural resource, due to their situation, be used to their own and the benefit of mankind, rather than senselessly wasted, would have been unmistakable evidence of an imperative need for the appointment of a commission of lunacy. But conceding to them some intelligence and ordinary interests, it is not difficult to understand how ten million dollars, plus a yearly income in cash, plus the immense

benefit to be derived from the canal, would be attractive to them whether it was to Colombia or not.

Nor were the prospects of success such as to render the revolution a hopeless one, irrespective of any outside aid. For Colombia has practically no navy and the territory of Panama is well-nigh inaccessible from the Colombian mainland. And as the Colombian Government was substantially bankrupt, her powers of coercion were exceedingly limited, because at the present time money is almost absolutely necessary in order to wage war effectively. Furthermore, we must not forget that Panama could reasonably have expected aid from Venezuela, if aid were needed. Under these circumstances, it cannot be said that the unlikelihood of their success was such as to deter them from declaring their independence.

If, then, the administration was not guilty of fomenting the revolution, is it guilty of an offense by reason of its early recognition of the existence of a *de facto* Government and later of the independence of Panama? The recognition of a *de facto* Government is simply an expression of judgment as to the existence of a fact. And as the people of the Isthmus were in complete control of all the machinery of Government, there is little, if any room, for difference of opinion as to the existence of the fact. It is indeed difficult to see how an honest doubt could arise with reference to this, since at the time when the administration recognized the existence of a *de facto* Government, the Republic of Panama was the only national organization within the territorial limits claimed by it to which the people of said territory acknowledged allegiance and rendered obedience. And as allegiance and obedience are the essence of Government, it is not half good nonsense to argue that a Government did not exist.

The recognition of the independence of a State formed by separa-

tion is always more or less of a delicate matter, unless it follows such recognition by the parent State. But, clearly, the length of time which has elapsed between the declaration of independence and its recognition by another State cannot be the determining factor. If so, Colombia has a grievance against nearly every nation in the world, for their recognition was but a few days later than ours. It is the presence of conditions and not the lapse of time which warrants the recognition of the independence of a State. In the United States the power to recognize is vested in the sound direction of the President, and provided he acts in good faith there is scarcely room for complaint because his judgment differs from that of Colombia, particularly when he agrees with that of nearly all the other nations.

As to our treaty obligations, the question is one of interpretation. The treaty of December 12, 1864, between the United States and New Granada, contains in article 25 the following provision: "And in order to secure to themselves the tranquil and constant enjoyment of these advantages, and as an especial compensation for said advantages and for the favors they have acquired by the 4th, 5th and 6th articles of this treaty, the United States guarantee, positively and efficaciously, to New Granada, by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned Isthmus, with the view that the free transit from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed at any future time while this treaty exists; and in consequence, the United States also guarantee, in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory." The meaning of this can best be ascertained by recalling the circumstances under which the treaty was framed. There was at that time

reason to apprehend aggressions upon the part of European powers, particularly England and France. And it is fair to conclude that the intention of the parties was to guard against such aggressions, and not to fasten upon the people of the Isthmus a particular Government regardless of its justice or injustice in its treatment of those people. The United States never has, and I trust that it never will, enter into a treaty for the purpose of depriving any people of their inalienable right of revolution. Our own history precludes it and our common sense forbids it.

It is a well-established rule of international law that a treaty should never be so interpreted as to do violence to the spirit thereof. What we guaranteed in this treaty was, and what we are now doing, is to protect the Isthmus against attack from without and a condition of anarchy from within. The covenant was one which "runs with the land" regardless of names.

But have the President and Senate usurped powers belonging to the House? If the Republic of Panama is an independent State and we are sincere in our desire for a canal, why should we not negotiate and ratify a treaty with said Republic, and that without unnecessary delay? The fact that Colombia may act in an irrational way and declare war as a result of the treaty is no legitimate argument against the exercise of the treaty-making power without the concurrence of

the House. War may result from the negotiation and ratification of almost any treaty, but if it is an incidental and not a necessary result, there is manifestly no usurpation of power at the expense of the House.

Nor was the negotiation of the treaty precluded by the terms of the Spooner Act. The well-understood purpose of that act was to enable us to secure reasonable terms with Columbia, concerning the preferable route, not to make it compulsory upon us to negotiate a treaty with Nicaragua and Costa Rica upon such terms as they might see fit to grant concerning a less desirable route. True, the treaty thus neglected could be rejected by the Senate, but that would mean a delay of at least several months, and delay is not the specialty of the American people. The fact is, that a condition of affairs is now presented that was never contemplated by the Spooner Act. Hence it is mere pettifoggery to argue that said act precludes us from pursuing the wisest course under the changed conditions.

There is, therefore, no sufficient ground for concluding that the course of the administration thus far has violated international, constitutional or statute law. True, it might have proceeded more slowly, but whether or not that would have been wiser is a question, not of law, but of policy, which time alone can answer.



DEVILS, WHITE AND YELLOW

A Story of San Francisco's Chinatown

BY ADRIANA SPADONI

ONCE upon a time there was an honest policeman in Chinatown. Then the Chinese took up a petition and the honest policeman was removed. It was during his brief stay that the following occurred.

One night Ah Fong, tall and slender, with smooth pale cheeks, large almond eyes and a well-kept queue, slowly ascended the steps of the Methodist Mission and rang the bell. When the door opened he saluted with Oriental solemnity, and asking for Miss John, the head worker, walked in.

An hour later, Sergeant Brady, the newest man on the Chinatown squad, dropped off the Washington street car in front of the Mission, and likewise asking for Miss John, was shown in. For two hours Ah Fong and the Sergeant and Miss John were closeted together. At the end of that time Ah Fong bowed himself out, and a few minutes later Officer Brady followed. Then Miss John sat down to think.

Ah Fong wanted to help the Mission save the beautiful slave Ah Quai from the awful life. Chung Lung was making her lead in Bartlett Alley. Never could Ah Fong enjoy a moment's rest till he knew that she was safe in the shelter of a good Christian home. So much did the fearful fate of the lovely Ah Quai weigh on his mind that he would have bought her himself and set her free—if he had money enough. But Fong was poor. The only hope now was for the Mission people to rescue her by force. If Miss John were willing to try—in spite of his small bank account—Fong would see that on any night she cared to name, the first barred

door at No. 12 Bartlett Alley should swing open. As for the second, where the wise old Yee Yow kept guard, in the words of the pious Fong, the Lord would have to see to that. Personally he could not afford it.

Ah Fong was owner of the biggest gambling hall in Cum Cook Alley, and a heathen of the deepest dye. Miss John smiled when she remembered his poverty and his insistence on a good Christian home. But the Lord chooses queer instruments for his work. The goose is not a particularly clean bird, yet it once saved Rome.

Before Miss John went to bed that night she unlocked an old trunk and took out a suit that had once belonged to her brother. She brushed it well and took it upstairs. Then she went into Ma Kim's room and stayed over an hour. Before she came out, Ma Kim had also unlocked a trunk. From it she took the gorgeous red satin coat and lavender trousers in which she had first come to the Home a year before. Up till that time Ma Kim had also lived in Bartlett Alley. Both these measures had been suggested by Sergeant Brady. They show what he might have accomplished in time—if he had been left on the squad.

The next morning about ten o'clock, Miss John, armed with a great bunch of mauve sweet-peas, walked slowly down Bartlett Alley. Before No. 12—the sixth house from the corner of Pacific, the house with the three barred windows—she stopped, looked up at the third window, caught a glimpse of a pretty, painted face, and the flash of a red satin coat, dropped a few

of the sweet-peas and walked on. As she turned into Jackson street from the other end of the alley, she looked back. A tall, slender figure in a black silk embroidered coat came out from one of the doorways, stooped, picked up something, and crossed the Alley. Perhaps after all, thought Miss John, the goose is a maligned bird.

That same night, shortly before eleven, two white men and a Chinese girl came out from the side entrance of the Mission, passed quickly down Washington street, turned into Dupont, and were lost in the crowd. The men wore long, thick overcoats, but the girl was a vision of Celestial loveliness, with her red satin coat and lavender trousers, her painted lips and tinkling jade ornaments. A few minutes later the two men and the girl entered Bartlett Alley.

It was a densely foggy night. The thick yellow mist wrapped everything, and forced the taller of the two men to a comparison between this hell and the Biblical one, in favor of the latter, as he turned up his heavy collar. The fog-horns down on the bay screamed their weird warnings, and the big bells along the piers boomed their answers. The narrow alley, dark on the best of nights, was almost black. The tall, silent tombs stretched their dripping fronts on both sides. The few clumsy oil lamps, hanging by their rusty nails to the walls, glowed red through the fog like wicked heathen eyes. Here and there from between the bars, high up near the roofs, a murky light tried to escape, but the rays were lost in the fog long before they could reach the cobbles below. There was no room for three abreast, so the taller of the two men walked behind by himself. He was a powerful fellow, but from time to time he glanced around uneasily. "The devil take the fools," he muttered once, as turning suddenly, he almost knocked over a black shadow not

a foot away. As the big man started and stepped aside, the black shadow with its black queue under its arm, pit-patted silently by.

When the two men and the girl came opposite the sixth house from the end they stopped for a moment under one of the red oil eyes. As the taller of the two men counted the three barred windows, he leaned heavily against the red eye and smashed it. No one stopped to repair the damage. Lights often go out in Bartlett Alley. Then the three crossed and vanished in the black hallway opposite.

Once inside the girl took the lead. Without a word they began to mount the long flight of perpendicular stairs that lead straight up into the darkness above. The plaster along the side was cracked into queer designs. For large spaces it was off altogether. As the three brushed by, little lumps fell, and were scrunched in with the thickly-scattered chloride of lime. About sixty steps from the bottom, they came face to face with a thick, wooden partition. The girl gave three quick raps, waited a moment, and gave three more. A tiny door in the center of the partition vanished, and behind the bars of an iron wicket a yellow old face peered out. The girl leaned close and whispered a few words. The parchment behind the bars cracked into a smile. The heavy oak beam came out of its iron cleats and the partition slowly swung open in halves. "The deuce," muttered one of the men, "I wonder how much Ah Fong had to pay for that." As soon as the three had passed through into the hall beyond, the heavy beam came down again. Here most of the wickets along the main aisle were closed. The faces behind the others had long passed their first beauty, and looked old in the sputtering gaslight. A few Chinamen wandered aimlessly about, while here and there a white face and queueless head showed how far Sing Lee's

possessions had sunk even in Celestial eyes. But neither the men nor the girl stopped to view Sing's stock in trade. With a turn to the right the girl led along the hall and up another flight. Every few steps the whole staircase twisted abruptly, till it seemed that they were climbing straight up a shaft. But as they went the light grew stronger and the muffled sound of tapping felt soles more distinct. Another sharp turn and a second partition stretched across the stairs in front of them. Here the wicket was up, and the swinging electric bulbs behind showed a guard even older and uglier than the one below. "Whew," whispered one of the men, "if that's Yee Yow, I don't wonder Fong left her to the Lord." But the girl with the red satin coat and lavender trousers waited for no divine intervention. Bending close to the bars she whispered rapidly. As she talked, a wicked twinkle came into Yee Yow's beady eyes, and she almost laughed aloud as she drew the iron bar out of its socket. The white devils steal, but they can't keep what they steal," she chuckled, as she patted the girl lovingly on the back. Truly life at a Mission must be dull, she reflected, as she watched the three disappear in the main hall.

Here every wicket was up. The pretty, painted faces behind smiled and coquetted with the well dressed Chinese sauntering about. When the two white men entered, several pairs of almond eyes glared angrily. Chung Lung was generally particular. But no one made any positive objection, so the two men mixed in with the rest. As quickly as they could they made their way from wicket to wicket. Wherever an extra pretty face glittered, they stopped, and the girl in the red satin coat translated. Whereupon the extra pretty face smirked and grinned like any other daughter of Eve. From time to time the girl met old friends. When they parted the old friends went off laughing.

They had gone about half the length of the hall when the girl suddenly touched the shorter of the two men on the sleeve. "Don't turn," she cautioned hurriedly, "but Chung Lung is here. He is watching." "Oh," gasped the young man, and in spite of himself his voice shook. "If he knows me, Ma Kim, it's all—" "He is coming this way," added Ma Kim. "I must stop him. You and the Sergeant go straight on. Perhaps I can make him believe—like Yee Yow and the rest," and she went.

The two men stopped to make no more pretty speeches. As soon as they dared they crossed over to the row of wickets on the left. Behind the tenth from the end sat four girls. Three were laughing and talking. The fourth sat off by herself. In her hand she held a half-dead sweet-pea. The man outside drew close to the bars, and looking straight into the brown eyes before him, touched the fresh sweet pea in his own lapel. An expression of intense happiness flashed across the girl's face, then vanished, leaving it as blank as before. The two men passed on. When they reached the end of the hall Ma Kim joined them. "Hurry," she whispered, "I think he believes, but—" "I'm ready," replied one. Then turning to the other, added: "Remember, Sergeant, you are to stand by the door. Make sure you get her when you push her out. Don't wait for us. We will stay behind to give you time. She is dressed like Ma Kim, and two girls can't be seen at the same time in the hall."

With that they softly opened the door and vanished in a long, dark passage. It was about three feet wide, and ran the entire length of the building between the outside wall and the backs of the little rooms behind the wickets. The only light came in little streaks from the key-holes of the doors they passed. They felt their way cautiously. When they had counted nine knobs, they

turned the tenth noiselessly, and reaching for the electric button, switched off the light. Immediately the door on the other side of the little room opened. For a moment they could see through the wicket into the main hall beyond. Then the door shut gently. "Sing song," said a soft voice in the darkness. "Sing song," repeated another decidedly feminine voice. "Come quickly—the road is clear," translated Ma Kim, and without another word, the three left the room, Ah Quai in the center.

Quickly and silently they made their way back. Most of the lights had gone out. The second door from the end was the only one that now glowed red round the keyhole. They reached it. It opened. A flood of electric light rushed out. Chung Lung stepped quickly into the passage and softly drew the door to behind him. "Don't scream," he hissed, grabbing out into the darkness. Ma Kim felt his long, bony fingers close round her throat.

Then the girl showed what twelve months of Mission life had done for her. With a quick twist she threw both arms about Chung's neck, completely entangling him in her great red satin sleeves. "Go," she whispered, twisting her arms still tighter. She heard a little click, felt a quick puff of air, and knew that her companion had understood.

Chung Lung breathed heavily as he freed himself from the red satin arms. When he was quite free he took a stronger grip on Ma Kim's throat. "So, little Ah Quai," he chuckled, "your brave friends run quickly when you tell them." Then he began silently forcing Ma Kim back the way she had come. With all her strength she resisted. She must gain time for the others. Chung's fingers seemed to be closing down tighter and tighter. Ma Kim wondered vaguely whether he would beat her to death. She remembered very well what had happened three years before to another

slave girl who had tried to escape—and failed. Four steps now, only four. Just then a wild scream broke the stillness. The rickety old building shook to its foundations, as a series of heavy thuds, growing less and less, vanished in the distance below. With a fierce push Ma Kim and Chung Lung rolled over together into the darkness of Ah Quai's room. Then the young man who ten minutes before had thrust Ah Quai to freedom stepped quickly in and turned up the light.

Chung's face went livid. His long fingers clutched wildly at the neck button of his heavily embroidered coat. Unable to speak, he mouthed like one of his own heathen gods. Then as he realized what had really happened, he lunged quickly at Ma Kim. But the young man was quicker. Stepping between the girl and the raving Chung, he loudly and distinctly defied him to take another step; but Chung gave a howl of rage and struck out again. Then the young man remembered the white men on the floor below, and drawing a police-whistle from his pocket blew three quick, sharp notes. Before the last note had died away the tiny room and passage clear to the hall door was choked with the terrified faces of the frightened Chinese who came pouring from all parts of the building. As Chung jabbered wildly, pointing at the two in the corner, fear changed to anger. The furious crowd saw there were only two and began to close in. Ah Quai was lost. They might still save Ma Kim. One already had hold of the red satin coat, when the young man tore off the soft fedora and black wig he had worn all the evening. Miss John's own brown hair tumbled about her shoulders, and the crowd recognized the face of the hated Mission worker. "The she-devil, the she-devil," they screamed, shaking their yellow fists in her face; but they dared go no nearer. They knew only too well

what it would mean to have a white woman lost in Chinatown.

The minutes went slowly, as Miss John stood with her arms tight clasped round Ma Kim. Twenty had gone since she had pushed Ah Quai to safety. Was it to safety? Where was the Sergeant? Why didn't he come? Had Ah Fong paid the old woman enough? The crowd was picking up a little courage. That first row of grinning faces was surely a few inches nearer. If they could once separate Ma Kim—then a great peace settled down on Miss John's heart. Sergeant Brady's heavy step sounded along the hall. "Make way, make way, you yellow devils," he shouted, punctuating each word with a thud, as he forced the jabbering, gesticulating crowd aside. Before they could see what had happened, a big form with a flashing star and a wide-swinging club had seized Miss John and Ma Kim, and was already half-way down the hall with them. Then Chung ran wildly after them, and catching the Sergeant by the coat, tried to force

a thick wad into his hand. But the Sergeant gave him a blow that sent him reeling among his countrymen. Sergeant gave them a blow that sent man on the squad that poor Chung could not be expected to know.

Two weeks later, Ah Fong, smiling and bland, came once more up the steps of the Methodist Mission and rang the bell. This time he stayed only a few minutes. When he emerged, he was neither smiling nor bland. The beautiful Ah Quai was too well satisfied with the good Christian home he had provided to leave it for the still better one he promised in Bakersfield.

"It's that white devil," muttered the pious Fong as he came down the steps and turned up Washnitgon street. To this day Ah Fong never turns down Washington street when alone, for the morning after the rescue of Ah Quai, Chung Lung was closeted long with the head of the Hop Sing Tong. Many men in Chinatown would like to make \$1000 for a few moments' work.



THE STORY I TOLD SCROGGS

BY MABEL HAUGHTON BROWN

THIS is a story with two heroes and only a hint of a heroine. Perhaps one hero should be called the villain, but the question is still undecided in the mind of the writer and is left to the kind discretion of the reader. When I told the story to Scroggs, my chum and confidant, he said: "Man alive, no one could believe it."

"That's because it's true," I said, and Scroggs looked at me long and earnestly.

"Do you believe such rubbish?" he asked with the air of an insanity inspector.

"I tell you it happened," I affirmed, "and I'm going to write it down." Scroggs blinked an eye.

"You'll be sent to Agnews," he said, and that is all the satisfaction I got out of him—no queries—no wonderment—just coolly expressed doubt.

The attitude of Scroggs is not to be considered seriously. He is a "dreamless man," highly unemotional, although high-strung. I like him, but his logic annoys me at times. I have always believed the story myself—that is, it seems entirely plausible, although I am inclined to regard it from two points of view. My opinion, however, may be biased, for I was the intimate friend of one hero and came near knowing the other.

The first man was fair—your true blonde type, with light hair, almost white, against his florid face; of medium height, slightly inclined to stoop—and his name was Walter Kent. He was not a handsome man, but rather a massive, wholesome-looking fellow—the kind of man you would trust if you had to, and stake a good deal on his doing the square thing. Men liked Kent; he was a

rattling good fellow—but no one would have ever taken him for a hero of romance.

He was inclined to be shy. His great clumsy hands usually sought his pockets and stayed there when he talked to men. With women he was different; he tried to appear perfectly at his ease and failed dismally. It was all too bad. He was about the best kind of a friend that a woman could have had under any circumstances, but not one of the fair sex knew him well. Poor Kent, he couldn't stand it to talk to a woman long enough to let her get acquainted with him; and yet I know that in the inner recesses of his soul he treasured a high, idealistic opinion of women in general, and had his day dreams like the rest of us.

(If I were a woman, I think I would marry a man like Kent—knowing what I do of men—but to my knowledge, Kent had never proposed to a woman in his life, and not one of the women he had met had ever shown him the slightest favor. Not to my knowledge, you say? Well, Kent told me all about it.)

The foothills of a State like Colorado seemed just the place that a man like Kent would go eventually. We all have something of the cowboy spirit in our natures, I think, and in Kent it was more strongly developed than it is in most of us. He was a child of nature deep down in his sturdy old heart—the fresh fields and green woods were near akin to him, or so it seemed to me when I mused on things sentimental, and I was much given to musing in those days. Perhaps the reader has surmised before this that I was somewhat devoted to Kent. I was, and when he started to the hills, I picked up and went with him. I fancied that we two would get along

swimmingly out there. The thought of the free, out-door life held for me all the romance of a quaint old story. I should be enabled to put my knowledge of surveying to practical use, I thought, and, moreover, would be getting in fine shape for my coming career. I was just out of college, and my 'coming career' was a sweet hallucination under which I labored at the time.

But I had misinterpreted my own nature, even though I was pretty correct in my estimate of Kent. I soon learned that the cowboy spirit in my nature had spent itself long years before, and a little of green field and open air went a long way with me. In short, I fairly hated the solitude of the great wide place, and the surveying work proved particularly irksome. Hanging over a cliff with a line is not nearly as bracing as it seems to a tenderfoot. But the work was the least of my worries. The roar of the city still lingered in my ears, and I decided that scenery and fresh air could not compose my all in life. As for Kent, he was an ideal camper. With his clay pipe and a blanket roll he was in his element. The memory of a sweet face haunted me sometimes, and with the postoffice ten miles away, this grew to a serious consideration. At last, I showed the white feather to such a degree that I wanted to go back. I nerved myself and told Kent about it.

Kent listened to me lazily, with the kindly indulgence of a big brother.

"Go back, then," he said with an odd little twinkle in his eye, "The Survey can get on without you—maybe! At any rate, I can find some one to take your place."

In a day or two I went. The alacrity with which I took my departure amuses me when I look back on it now. I went, and left Kent to his romance and to the "other man." Perhaps when you hear the story, you will say, "And do you call that a romance?" Perhaps it is not much

of a one, but you must remember it is the only romance Kent ever had. The other man, the man who took my place, brought it with him—the romance I mean, all done up in a nice little packet, one might say, for so it proved. I had the good fortune to stumble over him on my way back, although I did not know him at the time, but the descriptions tally. He brushed against me at one of the stations—almost knocked me down, in fact, in his mad rush to get off the train. I seized him by his shoulders and held him back. He shook me off with more than necessary force; then, noting my surprised laugh, he bowed in a genteel fashion and begged my pardon.

I turned to look at him, the same way I had turned to look at everybody after leaving the foothills. He was well dressed and well groomed. His hands were soft looking and white, and his nails highly polished. One would not have taken him for a prospective lineman, but such he proved to be.

It is necessary to take up the story now from Kent's standpoint, for I drop out of the scene here, though slightly against my will. I am rather fond of mixing in things. If I were not, I would have told this story in a straightforward fashion, and not have beaten about the bush in the way I have. But the reader will please remember that this is the only story I know, or at least the only one I ever attempted to tell in my life.

This man, Jack Cassic (I wonder why it is that when a man chooses an alias he always lights on Jack), appeared at the camp the next morning and asked for Mr. Kent. That in itself should have excited suspicion, for Kent had not sent out "at home" cards, nor introduced himself by name to the natives. But Kent was born to be fooled. Mind, I do not say the man fooled him, but there is a possibility of it. At any rate, when he asked for work, Kent

promptly handed him out my place and asked no questions.

Kent was not exactly daft on the subject of trusting people, but he came dangerously near being so. He had a cheerful theory tucked away in his soul that the best way to treat every man is to trust him; then if the man is dishonest, he'll give himself away, and if not, it is all right. Kent could afford to take chances, for, from a worldly reckoning he was remarkably well off. His salary on the Survey did not amount to a row of pins to him, although he was at the head of the party. Money did not seem to represent to him what it does to most of us. He had a careless way of leaving his wallet around. One day he rushed from his tent with an exclamation akin to an oath.

"I've been robbed!" he swore.

"Serves you right," I replied, "for leaving your money around."

"It isn't my money," he said with a snap of his fingers; "it's my collar, and the only clean collar I had."

And that to Kent was a real tragedy.

But even Kent had a little suspicion in his make-up, and Jack Cassic aroused it after a few days. Who was he, and where had he come from? It was at this point that Cassic, waking up to the fact that he might be questioned, proceeded to tell Kent the story of his life.

A love affair was connected with his determination to join the Survey, he said. He had been engaged to be married to a young woman who had fallen heir to a large sum of money. With her wealth had come a desire to probe into occult sciences, and she proceeded to use her money as a key to the mystical. She began to associate with gypsies, wonder-workers, and all the odd freaks in the place. Cassic pleaded with her in vain; she was wedded to the black arts, and they seemed to have supplanted him in her affections. Finally, she took up the study of hypnotism. This proved

too much for even a lover to stand, and he informed her that unless she gave it up, he should feel justified in breaking their engagement. The girl laughed at him. She said that she had made a study of personal magnetism, and that she could win the esteem or love of any man she wished, and she really did not know whether she wished his love or not; she would let him know later.

"You are very narrow-minded," she said, "and could not assist me in my researches, except possibly as a subject. If I wish your love I will retain it."

Cassic left her abruptly. He had grave apprehensions regarding her sanity, and decided that the marriage should never take place. But the break was not to be brought about as easily as he had anticipated. She was a remarkably handsome woman, with natural charm enough to satisfy most men. He did not sever all connection with her at once, and therein lay his folly. She began to play with him much as a cat does with a mouse. She was evidently of the opinion that he would make an excellent subject. Cassic fought against the power which she seemed to exert over him, but his efforts were unavailing. In his calm moments he was of the opinion that he hated her as cordially as he had once loved her, but she was evidently of a different opinion. One day she turned to him and riveting his eyes with her own, said authoritatively.

"You love me."

Cassic's head swam for an instant; then a wild exhilaration filled his being. He strove to go toward her, but found himself rooted to the spot.

"Bah, I command you to hate me," she exclaimed.

Instantly his mood changed, and a deadly passion imbued his soul. A few passages of her hands, and he was his normal self again, standing sheepishly before her.

"Did you think you loved me?" she asked.

"I thought so," he answered weakly.

"There is the keynote," she said, "I controlled your thought!"

He tried to exert his own will, but in vain.

"Do you believe in my science now?" she asked. "Do you see that so-called love is merely an emotion that a person may excite or subdue at will? Do you realize that you are my slave if I so will it?" She laughed and told him to go.

He was dazed—but he left her a firm believer in hypnotism or whatever it was that gave her her power over him. Once in the open air he tried to recover himself, but failed. Shortly afterwards he learned that even in absence her power was strong enough to draw him back to her. He fought against it with all his force, but in vain. It was not exactly love he felt, but an overwhelming desire to do her will. In his saner moments he realized that he was growing into a nonentity—a mere puppet in her hands. He strove then with all the strength of his manhood to stay away, but without avail. His business went to rack and ruin for want of attention, and the intense mental strain caused his health to fail.

In the meantime, the woman had evidently made up her mind to marry him in spite of himself, and this thought caused him more alarm than had the loss of his health and fortune. Finally, he consulted a physician.

The man was a practical practitioner, who gave little or no credence to Cassic's rather garbled story. He told him that he was the victim of a nervous ailment, and advised outdoor treatment with plenty of hard work. Finally, he was induced to take some stock in Cassic's representations, and ad-

vised him to get as far away from the woman as possible; hence his desire to join the Survey.

The story was a revelation to Kent. He expressed his opinion of the woman in rather strong terms. I dare say it was the only occasion upon which Kent had ever made a harsh remark about any woman. However, he did not have a blind faith in the story; he agreed with the physician that Cassic's nervous system needed building up, and decided to watch him.

Cassic affirmed that the influence still came over him at intervals, and pleaded with Kent to confine him if he ever showed any intention of returning. Kent promised, and then asked for a description of the woman. Cassic gave it in glowing terms. She was dark, he said, and superbly beautiful. Her eyes he thought her chief charm, great wide things, yellow and brown, and in them lay her power. As he spoke, he drew her picture from his pocket and handed it to Kent. Kent took it and looked intently at the most beautiful face he had ever seen, and as he looked, the face seemed fairly alive. He felt dazed—the ground was slipping from him—his head swam, and he sank back in a swoon.

When he came to, a scrap of paper lay in his hand. On it was scribbled:

"Why did I keep the picture? The ordeal has proven too much for me. I am compelled to return. You see the influence which the mere sight of the picture has had over you! I am out of funds, and have borrowed your wallet. I will return——" Here the note rambled.

Kent's wallet contained all the money with which he intended to pay off the men. It has never been returned.

Query: Has Cassic suffered a lapse of memory, or was he a villain?

The History, Origin and Meaning of

Some California Towns and Places

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BY G. E. BAILEY, E. M., Ph. D.

"Without knowing **the force** of words, it is impossible to know men."—Shakespeare.

GEOGRAPHICAL names form a record of human fortunes, for men are fond of stamping on the face of the earth a trace of their habitation and their history. Names are the coins that bear the mark of all transactions in history, whether for business or pleasure, and one does not dig long in the fertile soil of etymology before realizing the fundamental truth set forth by Horne Tooke that "in language there is nothing arbitrary." A name may conceal within its bosom a geological fact, an economical issue, a story of valor, tragedy or humor. To discover its secret is to be instructed, to be amused, or to be awakened to praise or sympathy. There are names that are rich in poetry and fervid in passion. Geology reveals through the fossils a history of life following life in significant succession; so the names of places reveal to the practiced eye a succession of races in regions where there is no other trace of their existence.

The study of the origin and meaning of words may be made an aid in historical and geographical instruction in schools of all grades. Geography is a subject full of interest, especially to the young, provided it is taught in a way to fire the imagination by vivid pictures, and one of the best ways to awaken imagination and to stimulate in

quiry is frequent reference to the history of names. The boy studies his English history and repeats glibly and parrot-like the names Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex and Wessex with only a desire to get through as quickly as possible and get a good mark, but when he learns that these words mean North People, South People, East People and West People, his curiosity is aroused and his interest stimulated. Calimex and Mexical are only stumbling blocks until one hears of the town divided along its main street by the boundary line between the two great States, **California** and **Mexico**, and that names were coined to show that fact.

The study of the origin of names is full of difficulties in foreign countries, where the cities and towns are centuries old, and where the native language is composed of the remains of half a dozen other languages that only the learned understand; but here in California the task is easier, for men are still living who were here when the State awoke to American life and its localities were christened with English names. Men are still here who made names in the days of "'49," the days when the New England Yankee elbowed the "Sydney Duck," and the Chinaman and negro stood cheek by jowl with the digger Indian.

The days of 1849 were "an exclamation point in the history of civilization, a dash in the annals of time," and the very names show that human nature cuts queer capers when

turned loose into an unfenced field. That year was the boyish year of impromptu camp organizations; but three years later is a manly year of self-consciousness, lost illusions, bitter struggles, and the assertion of innate dignity, for the very names created then show the change in the men. In 1849 nicknames were the order of the day, often given for the birthplace of the "tenderfoot." If he came from Missouri it was Old Pike, Big Pike, or Little Pike; if from Texas it was Texas Jack or Texas Jim; if from Scotland, it was Sandy or Scotty. So we have Old Kentuck, Old Arkansaw, Big Yark, Little Yank, French Flat Pete, Sandy Hill Mike, Poverty Point Jim, and Sidney Ducks Bar.

Back of the days of gold are the golden days of the Missions, when names were given that are as perfectly adapted to the land of sunshine and flowers as the Mission architecture is to the landscape, and California is beginning to awaken rapidly to the utility of beauty to the fact that the names and forms of things may have the symmetry of rhythm and music, and prove as attractive as fruit and flowers in drawing the better class of immigrants.

In the early days there were four forces at work creating names—the military, civil, religious and agricultural. The Missions came and started a new life; then the Presidio—garrison—to protect the church; these established, a town (pueblo) soon came into existence, and from that the people spread out over the land and began raising cattle and grain, and great farms (ranchos) sprang into existence. From these four sources have sprung a host of names, from the Golden Gate south, that are sometimes an important adjunct to the written records, for they give clues to facts and movements of which written history preserves no trace.

There is also a law of succession

in names that is worthy of note: 1st—The original inhabitants generally gave their names to the great objects of natural scenery, such as mountains and rivers; and we have Yosemite Park, the Tuolumne, Consumnes, and Stanislaus rivers as illustrations.

2d—The names of places in the most open and accessible districts are older than similar names in parts difficult of access; a San Diego in the mountains would be more recent than one on the coast.

3d—The places most open were most subject to invasion and the impress of the conquerors; as Marin County was once a part of New Albion, or English territory; Sonoma was once Russian, and there is a fringe of names along the north end of the State, like Siskiyou, that speak of the times when the hardy Frenchmen of the Hudson Bay Fur Company roamed around Shasta Peak. All over the country, too, there are local colors here and there of some otherwise forgotten Indian tribe.

INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH

"A chaque saint sa chandelle."
("To each Saint his candle.")—Proverb.

1. Civilization in California began with the arrival of the Padres—Fathers. During the years when the settlers along the Atlantic Coast were falling "first upon their knees and then upon the aborigines," the first arrivals on the Pacific were busy building Missions, gathering in the Indians, and teaching them the trades and handicrafts of the white man. In this way the Missions were the first schools of technology established in America. As the first duty of the Fathers was with the souls of the benighted aborigines, they began to wipe off the map every trace of barbarism, and left in their place a most saintly array of names

SAN. SANTA. One can trace their footsteps in the "San" and "Santas" they left along their trails, over desert, mountain, valley and plain. SAN is the masculine and SANTA is the feminine for "Saint" or "Holy."

SAN ANDREAS (or St. Andrew). The name of the county seat of Calaveras County. One of the Apostles whose name originally meant "strong" or "manly," and who is also known as SAN ANDRES.

SAN ANSELMO. Means Saint Anselm, which means in the Hebrew "Protection of God"; while **SAN PASQUAL** means the "Holy Passover"; and **RANCHITA DE SANTA FE** is the "Little Ranch of Holy Faith."

SAN ANTONIO. Saint Anthony, whose name means "priceless" or "praiseworthy," was a favorite with the padres and his name appears on mountain, town, valley and ranch. Six miles from Jolon, in Monterey County, is the **SAN ANTONIO MISSION**, dedicated on July 14, 1771, to **SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA**—Saint Anthony of Padua—in the glen of the **CANADA DE LOS ROBLES**—Valley of the **OAKS**—by Padres Serra and Sitjar.

The noble peak that overshadows the **SAN GORGONIO**—Saint Gorgonia—pass, east of Redlands, also bears the name of Saint Anthony. One worthy **DON**—aristocrat—seems not to have been content with this saint alone as a protection for his cattle range, for he named his **RANCHO**—ranch—**TODOS SANTOS Y SAN ANTONIO**, or "All Saints and St. Anthony."

ARGUELO. Is a name not down on the church list of saints, and is an illustration of the ease with which one may be "canonized" in this golden land, where everything is easy. This town in Santa Barbara County was named for Don Concepcion Arguello, the daughter of Don Jose Arguello, who who was the Governor of Spanish California in the years 1814 and 1815, but the name appears more than once in print as "San Arguello" or Arguillo. California is proud of the young lady's father, and he was no doubt proud of her angelic qualities, but that is a family matter rather than a church matter.

SAN AUGUSTIN. Saint Augustus has been remembered among the palms and palmettoes of the Pacific, as well as among those of Florida.

SAN BARTOLO. Mexican colloquial for the Spanish **BARTOLOME**, or Saint Bartholomew, whose name in the original re-brew means "A war-like son," an appropriate name to guard a mountain pass in Los Angeles County.

SAN BENITO. SAN BENEDICTO. The Spanish race did not believe in single blessedness, and love the name of **SAN BENITO**, or **SAN BENEDICTO**—Saint Benedict—the "blessed." Crespi in his expedition

of 1772 named the river for him, and from that comes **SAN BENITO COUNTY**, which was organized in 1874; and has an area of 1,476 square miles. Its county seat is Hollister. The feminine of this saint's title is **BENITA**, a title given to the nuns, or "blessed ones."

SAN BERNABE. Incorrectly printed sometimes as **SAN Barnaba**, is Saint Barnaby, who was known to the Hebrews as the "Son of Consolation."

SAN BERNARDINO. There is a grand, snow-capped mountain that towers high above the rest of the range, and guards the orange lands of the Italy of America from the hot blasts of the desert, and at the same time collects and stores the mists of the ocean to water fruit and flowers, that is well named **SAN BERNARDINO**. The name is that of Saint Bernard, which means "Bold as a Bear," and boldly and bravely the mountain guards the treasures at its feet. San Bernardino County was organized in 1821, and has an area of 20,055 square miles, an area larger than some monarchies. The county seat bears the same name, and both are from the old Spanish Catholic Mission which was erected in 1822, five miles from the present city of **SAN BERNARDINO**. This church was a branch mission, where priests from San Gabriel and San Juan Capistrano missions used to come and preach. It was destroyed by the Indians in 1834 and never rebuilt.

SAN BERNARDO. SAN BERNARDS. This saint is also called **BERNARDO**, a term, however, more commonly given to a monk of the order of Saint Bernard, whose ascetic life, solitary studies, and stirring eloquence, made him the oracle of Christendom, and the head of his order of monks. The name is one that is often misspelled, and in one place the irrepressible immigrant has given one the name of **SAN BERNARDS**, a mixture of Spanish and English.

SAN BRUNO. It is not known that Smith and Jones have any saints among their numerous families, but the "Browns" may rejoice, for there is a **SAN BRUNO**—Saint Brown—in at least two of the counties.

SAN BUENAVENTURA. Good luck is something every one hopes for, and some appreciate. On March 30, 1783, padres Junipero Serra and Cambon dedicated the Mission at Ventura to **SAN BUENAVENTURA DOCTOR SARAFICO**, saint Bonaventure sarafico Doctor, the name under which Giovanni de Fidenza of Tuscany was canonized. "Buena" means "good" and "ventura," "luck." This name of the Mission has been shortened by a soulless post office department, and the push of the twentieth century, to **VENTURA**, the name borne by the county, the county seat, and several other towns. **VENTURA COUNTY** was organized in 1872, and has an area of 1,850 square miles.

SAN CARLOS. Spanish for Saint Charles, whose name meant originally "strong" or "noble spirited." On June 3, 1770, Father Serra established the Mission at Monterey, calling it **SAN CARLOS BORROMEO DEL CARMELO DE MONTEKEY**—Saint Charles of Borromeo, at Carmel of Monterey—the canonized name of the son of Count Arona and nephew of Plus IV.

On June 8, 1771, the Mission was removed to the present site, five miles from Monterey, and it is now called **SAN CARLOS DE CARMELLO**, or "Saint Charles at Carmelo." One of the old Spanish land grants or ranchos bears the name **SAN CARLOS DE JONATA**.

SAN CLEMENTE. One of the beautiful islands off the Southern coast, a town in the north and a river, bear the name of **SAN CLEMENTE**, or Saint Clement, the "mild tempered one."

SAN DIEGO. SAN DIEGUITO. SANTIAGO. The name that is most inseparably fixed to the history of the State is that of **SAN DIEGO**—Saint James—the place where civilization started in California. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo was the first to sail into the beautiful harbor on September 28, 1542, and he called the place **SAN MIGUEL**—St. Michael. Sixty-one years later, the fleet of Vizcaino anchored in the bay and the "OLD TOWN" of San Diego was named for the flagship of the expedition, as well as for the day, November 12, 1603, which was the day of San Diego de Alcala—Saint James of Alcala—the discovery of Cabrillo being ignored, as was the custom of explorers in those days, a custom still followed by a few. Vizcaino left his mark at another point on the shore, where he secured ballast for his ship, a point still known as **PUNTA GUIJARROS**, or "cobble stone point," illustrating the fact that even the most trivial names will often stick for centuries. On July 16, 1769, that Nestor of all the padres, Father Junipero Serra—began his work of establishing a chain of missions that was to stretch for over half a thousand miles along the **CAMINO REAL**—King's Highway. The good Father's name, Serra, literally means "saw," and it is appropriate, for his work was keen, clear-cut and decisive. A good "saw" is necessary in beginning the building of a new settlement. His first name, Junipero, comes from the following legend: "*Juniperus arbor crescens in desertis, cujus umbrum serpentis fugiunt, et ideo in umbra a jus homines secure dormiunt*," "The Juniper is a tree that grows in the desert, the shade of which is shunned by the serpents, but under which men sleep in safety." Evil fled before the kindly father, and in the shade of his arms the children of the soil slept in safety. The first mission was dedicated to **SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA**—Saint James of Alcala, and was located near the shore, but was moved inland six miles in 1774. Both county and

city derive their name from the Bay and the mission. **SAN DIEGO COUNTY** was organized in 1850, and has an area of 8,400 square miles. The present city, some distance from OLD TOWN, was founded in 1867 by A. E. Horton. Saint James has a number of colloquial names, all of which have been utilized on mountain, stream and town. He is known as **SANTIAGO, IAGO, JACOBO** and **JAGO**; also as **DIEGUITO** and **JAIME**, as we would say nowadays Jim or Jimmy. Originally, his name comes from the Hebrew and means the same as Jacob—"The Supplanter"—a fitting name to mark the hour when the native races were to be robbed of their heritage and supplanted forever. The **LLOMAS DE SANTIAGO** is the name of a rancho covering the "Hills of Saint James."

SAN DIMAS. Saint Demas, appears as the name of only one locality in the State.

SAN DOMINGO. Was named for Saint Dominic; but the town of **DOMINGUEZ** was named for Father Dominguez, one of the early explorers.

ELISEO. Is the name of a town in Ventura County that has fortunately escaped the prefix "San," for it is the name of Elisha, meaning in Hebrew "God my salvation."

SAN FELIPE. Saint Philip—means literally "A lover of horses," and is a good name for a big stock ranch. It is not surprising, therefore to find ranchos bearing the name **CANADA DE SAN FELIPE Y LOS ANIMAS**—Saint Philip and the Souls; **BALLE DE SAN FELIPE** rancho—Valley of St. Philip—rancho; **BOLSA DE SAN FELIPE**—Pocket of Saint Philip—a cosy nook in the mountains that would be called a "Cove" in the Carolinas; and **AUSAYMAS Y SAN FELIPE** rancho, the name of the owner being linked with that of the Saint.

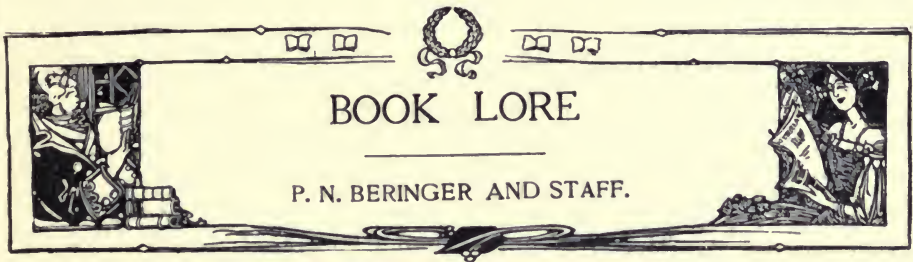
SAN FERNANDO. Kings are not generally regarded as Saints, but Ferdinand III, King of Spain, is an exception, as he is known to the Catholic world as **SAN FERNANDO**—"brave" or "fearless." Padres Lausen and Dumetz established the Mission which bears the royal name on September 8, 1797, in Los Angeles County, dedicating it **SAN FERNANDO REY DE ESPANA**—Saint Ferdinand, King of Spain. The town in which the church is located takes its name from the Mission. The valley which bears the name San Fernando, is the same that Portola called **SANTA CATALINA DE LOS ENCINOS**—Saint Catherine of the live oaks.

SAN FRANCISCO. On the corner of 16th street and Dolores, in the city of **SAN FRANCISCO**, stands an old Mission church that is full of interest to every student of history, for it bears the name of the man of gentle life who was the founder of the great order of Franciscan monks—St. Francis, who was born at Assisi, Italy. The full name of the Mission was **SAN**

FRANCISCO DE ASIS DEL LAGUNA DE LOS DOLORES—Saint Francis of Assisi, at the lagoon of the Sorrows. It was the sixth mission established by the padres, and bears the date of October 9th, 1776. In the very year when cannon were booming on the coast of the stormy Atlantic, a church was being erected on the coast of the "gentle ocean," around which an empire was to grow; when Boston Bay was resounding to cries of war, the hills around the Golden Gate echoed for the first time to bells that bore the tidings of peace and eternal joy to all.

The mission is commonly known as the MISSION DOLORES, as it was located near a lagoon, since filled up and built over, which was known as LAGUNA DE LOS DOLORES—Lagoon of the Sorrows—and it also serves to distinguish it from the Sonoma Mission, which bore the title SAN FRANCISCO DE SOLANO DE SONOMA—Saint Francis of Solano, of Sonoma—established April 4, 1784 by Padre Altimira. SAN FRANCISCO COUNTY and city are the same in area, covering 42 square miles. The county was organized in 1850.

(To be Continued.)



The Truth About the Trusts.

This large
and compre-
hensive
work by

John Moody appears to be the most valuable and the most complete treatise upon the subject which has been heretofore published. It is valuable because it is the work of an expert, an expert with a bias, certainly, but still an expert who, like all men who are acquainted with their subject, knows his opponent's case as well as his own, and is not driven by ignorance or nervousness to make exaggerated statements. The writer is already well and favorably known by his "Manual of Corporation Securities" and the present work, which has for its sub-title, "A Description and Analysis of the American Trust Movement," will add to his reputation. Why the "Standard Oil View" of the trust movement should have been placed as a sort of frontispiece is difficult to say, and why in particular the merely rhetorical statements of the solicitor of that company should have deserved that

place of honor, does not appear, for Mr. Moody himself has in this work said many things much better than this sort of fustian, which is a mere echo of the rant of the special pleader, "You might as well endeavor to stay the formation of the clouds, the falling of the rains, or the flowing of the streams, as to attempt by any means or in any manner to prevent organization of industry, association of persons, and the aggregation of capital to any extent that the ever-growing trade of the world may demand."

The purpose of the writer perhaps is best learned from the following introductory remarks: "It is really an attempt to indicate with frankness, honesty and common sense for guidance, the evolution of our national growth along this line, and the facts are not presented for the purpose of exposing the weakness of our modern methods any more than to point out their advantages."

The author examines the definition of a trust and considers one made by S. C. T. Dodd in 1893 as the best. It runs: "The term trust * *

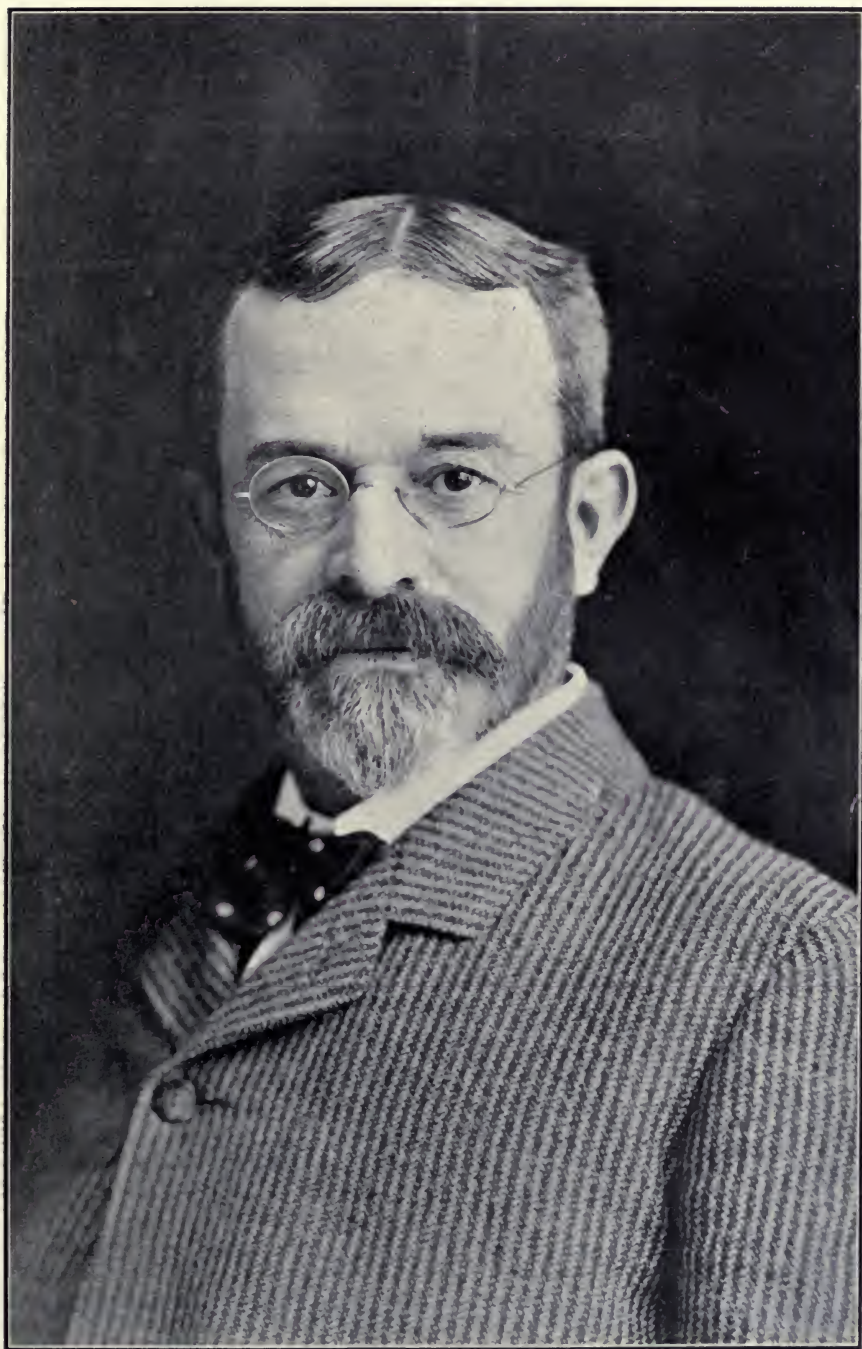
embraces every act, agreement, or combination of persons or capital believed to be done, made or formed with the intent, power or tendency to monopolize business, to restrain or interfere with competitive trade, or to fix, influence, or increase the price of commodities."

The able introduction in which some doctrines are laid down with more emphasis than would appear to be warranted, and which are, to say the least, open to argument, is followed by six chapters of analysis of Trusts. These are divided into the Greater Industrial Trusts, the lesser Industrial Trusts, Important Industrial Trusts in process of re-organization, the greater Franchise Trusts, the greater Railroad Groups, Classified Statistics of all Trusts, and these are followed by a very able General Review of the Trust Movement. The facts which he produces are in some cases quite unexpected. Thus, who would imagine that there are in the United States to-day no less than two thousand small independent telephone companies engaged in competition with the great Bell Trust? "The total number of Bell telephones reported to be in use at the present time is about 3,600,000, but it is authoritatively estimated that the "independent" lines of the country now operate in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 telephones." It is estimated by the writer that including Industrial, Machine, Transportation and Miscellaneous, about four hundred and forty-five active Trusts are represented in the book, with a total capitalization of \$20,379,162,551. They embrace in all about 8,669 original companies.

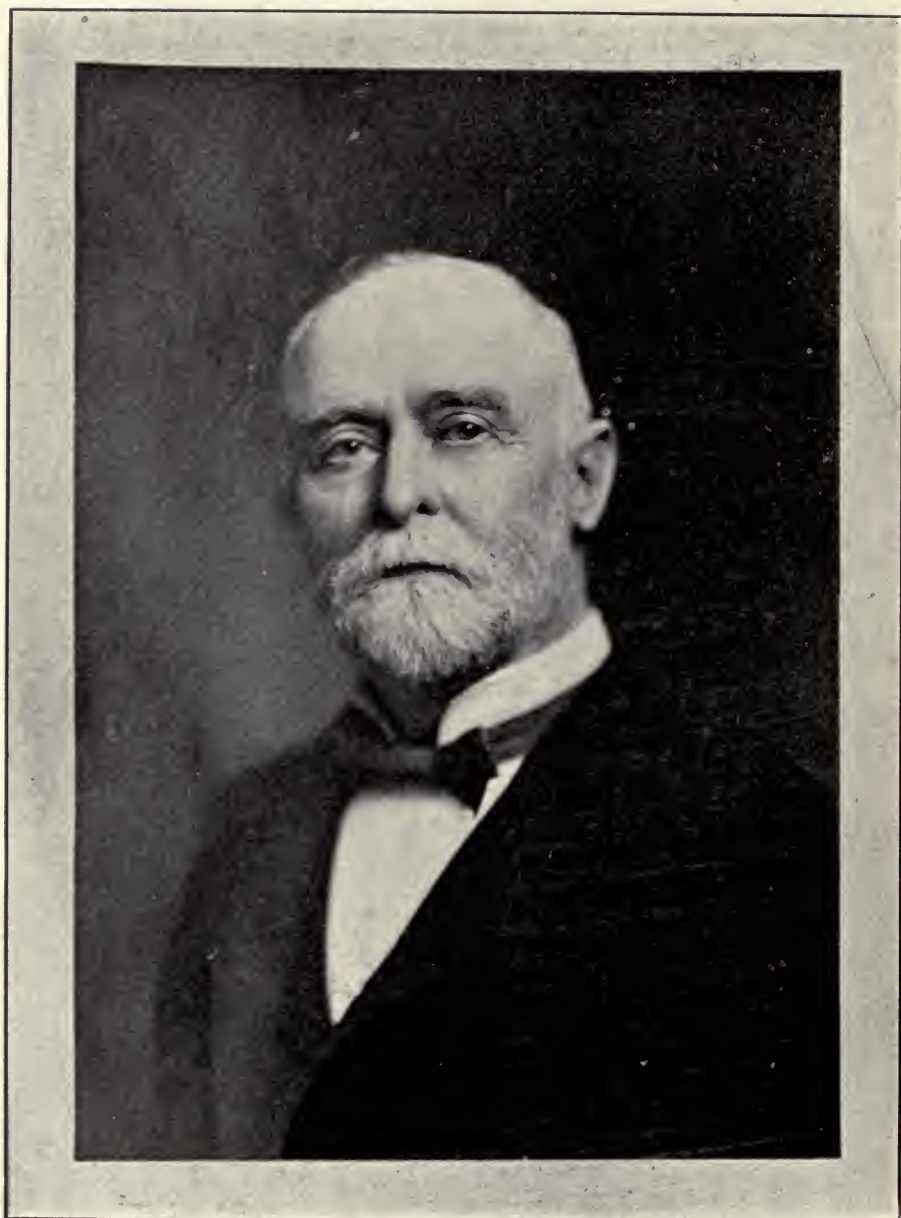
When the dominating influences of the trusts are analyzed, it is found that the Rockefeller financiers have been the originators of the Trust idea, and have always maintained the leading position. These interests lead not only in oil and its allied industries, but they are the controlling factors in the

Copper Trust and the Smelters' Trust, and are closely identified with the Tobacco Trust. They have also great influence in the Morgan properties, such as the United States Steel Corporation. In the Franchise aggregations the Rockefeller influence is everywhere the most prominent, and in the steam railroad field they are conspicuous factors and steadily increasing their influence. The Morgan group ranks next in importance to the Rockefeller. Mr. Moody is careful to point out that there is not only no war between these two groups of interest, there is not even rivalry, they are harmonious, according to his view and must in the very nature of things in a very short time completely absorb one another. "These two mammoth groups jointly constitute the heart of the business and commercial life of the nation, the others all being the arteries which permeate in a thousand ways our whole national life, making their influence felt in every home and hamlet, yet all connected with and dependent on this great central source, the influence and policy of which dominates them all."

Mr. Moody states as the weakness of anti-trust legislation, so far, the failure of legislators to make a proper distinction between monopoly and large-scale methods. He says very truly and pertinently: "Whatever view one may take regarding the element of good or bad in monopoly, all must admit the efficiency and importance of large scale methods in production. For instance, a department store is an example of large scale production, but it does not embrace any monopoly at all, nor need it embrace any element of monopoly to be successful. On the other hand, there are other large businesses, such as the manufacture of patented articles, which are not combinations or trusts, do not do business on a very large scale, and yet are pure monopolies."



W. A. BISSELL, Asst. Traffic Manager Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe System



D. B. MOODY (Loring Club.)



W. FRANK PIERCE, Grand Commander, Grand Commandery of California.
Carl J. Horner Photo.



MOST EMINENT SIR HENRY BATES STODDARD (Bryan, Texas), Grand Master.

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No 2.



Simlinoff Temple

Masonic Temple, S. F.

The Home at Decoto.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES"

BY A KNIGHT TEMPLAR

ALTHOUGH the confraternity of Knights Templar is intimately identified with Freemasonry, no philosophical or metaphysical relation exists between them. Masonry is the most ancient of all religio-philosophical systems, but its real teachings are veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, while Templarism is primarily a

Christian military order of comparatively modern origin. According to the philosophy and science of masonry, man's whence and whither is a mystery whose solution is to be found only in the realm of the occult through the esoteric meaning of Masonic symbols and rites of initiation. That is the only key that will unlock the door that opens into the Divine Temple of Wisdom, wherein is found the purpose of individualized life. On the other hand, Templarism teaches that the solution of the problem of life must be sought in the New Testament, and as interpreted by the Roman Catholic Church. Masonry is a mystical religio-philosophy based on the law of evolution of the soul from the mind of Causation into God-like effects and attributes

which is symbolized in its beginnings by a "rough Ashlar," or shapeless stone, and in its finishings by a perfect Ashlar or cube, whose perfection is attested by the plumb, the level, the square and the compass. Templarism rejects the doctrine of evolution and also the doctrine of an overruling Providence that directs the concerns of the universe and of humanity according to natural law, and holds that God's will and pleasure are manifested in His revealed word and expressed in miracles, which in turn are the basis of faith in the truth of God's doctrine of salvation through the atonement of Jesus the Christ, hence the vessels of the church and the means employed by the Lord Christ through his vicars and ministers are altogether sacred. All this masonry rejects, and attaches sacredness to the esoteric or occult meaning of the numbers Three, Five, Seven and Nine, with Ten representing the Perfect Number, or the mystery of Causation or God in manifestation in individualized life. The initiate in esoteric masonry turns to philosophy, history, physical science, classical literature,



Eminent Sir H. D. Loveland, Chairman
Executive Committee.

Photo Habenicht

ethics, art, architecture, esotericism and occultism for Light and Wisdom, and he should conform his conduct of life to the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man and the interdependence of all that lives.

Templarism includes none of these declarations and obligations. It stands for war, religious conquest, the support of such Christian dogmas as are adopted and proclaimed by the Vatican, and the brotherhood of "those of the faith." The symbolism of masonry, with its allegorical veiling, is co-existent with the beginnings of the Aryans, who were the first fruits of evolution's civilizing processes. Templarism was born of hatred of Islam, and was reared on efforts to recover the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem from the defilement of Mohammedan possession. There is, therefore, nothing in common between the origin

and purpose of masonry and templarism, yet there is a bond of fraternal consanguinity, albeit it was originally the product of the need of mutual advantage and protection.

Nevertheless, esoteric masonry "has stood, stands and will stand," as Simon Magus puts it, for universal brotherhood and for still better conditions of existence for humanity, while templarism has stood, and in theory at least stands, and must stand for a brotherhood restricted to such Christians as proclaim allegiance to the authority of the Catholic Church. This every Knights Templar knows, for does he not know that he is in honor bound to "draw his sword in defense of the Christian religion," but for no other? and was not templarism born and christened in the Catholic Church? And does not "defense" mean full and unqualified acceptance of the miraculous birth, Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus? He is not a well-informed Mason, though, who does not recognize in the Magi who assembled about that manger in Bethlehem, Brothers of the White Lodge of Esoteric masonry giving loyal allegiance to the new "Worshipful Master."

The confraternity of Knights Templar of to-day includes three orders of knighthood, viz., Knights Templar, or Knights of the Temple; Knights Hospitaller of St. John of Jerusalem; and Knights of Malta. One of the orders is often called "Knights of the Red Cross," and it got that sobriquet from a fiery speech addressed to its members by the Pope on their departure for the seat of war, in which he said: "God wills it." "Let this word (of God) be adopted as your battle cry, to animate the devotion and courage of the champions of Christ. His cross, as a symbol of salvation; wear it, a red, bloody cross, as an external mark, on your breast and shoulders, a pledge of your sacred and irrevocable engagement." The beginning of these Templar orders

of knighthood dates from soon after the return of Peter the Hermit from a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, which was about twenty years after the conquest of Jerusalem by the Turks—about 1095. Peter saw how the Turks were defiling the holy place and brutally treating Christian pilgrims, and in his wrath he cried: "I will rouse the martial nations in your cause," which he did, and for more than two centuries thereafter war raged most ferociously. Seven separate crusades were undertaken under the leadership of these three orders of Knighthood. How many men, women and children perished during those stormy times historians give no very clear estimate, but it is known that over 300,000 lives were sacrificed before the first crusade was fairly under way.

But the Templars grew so rich and so arrogant—exactng \$5,000,000 annually from England alone—that the Vatican was obliged on many occasions to practically interdict the order. The order assumed the right to divide Europe into provinces and demand allegiance from kings and princes, and presumed to question the authority of the Vatican itself. This would indicate that the order grew to enormous numerical proportions, which it did. Its organization in the latter part of the Twelfth Century, when it was in its greatest power, was divided into commanders, knighted priests and serving brethren.

The latter were strong in numbers and when not serving in the ranks, they employed themselves at mechanical and common labor. As handicrafters they were very much like the building trades of to-day, with quite as much arrogance and contempt for the rights of property owners. And as to-day, they became a terror wherever they were strong enough to override opposition. The fraternity of operative Masons and they got along very nicely together, and a few centuries

later practically amalgamated. In those days, operative masonry was a mechanical art and exoteric, but speculative masonry was esoteric and occult, and was patronized by many mystics, philosophers, scientists and scholars generally. All met together upon a common level when called from "refreshment to labor," but nowhere else was there a "common level," nor were the symbols ever given their esoteric meaning to professional craftsmen. The educated Templars naturally turned to the symbols in their deeper and occult meaning. It was in this way that masonry and templarism became identified the one with the other.

But several centuries before these happenings, the Church anathematized the templars, not, however, until Clement V had confiscated the order's vast possessions. Subse-



S. D. Mayer, Grand Organist.

Photo Habenicht



Eminent Sir Robert McMillan, Chairman Auditing Committee.

Bushnell, Photo.

quently, John XXI agreed to the reintegration of the order and the restitution of its property if it would abandon its old name, pledge allegiance to Church authority in any event, and adopt the name of "Knights of Christ." Only a comparatively few Templars accepted the Pope's proposition. Those who refused banded together rather closer than ever, and defied the Church. This was in 1317, and from that time to the present day, templarism as an order has been under the ban of the Vatican, although thousands of the order adhered then, as they have since, to the Catholic faith, but for several centuries the Church has regarded the order as a harmless association of mostly non-Catholics, bent on social pleasures and spectacular display, with

high-sounding official titles and splendid physical manhood that very much prefers the banquet hall to the field of carnage. Nevertheless, in its transformation from what the "red, bloody cross" stood for to the fields of industry, commerce and social life, the order has become an association of gentlemen whose battle-cry is the cry of love, peace and good will to all men, which is, in fact, but the echo of the gentle voice of the mighty Nazarene. To that, and for which templarism was born of the vengeance of Peter the Hermit, has passed away, and like Peter himself, when he was a professional soldier, long since turned the sword of conquest and blood and death into ways and means to lighten the burdens of sorrow and distress in humanity's channels of going and coming. And now instead of oaths of vengeance, there comes from the triangular table of love and unity, libations of the wine of brotherly kindness, served in cups wrought from the heart's noblest attributes to heal, to cheer and to comfort. When the monk Peter of Amiens called for Knights Templar to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, religious fanaticism and fiery zeal for the Church were the requisite qualifications for knighthood. To-day the requisite qualifications for templar knighthood are sterling manhood, nobility of character and moral worth. The cross is still "red," but it is not "bloody," and still worn on breast and shoulders, but as "an external sign" of an inward pledge to be a manly man in every walk of life.

In time masonry, like templarism, fell under the ban of the Vatican, and as "birds of a feather flock together," their amalgamation in one confraternity was natural. There was needed, however, some sort of a tangible connecting link between masonry and templarism to give them hereditary ties of relationship. This difficulty was amicably adjust-

ed by changing the history and traditions of one of the orders of the Templar fraternity, which was accomplished by injecting into the "initiation" the story of the Hebrew Prince Zerubbabel who, while in Persian captivity, persuaded King Cyrus to restore the Jews to liberty and permit them, with Prince Zerubbabel at their head, to return to Jerusalem and rebuild Solomon's Temple. This, of course, connected and identified templarism with "ancient temple masonry," which was founded by Solomon, Hiram and Abiff. Amalgamation was then made easy, but the precaution was taken that no one could be dubbed and created a Knight Templar until he had journeyed to the East by the way of the South and West as entered apprentice, fellow craft and

master workman. Esoterically this exotic initiation means, Initiate, Chela and Adept in the mysteries of life and death, or the progress of the soul up the mystic steps of Three, Five, Seven, Nine, to the Perfect Number, Ten. All these "secrets" were communicated exoterically to the templars in exchange for the right of knighthood, but esoteric masonry and its Path to occult wisdom were not revealed as "stock in trade," nor could they have been, for they lie in the realm of the soul, which, like death, must be entered alone, "an' few there be that enter thereat."

The templars enriched the literature of masonry by the story of their daring exploits on a thousand battlefields, and of Peter the Hermit, of Godefroi de Bouillon, of Hugo de Payence, of Godefroi de Amour, who united monkhood and knighthood; or De Molay, of De Villiers, of Henry le Brun, of "Walter the Peniless," of "Dames Chevaliers," and of scores of other mighty men and noble women who have held the Red Cross aloft and inspired the faithful to do and dare in heroic effort to rescue the "Sepulchre of our Blessed Lord from the foul and brutal touch of accursed Mohammedans."

But the templars found a vast deal more in the history and traditions and mysteries of masonry. They found masonry so ancient that it was reflected in the laws of Moses and Menes and Manu, in the Vedas, in the Zend Avesta, in the Sutras, in the religio-philosophies of ancient Greeks, Persians, Romans, Egyptians, Hindoos, in the ceremonies of Osiris and Isis, the Druids, Brahmin high class, Essenes, Stoics and Prophets of Israel. They found, too, that esoteric masonry was well understood by Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Homer, Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, Saints John the Evangelist, John the Baptist, Paul and Luke, by the earlier dignitaries of the Catholic Church, by the Hermetic philosophers, by the Rosicrucians, by, in-



William R. Hewitt, Chief Department of Electricity, Committee on Illumination.

deed, the philosophers, astronomers, mystics and religionists of all ages.

The amalgamation of operative masonry and craft templarism gave the confraternity control of the building industry of Europe, and also encouraged the revival of the best and most imposing of the architecture of the ages. And although the union of craft masons and craft templars gave to Europe the best mechanical art and building skill that the world has seen, the confraternity often used its power tyrannically. It was, in short, a building trades trust, beside which the one

in America seems as a mole hill to a mountain; but, then, there were few tradesmen other than those engaged in erecting buildings in those days. And it may be said that all the palaces, churches, cathedrals, towers and walls of Europe that were erected before the eighteenth century, were the products of the architectural genius, decorative art, mechanical skill and painstaking labor of the masonic-templar confraternity of building tradesmen. Painting, sculpture, pottery, frescoing, music, drawing, and the other fine arts, were included in the handiwork of the craft, with classic literature as a stimulant to the revival of esoteric masonry and occultism, but within the ranks of the fraternity. This led to application for membership and the initiation of royalty, the nobility, the gentry and the foremost scholars and thinkers of Europe. But then, as now, only the delver into the deeper meaning of life knows where exotic masonry leaves off and esoteric masonry begins—where the veil of allegory is rent, revealing the occult meaning of the symbols. And modern templarism has rather led in the noble work of restoring esoteric masonry to its original eminence as "Keeper of the Key of Divine Wisdom."

Esoteric masonry—templarism is the Book of the Law

* * * "Which moves to righteousness,

Which none at last can turn aside or stay;

The heart of it is Love, the end of it Is Peace and Consummation sweet, Obey!"



William A. Davies, Grand Recorder.
Photo Habenicht

DAY

By Herman E. Kittredge

A few faint quivering gleams of roseate light,
A moment when no shadows cross the way,
Retreating rays that tell of coming night—
The morning, noon and evening of life's day,

SAN FRANCISCO AS A CONVENTION CITY

BY W. A. BISSELL

Asst. Traffic Manager Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe System

A CONVENTION CITY could never rightly be so called had it only qualities which made it available for men of one belief or of one organization to the exclusion of those of another belief or of another organization. It is the cosmopolitanism of San Francisco, her diversity in religion, in politics, in race and language which makes possible the meeting together of many largely diversified organizations. Few indeed are the social, political or religious bodies in the United States that do not have a healthy growth in San Francisco. This is particularly so of the religious bodies. On the one hand, Western Christianity here takes its last stand before entering the great proselyting ground of the Far East, and on the other, Eastern cults and beliefs have to an extent here begun the proselyting of the Occident. It is this fact of being on the borderland of the battling ground of religious belief which makes San Francisco particularly attractive in the eyes of religious leaders of all denominations as a city for the holding of their conventions.

This same feeling is shared by the manufacturer, by the merchant, and by every man who is looking for opportunity. It is natural for students to meet together at the university, where their opportunity of study lies nearest at hand. For the merchant, farmer or manufacturer, California is eminently the land of opportunity. It is this fact that makes the city of the Golden Gate so attractive to men who are looking for opportunity in propagation of religious ideas, and thus so much the more a favorite spot for holding conventions of all kinds.

When is added to this general de-

sirability the attractiveness of a climate that is enjoyable both in winter and summer, where neither sunstroke nor frost bite is known, it is small wonder that men from the far Eastern cities, where they cannot sleep through the hot nights of the summer and where they are suffocated by air-tight rooms and furnace heat in the winter, are glad to get a call as delegates to conventions held in San Francisco. And when they arrive, the added charm of natural situation, the magnificent bay with its miles of shore surrounded by residences whose gardens are filled with palm trees and blooming roses, must indeed make them glad they have been called to so delightful a spot.

It is thus recognized that any convention held in San Francisco must, in most instances, draw its delegates clear across the continent. Men who are going on a great mission as a rule like to combine with it the pleasure of sight-seeing. In no other city in the United States could a convention be held where the delegates could meet together after so extensive a journeying and so much sight-seeing as they may obtain when coming to San Francisco. Drawn from thousands of towns in New England and hundreds of the Middle West, they are taken in the greatest comfort through a vast country, with stopovers at points of interest, the most wonderful in the land, until they reach San Francisco, with the comradeship of fellow travelers to add to the fellowship of being delegates to a common convention.

But perhaps the strongest reason for the choice of San Francisco as a convention site is her eminent fitness to play the hostess. Six

hundred hotels, some of the finest in the land, restaurants of incomparable merit, besides the famous open-handed hospitality of thousands of private citizens, make any convention in the city by the bay a period of feasting and pleasure long remembered. The hotel committee of the Knights Templar Conclave, to be held in San Francisco in September, have already booked fifteen thousand Sir Knights with room to spare. Golden Gate Park, trips up Mount Tamalpais, steamer excursions about the bay, and the unique interest of China-

town and the Ocean Beach pass time unnoticed. And when to these we add the two world-wide wonders of the Grand Canyon of Arizona and the Yosemite as easily accessible en route, and the many points of national interest in high mountains and wonderful valleys, and princely hospices within easy reach of San Francisco, gardens of delight beautiful with the luxuriant growth of a semi-tropic land, one does not fail in judgment in choosing this as the greatest convention city in the United States.



THE LORING CLUB

A Musical Brotherhood

BY J. M. SCANLAND

IT is often asserted that California is unmusical—that the people do not properly appreciate the art. This charge is unfounded. California, and particularly San Francisco, not only produces excellent music, but highly appreciates both the classic and the melody, and also those who are musicians. There is, within recent years, an increased taste for musical performances, and a demand for progress. It is the desire of California and of the Northwest to keep up with the times, to hear the latest composer, or his music, and to catch the tone of the latest development of what is termed "higher criticism" in regard to music, its desires, its possibilities, and its achievements. Instead of being backward, and a people sparing of attendance at concerts, and not appreciative of new forms of composition, as is sometimes alleged, Californians are liberal patrons of the art, and those who have a talent for it spend much of their time in cultivating it. Music is a constant topic at social gatherings and in the home circles. Perhaps there are more clubs and patrons of music in San Francisco than in any other city of equal population, and in no other large city does one hear so much music, relatively speaking.

Up to a very few years ago, when one spoke or thought of the cultivation of musical art in the United States, the thought naturally centered around Boston, or one or two other Eastern cities.

Of recent years, however, with the settling-down process which so many of the larger Eastern cities have undergone, there has been much more time devoted to the cul-

tivation of the arts, especially music in the best sense of the word, and several of the large cities in the United States may justifiably boast of the ambitious and successful efforts they have made towards allowing music-lovers in their respective communities to hear many of the very best orchestral and choral compositions. While in such cities as Boston, New York and Brooklyn, Cincinnati and Chicago, especially, good work has been done in the study and cultivation of music for men's voices. San Francisco, isolated as she has been from the so-called musical centers, stands in the front rank as the possessor of a male voice club whose work and efforts in an absolutely unselfish spirit for the furtherance of the art of music, are recognized and well-known by musicians in our Eastern cities and even in European centers.

The Loring Club of San Francisco has, during the past twenty-seven years, established and maintained a reputation for the study and production of the best and greatest in compositions for male voices. The very fact that a society of any kind has existed for twenty-seven years is, in itself, an unusual thing, particularly in a city where everything is so new, and the factors which go to hold such a society so firmly together must necessarily be of great interest to all connected with similar organizations.

The Loring Club, when it was organized into an association, adopted, as all associations do, a set of by-laws, one of which recites that the club was formed "for the study



Mr. Walter J. Phelps, Treasurer Loring Club.

of music for male voices, and for the cultivation of a refined musical taste in its members." The club has adhered strictly to the purposes for which it was formed, as enunciated in that by-law, and this is one of its main features of strength. There are other features, however, which will appear in the following story of the club's life and work.

In the year 1876, Mr. David W. Loring, a member of an old Boston family, and who was one of the founders of the celebrated Male Voice Clubs of Boston, the "Apollo Club" and the "Chickering Club," arrived in San Francisco to engage in business. Shortly after his ar-

rival, Mr. Loring in conjunction with a few kindred musical spirits, arranged to meet more or less informally for the enjoyment and practice of male voice music, so much success resulting from these meetings that later in that year the club was duly founded. In appreciation of the great experience and undoubted musical skill of Mr. Loring, that gentleman was unanimously chosen as director, and, in spite of his protestations, his name was used to designate the new society.

The first public appearance of the club was made in the old Mercantile Library Hall, on the evening of March 5th, 1877, in what was an-

nounced as a "public rehearsal," when the following programme was rendered:

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| Festgesang | Mendelssohn |
| I Long for Thee | Hartel |
| In May Time | Billeter |
| Ave Maria | Abt |
| Always More | Siefert |
| Spring Again Rejoices .. | Duerrner |
| Trooper's Song | Gade |
| Soldier's Farewell. | Kinkel |
| Miller's Song | Zoellner |
| Rhine Wine Song | Zoellner |
| Sparrow's Twitter | Otto |
| Loyal Song | Kucken |

pally unaccompanied, but as we developed we, while still continuing our appreciation for the smaller compositions, included in our programmes some of the greatest ever written for male voices and orchestra. The first public rehearsal which we gave in March 1877, was really with the view of testing the popular

When being interviewed on the foundation of the club, Mr. Loring modestly ascribed much of the credit to those who were associated with him in the preliminary work.

"When the Loring Club was organized," he said, "there were very few musical clubs of any kind in San Francisco, and many predicted that it would not last long, the prediction being based mainly upon the fact that the majority of the social and musical societies had flourished for a brief period and ceased to continue. Some said that nothing ever lasted long in San Francisco, but gave no reason for concluding that a strictly musical club would not last in this atmosphere so conducive to the cultivation of both instrumental and vocal music, especially the latter. This was in 1876, and from that point the Loring Club grew very quickly in numerical strength and popularity, and has retained both up to the present time, with every evidence of a continuance for many years to come.

"When the club was founded, one by-law which we determined to adhere to most rigidly is that which you have just quoted, and I believe that our always aiming for a higher standard is what has held up the vitality of the club.

"At first we studied music principally unaccompanied, but as we developed we, while still continuing our appreciation for the smaller compositions, included in our programmes some of the greatest ever written for male voices and orchestra. The first public rehearsal which we gave in March 1877, was really with the view of testing the popular



Mr. R. J. Mould.



Dr. J. F. Smith.

feeling towards such an organization. I well remember how large and enthusiastic the audience was, many of those present being musicians of ability. Our programme was received with such warm expressions of approval, and our success was so gratifying, that we determined to continue our work with the aim of ranking among the best of the Male Voice Clubs in the United States, and consequently in the world, for in the United States the cultivation of male voice singing has been proportionately greater than almost anywhere else, the best of the clubs in our country doing, as a rule, more of the big works than even the German clubs do.

"Including that first public rehearsal, up to and also including our most recent concert, on the evening of May 31st last, we have given one hundred and nine public concerts, and the list of compositions included in these programmes is one of which I venture to say any similar club would be proud.

"At our last concert we had the assistance of a full orchestra and the programme included Heinrich Zollner's 'The Battle of the Huns,' a composition which we first produced here sixteen years ago, the work being specially translated from the German, and the English version with the music specially published for the Loring Club at that time.

"Another work which we have performed is Markull's 'Roland's Horn,' which also was specially translated from the German and published in its English version for us. Then quite a number of the foremost American composers have written music for and dedicated it to the club, among these being Mr. Edward McDowell, Mr. Arthur Foote of Boston, and Mr. George W. Chadwick, while other composers have prepared special orchestration for certain of their compositions to be used by us at our con-



Mr. Wm. Alvord (Loring Club).

Photo Taber.



R. E. Moore (Loring Club.)

Photo Taber.

erts. The list of works which have
een performed with full orchestra
ay be of interest:

wakening of Spring....T. Gouvy
Wood Morning.....R. Becker
attle of the HunsH. Zollener
edipus at Colonus (selections)...
.....Mendelssohn
ntigone (Selections).....
.....Mendelssohn
chorus of PilgrimsWagner
aster MorningHiller
rithiof's Return"Max Bruch
arewell of Hiawatha. Arthur Foote
arold's Bridal Voyage.....
.....H. Hoffman
ahomet's SongH. Esser
arch of the Monks of Bangor
.....H. E. Whiting
orningH. Rubenstein
lilaR. Schwalm
risoners' Chorus "Fidelio".....
.....Beethoven
edipus Tyrannus (Prelude and
Selections)J. K. Paine
oland's HornMarkull
alamisGernsheim

The Almighty.....Schubert-Liszt
To the Songs of Art..Mendelssohn
(Brass Instruments.)
The Haunted Mill
.....Templeton-Strong
Voyage of ColumbusD. Buck

"On several occasions also the club has performed important cantatas for mixed voices when the assistance of a chorus of female voices has been available. Mention may be made of 'Editha,' by Heinrich Hoffman and compositions by Gade and Schumann.

"While the name of the composer has never weighed so much with us as the merit of the composition itself, yet we have had a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction in giving special attention to the compositions of American composers, among whom there are some exceedingly able writers of this kind of music. The taking up of such compositions by similar clubs to the



A. E. Buckingham.

Photo Habenicht



MR. CHARLES BUNDSCHU (LORING CLUB.)

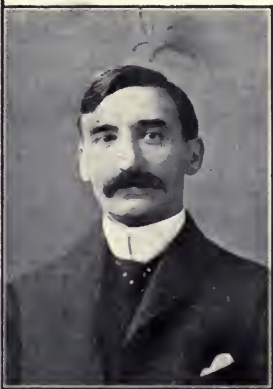
Photo Genthe.



M. Chase.



David Loring.



J. C. Fyfe.

Loring Club is of course what gives the native-born composer the necessary encouragement."

Mr. Loring did not mention a fact of which one of the members informed the writer, that he himself is a composer of much ability, and one or two of his works are in the club's repertoire, although he can rarely be persuaded to allow any of them to go into a programme.

The business management of a club of this size, doing work of the magnitude which the Loring Club does, would at first sight seem to be no small matter, nor is it, but one most important feature of this organization is that without exception none of the office bearers accept salary or remuneration of any kind for services rendered. The director does his work as a labor of love, and the secretary, the treasurer and the other officers and committees loyally serve the club in a similar way. It is almost impossible to overestimate how much this means to the continued success of such an organization.

The active membership is limited to sixty singing members, each of whom contributes an initiation fee

of \$5 on election. In addition there is an auxiliary membership, three on each part, making a total of twelve extra members, who, however, have no voice in the affairs of the club, they only taking part in its public appearances when any of its regular members are unavoidably absent. From the auxiliary members the vacancies in the regular membership are filled up.

The principal revenue of the club is derived from the associate members, who are nominated and elected in a similar way to the active members, but who do not require to pass any musical examination. The annual subscription is \$10, and for this the associate members receive four tickets for each of the four concerts given by the club during the fiscal year.

The affairs of the club are in the hands of three committees, namely:

The Voice Committee, examining candidates for active membership.

The Music Committee, having charge of the musical affairs of the club.

These two bodies, together with the Office Bearers, constitute the

General Committee, which acts upon such matters as affect the general welfare of the organization. The Office Bearers and members of these committees are elected at the annual meeting on the first Monday in June, and serve for one year, or until their successors are elected.

Since its organization the club has met for rehearsals on Monday evenings, the members being very faithful in the matter of attendance at rehearsals. Every member of the organization is strictly on an amateur basis as regards his association with the club, the active membership including a number of the most talented amateur musicians in San Francisco, with occasionally a few professional or semi-professional vocalists, who, however, have to apply for membership and be

balloted for in the usual way, an unwritten law of the club being that the male voice solos in all the works produced by the club shall be sung by members, there never having been any difficulty in finding in the ranks of the club most acceptable soloists for everything the club has produced. When there happens to be any female voice solo part, the club engages a lady soloist as required, occasionally being able to secure the services of a soloist of international fame who may happen to be touring in this part of the world about the time set for the concert, but generally the lady soloist is drawn from local musical circles, it being considered a very high honor indeed to be given the opportunity of singing at any of the Loring Club concerts.

While the programmes in general are very broad, sometimes for example, there will be a programme by American composers, and the favor which has greeted male voice singing in the United States generally is evidenced by the fact that our native composers for some time past have been turning their attention to making a reputation in this line.

In the earlier days of the Loring Club it would have been impossible to present a programme of male voice music by American composers of such importance as can now be done, for the reason that the compositions were not in existence, and the high class of these native productions is evidence that the future is full of great possibilities, and that the men will not be wanting to take advantage of the opportunities as they occur.

The following are those elected to serve as officers for the first year: President, Ex-Governor F. F. Lowe.

Vice-President, Oliver Eldridge.

Treasurer, Andrew McF. Davis.

Librarian, Prescott Loring.

Secretary, C. P. Lowe.

Of these original officers, the President and vice-President have



L. S. Sherman.



Matthew McCurrie.

Bushnell Photo.

passed away, but the officers have always been worthily filled, and at the present time the club is full of vitality and seems to have a brilliant future ahead of it.

The directors and the commit-

tees, of course, occasionally meet with discouragements, but, knowing as they do, that unselfish work for art's sake must necessarily prevail, they confidently press ahead, believing that such musical work as the Loring Club does is steadily and persistently educating, not only the members, but the audiences also to reach to a higher and higher standard, and through the attainment of the ability to appreciate music of the more and more high class, the members and their audiences also are led to perceive the beauty in the music where none was apparent before, so the influence of such a club as this on a community of any kind is something which cannot be estimated, and in this twentieth century, with its rush of business life, those who look for the elevation of art must take a great deal of courage from knowing that in a city of so cosmopolitan a nature as San Francisco there is such an organization as the Loring Club, the officers and members of which do absolutely unselfish work, and a great deal of it, purely for art's sake, and without any hope of reward other than the satisfaction in the work itself, with, in the future, the satisfying reminiscences of that work and its high artistic results.





Multnomah Falls, near Seattle, Washington.

THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE PHILIPPINES

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER, Ex-War Correspondent

The New York Times, one of the strongest exponents of sane Democracy, takes an eminently sensible view of the Philippine situation, and the anti-imperialists' movement in the following:

"Massachusetts has not chosen Democratic presidential electors within the memory of man. We do not concur, therefore, in the opinion of our neighbor, The World, that it was a mistake to omit the Kansas City protest against the acquisition of the Philippines from the platform adopted by the Democrats at Albany on Monday. There are more anti-imperialists in Massachusetts than in all the other States of the Union, probably, and yet there are not very many of them in Massachusetts. The acquisition of the Philippines is not only not an issue in this campaign, it is not a subject at present occupying the minds of men outside the relatively small number who shut their eyes to new light and adhere firmly to opinions formed upon scant information four or five years ago. Since Governor Taft made his calm, candid, convincing speech at the dinner of the Ohio society, it has not been possible even to make a respectable argument on the anti-imperialist side. Duty, humanity, mercy, law and honor constrain us to do the best that lies in our power to promote the welfare and elevate the conditions of the people of the Philippines, as we are now doing; they equally command us to refrain from treating the Filipinos as the anti-imperialists would have us at once treat them, as a people already fit for self-government. That would be a hideous crime. The New York Democrats were well-advised when they refrained from pledging their support to such a dreadful policy."

The Times might go further and say that the Philippine question was not from the very first one for partisan discussion. It was never a political issue; Mr. Bryan proved that when he went to Washington for the express purpose of using his influence with Democratic Senators for the ratification of the Paris treaty. The attempt to make political capital out of a manifest national duty failed in the election of 1900 as it deserved to fail. It was made the paramount issue, and on that issue the American people rendered a verdict that left no room for doubt as to where the country stood. Wise and good men may disagree over the smaller details of Philippine administration, but the settled facts cannot be changed. The Philippines are ours, and they are to remain ours until such a time as we have completed the work so beneficently and successfully begun. When that time arrives, the future of the islands may be discussed to some purpose.

The movement for ultimate independence of the Filipino is fathered by a lot of impractical educators, and it is in line to remark here that there is no class of public men in the United States who know less about actual conditions in the Philippines than the average college professor. I have already demonstrated in these columns the utter incapacity of Professor David Starr Jordan in this direction, and the remarks I made on this subject may well apply to all the rest of the gentlemen who are members of the so-called Anti-Imperialist League. The issue is a dead one. The predictions of the pedagogue have failed in every instance. On the rostrum, in a speech before the Unitarian Club of Alameda, and speaking of the agitations of John P.

Irish, David Starr Jordan and Ervin Winslow, et al., those unfortunate individuals who are afflicted with an incurable anti-administration itch, I said: "Let them go to the Philippines, let them, in an unbiased frame of mind, discuss and study the situation, and I will wager they will return wiser and better Americans, with broadened minds

and a better and truer appreciation of their duties toward an unfortunate people."

For some time, I thought the brilliant Primate of Palo Alto had an intention of following my advice, but he never went farther than Japan, and from there he studied the situation through the large end of a high-power telescope.



In a California Canyon

UP JAPAN'S SACRED FUJIYAMA

BY ERNEST WILLIAMS HEWSON

AS the steamer slowly and gracefully glides up the spacious Gulf of Tokio on her way to Yokohama Breakwater, there is revealed to those aboard a panorama of such sublime, poetic beauty as can be observed only under the azure skies of fair Japan. Green, terraced hills, scattered with picturesque hamlets, rise from the water's edge and roll back unbrokenly to cragged mountains, that recede and disappear in the perfect grandeur of Fujiyama, Japan's loftiest and grandest mountain.

What a spectacle is this colossal monument of lava stones, majestically rising on the shores of Suruga Wan, from time immemorial the sentinel of thirteen provinces. How the sublimity of this stately old volcano has impressed the Japanese people: its symmetrical form ever before them, foremost in their arts, conspicuous in their legends, and worshipped as the battle ground of their inexorable ancestry. On its creviced slopes Shogun (Japanese General) wrestled with Shogun for temporal supremacy; there had defeated Samurai atoned for irremediable disgrace by harakiri (disembowelment.)

From Nipponic mythological ages, Fujisan, as the volcano is best known to Japanese, has figured prominently in the country's religions. Shintoists and Buddhists have built rude temples on its crest whither the pilgrim might make his way and become purged of sin. Since early historical time Fujisan has been the Mecca of the Japanese religiously inclined. Even at the present time thousands of the little Empire's subjects, garbed in the immaculate white of the pilgrim, with beads, tinkling bells, and climbing stick, make the annual pilgrimage to

the summit, there to face the rising sun, and make obeisance to their deities. Old women, palsied and feeble with senile decay, are met on the trails, hand in hand with ascetic old men, bravely endeavoring to foot their way to the summit that they might offer up their supplications and be saved from eternal damnation. Every class of Japanese life is seen on the trail, in the rest house, or before a mountain shrine.

Disciples of Buddha and Shintoism, the two foremost religions in Nippon, believe their earthly career is incomplete until they have surmounted the sacred mountain and there invoked the divine blessing. Children are taught from childhood that it is a duty to one day climb to the volcano's commanding crest, and there commune with their omnipotent protector, Jizo, and her immortal associates in the heavenly realms.

Fuji, so called by foreigners, is distant sixty miles to the Southwest of Yokohama, in the province of Suruga. The height of the mountain is nearly thirteen thousand feet. Its symmetrical formation gives it the appearance of a huge cone. The summit is accessible to the mountain climber from early August to middle September—at other seasons of the year to venture an ascent would be most impracticable and accompanied with much danger, because of the deep snow and obliterated trails. Several years ago an adventurous Englishman attempted to pass the winter in a lava hut, on the summit, and must have perished miserably had not a relief expedition of the Mikado's soldiers been sent to his assistance, who brought him back a wiser but considerably worsted man for his experience. Since this incident no person has dared to un-

dertake an ascent out of the regular season.

During the summer of 1903, the entire country of Japan was visited with several weeks of phenomenal weather, a propitious time for mountain climbing. We concluded to take advantage of the ideal season and make a pilgrimage to the top of Fuji. Our itinerary, which had been mapped out weeks before, embraced an ascent of the Volcano by the East, or Subashiri side, and a descent from the North, or Yoshida, side to the large city of Kofu, returning down the Fujikawa rapids by native boat to the Tokaido (shore road), and thence to Kobe.

One August evening, having provisioned ourselves with a supply of tinned goods suitable for a roughing excursion, we left Kobe by the Imperial Government Railway (or Tokaido Line) on what was advertised as the "Evening Express," but what subsequently appeared to us as a "Straggling Freight." The night was soft and lucid; above was heaven's ethereal vault, fleckless and bedewed with glittering starlight. The delicious coolness and transparency of the summer's evening brought out countless processions of pesky little mosquitoes, who took possession of the car and voraciously attacked the passengers with cheerful alacrity, postponing sleep and making life a burden of woe and discomfort.

The train dawdled along, stopping now and again at some sequestered, shop-lighted village, where bedraggled, pigeon-toed servant girls, with infants astride their backs, held nocturnal discourse in the station waiting-room. We stopped several minutes in the spacious depot of Japan's smoky city, Osaka, where bandy-legged, disproportioned railway officials in ill-fitting foreign uniforms, and lofty bearing, guided the many passengers from the station. Then on to Kyoto, oldest and most famous city of the Empire; former capital of the Mikados. Here the pitter-

patter of a thousand wooden shoes on the station platform, intermingled with the uproarious strains of street fakers and soliciting 'risksha men, made a turmoil of sound indescribable.

Early the following morning, concluding a night of torturous awakening, we left the train at the little village of Gotemba. Before us, seemingly within a stone's throw, was our coveted goal, the great, cone-shaped Fuji, looking as bright and crisp as the new day. Gotemba was but a small and unimportant borough that boasted a squalid hotel and a swarthy element of impecunious appearing townspeople. Several of these personages met us at the station and escorted our belongings, while we sauntered through the main thoroughfare of the village on the way to the "tram" line that was to take us to the little hamlet of Subashiri, which according to the guide book, was the starting point up the volcano.

As is usual in most Japanese country places, we were followed by every small boy, girl and straddling infant in the community. They greeted our unexpected advent with such expressions as "Ijinsan" (Mr. Foreigner) and "Baka," which, quoting the Japanese dictionary, signifies either a fool, dunce, blockhead or idiot. They hurled choice invectives of the Japanese vocabulary at us relentlessly, scoffed at us and made faces as hideous as the countenance of a Japanese tragedian. However, as they did not emphasize their actions with any accompanying missiles lying loose thereabouts, we thoroughly enjoyed the scene and arrived at our destination unscathed. The baggage was put aboard the "tram," we procured our tickets, for which the officials wisely charged us double rates, and left Gotemba for Subashiri.

The Japanese "tram" car, so called, is a revelation in itself. About half the size of our old and near-forgotten car of the bob-tail type,



From the village of Gotemba.

the height is such that an ordinary sized foreigner would find it a difficult problem to stand upright without coming into serious contact with the roof. Each car carries half again its capacity, but the Japanese country gentleman was never raised in an environment of comfort and usually takes a crush with stoical indifference. He will squeeze into an over-crowded car with several pieces of baggage in hand, and invariably will find enough room for himself and chattels, manifesting absolute unconcern for any inconvenience

caused his neighbors. He will then produce a Japanese pipe, or a cigarette of the cheaper brand, and will continue to smoke until he alights from the car.

The tram lagged along, drawn by an antiquated horse, passing secluded hamlets, fording swift streamlets, and stopping at frequent intervals to allow a passenger to get off. Two hours of monotonous bumping over a rough road, and the hamlet of Subashiri opened before us: a promiscuous outlay of native shacks, thatch-roofed, mud-walled,

and primitive. The natives were a motlier lot than their brothers and sisters of Gotemba; the women were coarse-featured and sun-tanned, but pleasant-appearing and amiable. Every matured female we passed on the single street was endowed with a full set of strong teeth dyed a deep brown color, and carried a drowsy baby snugly ensconced on her back. Standing in front of a saki shop just opposite the tram terminal was a group of infirm, furrow-browed old men, bent almost double with the weight of years and constant labor in the rice patch, who viewed our intrusion with suspicious glances and suppressed mutterings. We rambled through the narrow street, the cynosure of all eyes, to the Yadova (hotel), where a bevy of fat, blushing daughters of the *chrysanthemum* bowed and scraped.

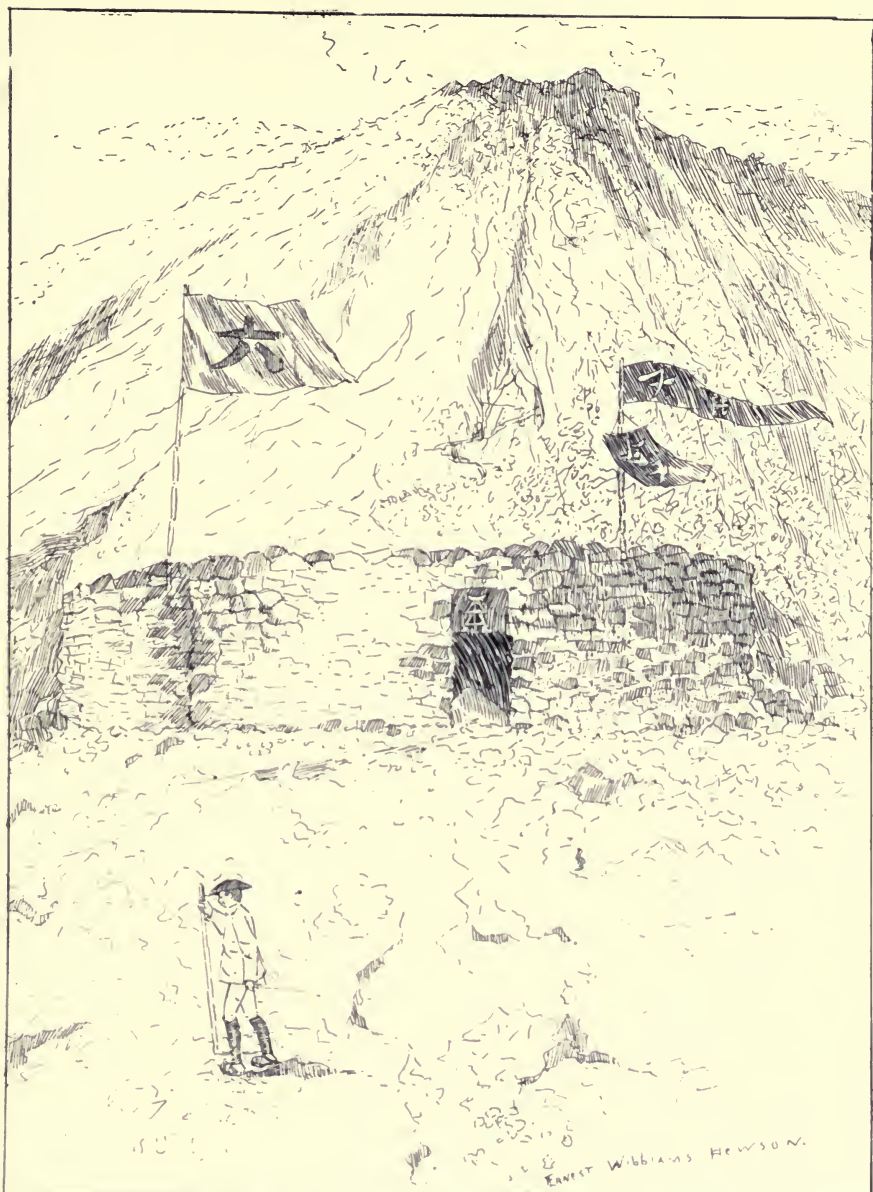
We were then politely directed to our apartment, a large, thickly matted room, containing a mirror, a hibachi (house stove) and several floor cushions, on which we seated ourselves to drink plenteously of O Cha (tea) handed us in small cups by the Neisan (hotel servant.)

A hurried bath in Japanese fashion, in water heated to a degree almost beyond human endurance, we ransacked our tinned articles for strength-providing victuals, consumed a bottle of Ashai native beer, and were prepared for the initial stage of the trudge up Fuji. Horses and guides were provided us, and we left the isolated little hamlet just as the village patriarch was beating the hour of noon on a bass drum of prodigious proportions, on a high eminence at the end of the single street.

Our three guides were hardened mountaineers, sinewy of form, courteous of manner, but shrewd and avaricious of countenance. They were shod in the regulation Japanese coolie sandal of rice straw, with two extra pair for emergency, strapped to each man's back with baggage. The ascent was gradual

for the first five miles, over a scenic route sprinkled with young trees, shrubbery and bushes of wild blackberry. The early afternoon was intensely warm, and retarded our progress to some extent in that it caused our underfed native ponies to exhibit a strong and erratic disinclination to proceed. Two hours in this slumbrous fashion and we arrived at the first rest-house. Here tea, rice and sweetmeats were furnished the traveler while he rested in the shadow of the surrounding trees. A short stop, a refreshing quaff of O Cha, and we were off on foot, the acclivous condition of the ground making it impossible to use horses.

Leaving the rest-house behind, we entered a thickly wooded area, two thousand feet above the sea-level, delightfully cool and invigorating. The bracing atmosphere, so dissimilar to the repugnant torridness of the district we had just come through, gave renewed vigor to our limbs, and caused us to quicken our pace. Ever on and up we tramped, over fissure, crevice and lava bed, now in the soothing shadow of a young forest, now on the rugged, bare mountain-side where far, far above could be discerned the fluttering flags and banners of the various stations. Another resting house, several copious quaffs of thirst-slaking O Cha, and again on the long plod upwards. Here alongside the trail, stood a lonely mountain shrine with hieroglyphical characters engraved thereon; there a small monument of lava stone hastily constructed by a sanctimonious individual to commemorate his mountain pilgrimage. Sheltered snugly in a mountain nook rested the Temple of Omoro, a time-honored structure containing several wooden images of deities disfigured with spit-balls, paper prayers, and the inroads of time. A swerve in the trail, a long flight of lava-hewn steps, and there was the Ichigome, or first station, a wooden building inclosing a candle-lighted shrine,



The Rokugome (station No. 6.)

where several priests of Buddha, shaven of head and face, and garbed in the sombre robes of the faith, greeted the appearance of the "foreign infidels" with nonchalant salutations. Here we remained long enough to outfit ourselves with long climbing sticks, stamped with the official seal of the station, for which we gave nominal recompense. The aspect of the mountain-side was fast

assuming a new phase. The air was becoming cooler and lighter. Lava abounded where the vegetation was fast vanishing.

Five, six, seven thousand feet in altitude, and the Nichigome (station 2), a shelter built of lava blocks, with matted floors and a small shrine, prostrated before which were several pilgrims wailing in suppliant tones. A ten minute breath-

ing spell and we bade farewell to the Major-domo of the Station, and again turned our eyes towards the distant summit. The atmosphere was noticeably colder and thinner. A cold wind induced us to hastily don our surplus clothing. The vegetation had disappeared, with the single exception of a few lava plants. We were upon immense tracts of lava, lava in corrugated ridges that formed natural steps, and lava in loose areas where our shoes sank over the tops, making climbing a strenuous task. The trail became almost obliterated as the mountain-side steepened, necessitating one of the guides taking the lead to keep us from deviating from the path. We halted a moment to view the remains of the Sangome (station 3) ruined by a mountain tempest; then continued on the upward climb to rest at the Shigome and Gogome (stations 4 and 5) for brief intervals previous to again advancing. Far below, a gentle mist had enveloped the earth, leaving the mountain jutting forth in all its barren splendor, bathed in the golden sunlight of the late afternoon.

With the sinking of the sun below the Western mountains we entered into the protection of the Rokugome (station 6) ten thousand feet above the sea, with the summit yet two thousand feet away. Here were pilgrims of all walks of Japanese life, men, women and children in their religious white, now sadly begrimed with lava dust, and torn. Some were sprawled in deep and exhausted slumber on the matted floor, huddled in blankets to ward off the mountain chill; others were eating simple meals of rice or were bowed in reverence before the shrine. Our ingress into this circle of pious humanity occasioned both comment and curiosity.

It is habitual with the Japanese to analyze the physiognomy of the foreigner, without the slightest regard to the publicity caused thereby. Such was the case with us as we lounged

on the floor of the Rokugome that cold summer's twilight, endeavoring to sate our gastronomic longings with a liberal consumption of tinned chicken, jam and bread, while these trumpet-tongued unbelievers, aided and abetted by our coolie guides, sought to build up a web of tangible evidence concerning our business in the country, and offering frequent guesses at the probable state of our finances.

Prolonged discussion, and much difference of opinion in the end failed to enlighten them, however, and they finally gave us up to more easily solved problems. The Rokugome was the best and largest station thus far encountered. We had originally planned to remain there, and continue our trip in the early hours of the following morning, but a recuperated strength and satisfied appetites prompted us to continue on to the Hachigome (Station 8), and we notified the guides of our intention. They vociferously discountenanced any proposition of a further advance that night, and absolutely refused to move. The keeper of the station sonorously appealed to us not to proceed further at such an unseasonable hour, reiterating that the other stations were mere hovels in comparison to his palatial mountain retreat. But we were obdurate, however, and insisted that the guides follow, disobedience of which would result in forfeiture of all pay and extra remuneration. With this stern alternative confronting them, they relented and followed in our tracks.

The sight as we left the Rokugome was most spectacular. The mist had now cleared. Far below, seemingly in another world, were the flickering lights of several hamlets. The distant mountains looked huge shadowy forms in commingled confusion with the hazy horizon. Two thousand feet above us was the summit, in magnificent silhouette, with a purple twilight sky. The

three frowning peaks were tipped with golden sheen.

A wind, rigorously cold, was blowing. Our breathing came faster and faster as we advanced higher. The faint trail over the jagged lava became exceeding precipitous. Several hundred yards below were the remaining two guides chanting discordant music in time to their step. Here was the remains of another station crushed by a snow drift, and farther on stood another that had met a like fate. Steeper and steeper became the climb, and more frequent the stops to restore our ebbing strength. Tired, exhausted, and cold, we reached the sheltering warmth of the Hachigome after the most difficult climb of the day. Our party had traversed eleven thousand feet of Fuji, and were satisfied to do the remainder in the morning. Inky darkness had enveloped the mountain as we entered the station. The Japanese host greeted us with transports of joy, and showed us marked attention, possibly induced by the bountiful supply of almighty yen which he presumed was in our possession. A light repast, hastily partaken of, we setretched our tired limbs on futons (beds) generously provided by our almond-eyed sponsor, and were soon in the land of Nod.

Sleeping on a Japanese futon, with others of a light texture for blankets is an experience one must undergo but once and be thereafter content to let the Japanese have that pleasure all to themselves. We had discovered before dawn that the alluring nearness of our position, coupled with our well-worn futons and the Arctic climate, proved a stimulus for the propagation of the Japanese flea. We writhed and rolled half the night to rid ourselves of these hungered insects, but they proved to be as invincible and unconquerable as their tenacious kin of the plains—the mosquito.

As the gray streaks of dawn brightened the Eastern sky, we were awakened by our genial host with "O hayo Gozarimas, Yoji des" (Good morning, gentlemen, it is four o'clock.) We arose and hurriedly breakfasted, settled our bill, which was most exorbitant, and were again on the trail, the last lap of the ascent. Here, in close proximity to the summit, was the most precipitous rising we had yet to overcome. Immense ridges of lava were lying promiscuously about. Patches of snow streaked the mountain-side. Hundreds of pilgrims were on the trail, chanting in ceaseless, unmelodious song, all bent on reaching the summit before sunrise. Another station, with many priests merrily catering to the wants of a hundred pilgrims, a long flight of rough lava steps, and we arrived at the top just as the glorious Eastern sun, resplendant in a mass of crimson color, burst over the distant horizon, flooding us with its soothing warmth. The hundreds of pilgrims, their faces aglow with religious fervor, faced the rising orb, clapped their hands and lifted up their voices in vehement prayer. The sight of this concourse of religionists calling upon their gods for succor was alone worth the trip.

We had reached the summit at last. Below lay the Japanese empire in peaceful slumber. The waters of the distant Pacific and Suruga wan (bay) lay calm and placid, the color of lead. Off on the horizon, the lights, presumably of a large steamer, could be seen making towards Yokohama.

The summit of Fuji is a jumbled mass of lava rock and immense boulders of various shapes and colors. There are three distinct peaks, the Northern elevation being the highest. The immense crater, 1500 feet in width at the top and 400 feet in depth, looked dangerous and foreboding and demonstrated by its grim appearance what an aw-



"We were upon immense tracts of lava."

ful cataclysm had been enacted there hundreds of years before. Perpendicular walls enclose the crater on three sides, while on the fourth is a narrow descending trail to its bottom. Perpetual snow and ice cover the interior. Surrounding the crater are immense boulders of igneous stone, the monuments of some gigantic upheaval. Bordering it are many huts built of blocks where the pilgrims rest, sleep and eat during their stay on the top. At the northern point of the summit is a Buddhist shrine, where mementoes of the sacred mountain are to be bought for a few sen.

The view from Fuji's highest point on a day that is clear, is a sight long to be engraved on the mind of the traveler. We were fortunate in having a summer's day perfect in transparency, making it possible to see many miles in every direction. At the volcano's base, mere atoms in the panoramic per-

spective before us, lay the little villages of Gotemba, Subashiri and Yoshida. Nestled in the nearby mountains could be seen several lakes of volcanic origin. To the northwest, in a valley encircled by irregular mountains rose the city of Kofu, an inland metropolis.

Away to the southwest, on the Tokaido, lay the historic old city of Shidzuoka, with the Suruga wan in the background studded with diminutive fishing craft. Sixty miles more or less, to the north the towering volcano Asama San loomed forth, emitting a thin cloud of sulphurous vapor. To the southwest was that most beautiful of all Japanese lakes, Hakone, reposing gracefully in the high mountains of the same name, while a little farther to the north was the Miyanoshita, the favored resort of Japanese and foreigners in the summer time. Far to the east lay the open port of Yokohama, with the shipping in the

harbor, mere specks on the water. To the north of Yokohama twenty miles, protected by several outlying island forts, was the throbbing political center of the nation, Tokio, the home of the Emperor. We were overlooking thirteen provinces, nearly a third of the Empire.

The descent from the volcano by the Yoshida trail was both exciting and expeditious. The path swerved to the left from the Hachigome, crossed a patch of snow, and took a sudden turn down the mountain for several miles. We ran, jumped and slid over the loose lava, our shoes disappearing below the surface with every step. The steep declivity added impetus to our speed. Within the space of two hours we had arrived at the Umagashi (horse station), where, after a lengthy parley over a stupendous fare, we succeeded in hiring a bashi (bus) to take us to Yoshida. Five miles over a hot, dusty decline, stretched on the floor of a rickety bashi, brought us into the little village of Yoshida, at the base of Fuji. We had covered the distance from summit to base in three hours and forty-five minutes, one of the fastest descents ever made down the volcano. The guides were paid off, we refreshed ourselves for several hours in a small Japanese inn, and then proceeded by tram to Otsuki,

where we boarded the evening train for Kofu, spending the night in an hotel, happy even at the prospect of a Japanese futon to sleep on. Early next morning we set off for Kajikazawa, a village distant 5 ri (10 miles) by tram over a country verdant in young rice. A hearty tiffin on the remainder of our provisions, a casual survey of the village, and we left by a large native boat down the Fujikawa rapids to the Tokaido fifty miles away.

All the hot summer's day our boat drifted down the river, rowed by naked Japanese men and boys, shooting turbulent, mad-rushing rapids, and handled with cool judgment by the native boatmen. Village after village built on the river's bank was passed, the inhabitants flocking to the water's edge to catch a glimpse of the "Ketojin" (hairy foreigner). We wound through canyon, gulch and gorge, at recurrent intervals obtaining a view of the imperious Fuji, whose summit was now enveloped in impenetrable fog. With darkness our long river trip was ended. Our party arrived at Iwabuchi on the Tokaido, where we took a local train for Shizuoka, the next morning taking the express to Kobe, thus terminating one of the most novel and agreeable trips to be taken in the Mikado's realms.



EARLY CALIFORNIA JOURNALISM

John Rollin Ridge

BY DAVID E. GORDON



John Rollin Ridge

CALIFORNIANS of older growth are, to a great extent, familiar with the personal, political and literary career of John Rollin Ridge, the gifted representative of the Cherokee nation, who figured conspicuously during the first fifteen years of California history. In his individuality and personality he was distinctly different from any man I ever knew. He could be your warmest friend without ever giving an intimation of it. However inveterately he might dislike or hate, the first intimation of it would come like a thunder-peal. There never was any half-way introductory.

Passing reference to the brilliant journalist is made elsewhere in this

series of articles. But perhaps something more may be said which will interest this generation now passing and the one just stepping to the front. During the years prior to 1863 in which he filled the leading editorial position on the Marysville National Democrat, a journal far more worthy of having been the State organ of the Democratic party than was the accredited State journal at Sacramento, no California newspaper of any political persuasion was handled with more of dignity or true, manly bearing. Sometimes in heated political discussion shafts would assail which made it seem that the fiery Cherokee must adjudge the "chip" disturbed, but as often was a disappointment noted. During my acquaintance with Ridge, in both Marysville and Weaverville, I never knew him to do other than indulge in a peculiar passing smile when the use of a "gun" was hinted at. I am certain that he deprecated dueling, at least with fire-arms. It may have been different were the weapon to be a bowie-knife, for that was the recognized arbiter and "peacemaker" in the Cherokee nation. Yet a man endowed with his muscular power needed nothing more, unless the circumstances were of an extraordinary nature.

This much of reference to the man carries me back to a historical retrospect which found its way into California journalism almost 50 years ago. Musing over the file of the Trinity Journal for 1858, this reference is encountered:

"RIDGE AND ROSS.—The Red Bluff Beacon lately published a poem written in the Cherokee Nation by John R. Ridge, now editor

of the Marysville Democrat. It was formulated during the feud of Ross and Ridge, celebrated in southwestern story. A colored man does service for the Journal office, who is familiar with the scenes of murder and retribution connected with that war of extermination. He tells that, being a slave, he was one night ordered to guard the cattle for the Ross party, but about midnight John R. Ridge and Charley McIntosh came upon them, raised the war-whoop, and cleared out the camp, "Handsome Harry," the colored narrator, having departed with the utmost celerity. He believes our accomplished Marysville contemporary next in ferocity to the 'Big Bear of Arkansas.' Only think of the refined editor of the Marysville Democrat, author of that most lofty poem addressed to Mount Shasta, raising the war-whoop."

General Sam H. Dosh, editor of the Shasta Courier, was an ardent admirer of Ridge, not alone for his Democratic tendencies. He was attracted by the Journal's mention, and transferred it to the Courier with the following comment:

"We do not think it a matter of surprise if Brother Ridge did, at one time in his life, raise the war-whoop upon the trail of his enemies. We presume his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather did the same thing, and some of them have been recognized as great men by some of our own great men. In a debate in the U. S. Senate on the 3d of March, 1854, General Sam Houston, in speaking of the tribe of which John R. Ridge is the Chief, de jure, but of which Ross, by an act of usurpation, is the Chief, de facto, said: 'These Indians are not inferior, intellectually, to white men. John Ridge was not inferior, in point of genius, to John Randolph. His father, in point of native intellect, was not inferior to any man.' And if Sam Houston knew John R. Ridge, editor of the Democrat, he would say that he is

a worthy son of a noble sire. Therefore, Brother Ridge, we bid you keep on sounding the war-whoop on the track of the enemies of Democracy."

Politically, there were those filling editorial positions in either party who permitted their pens to explore the realm of innuendo and vituperation to a far greater extent than did John R. Ridge. Yet in mild manner and almost entirely disguised home-thrusts he could give utterance to the most provoking and seemingly unbearable sentences.

I believe there was more of sincerity than otherwise in the intention of Ridge when he severed his relationship with Marysville ties and went to Weaverville to found the Trinity National in 1863. That county had been a virtual Democratic stronghold until "the clash of resounding arms" came. So quickly and with such determined precision did the change come that the advocates of a "Pacific republic" were dumbfounded. Sincerely believing that candid argument and mild-mannered exploitation of the situation might stay the march of non-Democratic encroachment, he went on a defensive, rather than an offensive mission. But the edict had gone forth that the people of Trinity preferred the Union as it was and as it must be. Not that the secession heresy had any serious standing (though it did have advocates); not that a more than trifling percentage of Trinity Democrats sympathized with that heresy, for a good portion of the votes thrown for Abraham Lincoln were by those who had been identified with the Douglas Democracy. Ridge discovered this in time, and his heart failed him. The handwriting became so distinct within a few months that the valiant editor decided to retire from the field.

I can remember one occasion during his tarry in Trinity on which the majestic Cherokee was cut to the

quick. He had started on his first journey to the mining camps along Trinity river from Junction City to Taylor's Flat. We met at and passed the night in the North Fork Hotel. During the evening Ridge disturbed the progress of a quiet game of poker in one corner of the bar room long enough to invite "all hands" to imbibe. In liquidating he produced a buckskin gold-dust sack nearly a foot long, remarking that on his return from down the river it would be filled to the brim with coin and gold dust. Mine host George Yohe, himself a Simon-pure Democrat, replied good-naturedly: "If you do, it will be with Republican money. There are not Democrats enough between here and Hoopa Valley to fill it." Ridge was chilled to the very bone, but only replied: "Must be a — poor lot of Democrats." When he returned and told one of the faithful that he had only taken nine subscriptions on the trip it was Yohe's turn to laugh.

An accident which occurred while Ridge was yet with the Marysville Democrat, is still fresh in my memory. At the supper table in the old Haun House, "Smoky Bill," one of the California stage company's favorite drivers, "unraveled" a startling yarn which he vouched had just been handed down to him by Hank Monk, the veteran "whip" who acquired fame for having landed Horace Greeley at Hangtown "on time." A Democrat reporter at the table inhaled the "live item," and in due time passed it in with splendid embellishment. Next day, when it was learned that the story was the baldest kind of canard, the atmosphere in the Democrat's sanctum was redolent with the flavor of volcanic profanity. "Smoky" took good care to evade the wrathful editor, for Ridge had shouldered all responsibility and threatened swift and sure punishment for the prevaricator. And the driver fully believed he would keep his word.

An instance of his relentless manner, vouched for by the Shasta Courier long after Conmy's retracy from the paper, is readable at this late date. Conmy, while editor of the Courier, had incidentally referred to Ridge, then editor of the Trinity National, as the "Cayuse" editor. Time came when the Trinity editor crossed the mountains and tarried in Shasta for a short season. It was in Andy Cusick's saloon that the two mountain editors, with mutual friends, met to establish more cordial relations. Just at the moment when suspense was most inopportune, Ridge approached Conmy, quietly, but with all the hatred he could have felt for a member of the Ross party in the native home beaming in his eye. "You called me a 'Cayuse,' did you, you blankety blanked little red-headed blankety blank!" said Ridge. Conmy was small in stature, Irish, and full of fight, but the Trinity giant overmatched him. Ridge reached out, and with one hand dipped Conmy's nose into the top of his glass, then bathed his either cheek in the fluid that had escaped from it to the surface of the bar. So the affront was settled in Ridge's usual way, for he was a man of wonderful strength. He could fight and write, and the pen and the sword—or rather the bowie-knife—were instruments he used with equal facility. He used to relate that after slaying the allotted number of the Ross party in his native Nation, to avenge his father's murder, he foreswore the carrying or use of firearms. Familiar as he had been with tragic death-scenes, he claimed to be unalterably opposed to the so-called code of honor.

The kind-hearted and genial, though fearless poet-editor, responded to the Reaper's summons many years ago. The writer has recently learned that two daughters survive him and are now living in Grass Valley, Nevada County. They are Mrs. Archie Nevins, a

widow, and Mrs. Frank G. Beatty, whose husband is in the service of the Grass Valley Railroad Company.

(For the very truthful portrait of the gifted pioneer editor which accompanies this article, the biographer is indebted to the earnest effort of S. D. Brastow, superintendent of

the Wells, Fargo & Co. Express, and to the courtesy of Mr. W. E. Carpenter, agent of that company at Marysville, for a book of "Poems by John R. Ridge" (the property of Mr. Ellis, of that city), published in 1868 by Henry Payot & Co., San Francisco, from which the lifelike picture is obtained.)

WHEN THE BEES GOT BUSY

A Kentucky Idyl

BY CORDIA GREER PETRIE AND LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

ANGELINE entered without the formality of knocking, confiscated the most comfortable chair in the room, and edged it over to the open window. She wore in lieu of the familiar splint sun-bonnet, common to her class, a fearful and wonderful effect in millinery, evidently her own handiwork; a green shirt-waist, which, with a breezy freedom characteristic of its wearer, escaped the trammels of a tarnished gilt belt; and a plaid skirt much too short for her—the whole a grotesque travesty upon the prevailing mode. My brief acquaintance with this quaintest of characters had taught me that she scorned futile amenities, so after a word of greeting, I sat silent, waiting for her to take up her parable. Monologue is Angeline's long suit.

"You orter 'a went to the buryin' yistiddy," she presently observed. "Everybody wuz thar—frum Judge Boles and them Glasgow folks that air a-visitin' him down ter them low-flung Neagleses. Might a-knowed they'd 'a been thar, though, fr'r they never miss nuthin'—not ef they haf ter git up outer a sick bed ter go! Well, I fer one don't blame 'em. Ef thar's one thing on 'arth I just nate-chully dote on it's a fust-

class funeral! Some folks sets store by pertracted meetin's, some by per-litcal speakin's, and yit others by barbycues and log-rollin's—but ter my mind a buryin' heads 'em all! It's sich a master good place ter meet up with all your old friends and erquaintances and git and give pints on style.

"I had a bran new kermomy one of them women that visited Mis' Boles last summer give me, and I had jest been eachin' to wear it, so when Mote Batts tuck down and died with this here new ailment that's goin' the rounds—appende-seatus, I think they call it, it looked plum like the hand of providence. 'It's a ill wind that blows nobody good,' as the sayin' is, and it jest did me good to think how some folks 'ud be spited when I 'peared ermong 'em in all the glory of that 'ar figgered pink kermomy. I knowed thar'd be a big crowd on ercount of Mote's promernence, he bein' the champion wrastler and fur-spitter of Barren County, besides havin' figgured in several cuttin' scrapes and servin' a term at Frankford fur runnin' a still.

"Bear Waller had been awful dull and skeerce of amusements all summer, and I wuz plum wore out with

stayin' at home, and now I didn't 'low ter be knocked outer goin' ter that funeral jest becase Mote and Lum warn't on good terms. Lum warn't in errer nohow, fur Mote had brung the trouble on hisself. It happened this-er way. Erlong last fall thar wuz considerable mast, and Mote turned his old sow and her six pigs out in the woods back of our house. One of the pigs strayed off frum its mammy and come down ter our place, and it wuz sich a little, bitty, pore, mangy-lookin' critter that the minnit Lum seed it, he wuz so moved by compassion that he tuck the pore little thing and put it up in a pen back in that 'ar sasser-fris thicket—and then sot in to cyore it. He grez it all over with renderins and coal ile and give it a good dost of blue stone, and you never seed a thing come out so in all your born days! You could might nigh see it grow, and Lum shore put the feed to it too! He even jepperdized his life by visitin' the neighbors' corn fields at night to keep that 'ar shoat frum goin' hungry. But la! Some folks ain't much fer appreshyation! Erbout the time Lum had got that pig weighin' erbout a hundred, here comes Mote, nosin' erbout our premmyses unbeknownst to us, and when he seed and reckernized that 'ar gilt he had the asshorance to want Lum ter give it up! The very idy! And attar Lum had worked so hard with it too—even losin' sleep ter keep it in corn! They had a considerbul argyment over it, en durin' which Lum lost a front tooth and got one eye shet—ter say nothin' of gettin' the derby Jedge Boles give him stove in. Even then Mote wouldn't drap it, but 'lowed he'd put the law to Lum ef he didn't turn that gilt over and that afore sundown, too! At that, Lum 'lowed that ruther than have any trouble cver it, he could take his shoat and be dad burned! Of course it warn't fair, but whar's a body ter git jestice in this old, sin-cursed world?

"Well, as I wuz sayin' I couldn't

let Lum's troubles pervent me frum takin' in that buryin'—not ef he lost a whole set of teeth, let alone one, so I told him he could jest mind the shack, fur I wuz shorely gwine. Not only that, but I 'lowed ter take my new accordyin erlong—th' one I had jest bought off Skeers, Roe-buck & Co. fur \$1.67. I wanted ter show Betty Button and that vocal culshur class of hern what Angeline Keaton knowed erbout funeral music. While I wuz gittin' ready Lum stood lookin' outer the winder, and when he seed the crowd getherin' over at Mote's, he 'lowed thar warn't no use in holdin' a gredge agin the dead and say he believed he'd go too.

"Soon's I stepped merjestically inter the room where Mote wuz layin', I spied that taller faced Button gal. More'n that she helt in her hand a batch of them notes of hers, and wuz singin' in her little high-pitched, quivery voice somethin' erbout 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought'—er some sich foolishness. But Law! I didn't let a little thing like that dant me, but jest bided my time, and soon as there wuz a lull, I give Lum and Jeems Henry the wink, and then simultany-usly we sot in on 'Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior'—me accompanyin' it on that 'ar accordyin. The way I did play it wuz a caution! When I wanted ter give extry force and expression, I pulled the bellus out as fur as it would go, and let it back quiv-ery-like. I could see at a glance I had made a hit with Jedge Boles and them Glasgow folks, fur they never tuck their eyes off me. I ain't sayin' it in brag, goodness knows, fer boastin' ain't in my line, but I am sartinly a master hand on the accordyin—it's a sight ter the world ter hear me play and sing 'Mary to the Savior's Tomb'—but I forebore ter play that as I wanted only er-proprate tunes. In fact, I never seed but one muserkil instrument that danted me, and that wuz a tambor-ri, which ter save me I

never could git anything simerler ter a tune outer.

"Afore the ordiance recovered from the effects of the fust piece I sot in on 'Whar is My Boy To-night,'" and follered it up with 'Turned Away from the Beautiful Gates'—sech a erppropriate melerdy. Cinthy Strunk that lives down to the norrers, sent me the ballit, and never havin' heerd the music I sung it to the tune of 'Thar'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.' Well, sir, it jest took that ordiance by storm. You never seed a crowd so imprest. One of them Glasgow gals was lead out in hysterics, and Jedge Boles wuz so evercome that I thought he'd take a fit. Afore I had finished the ninth verse they wuz so erfected they had ter git up and git out in the air! That is, all but Mote's wife, who still set by the coffin a-pertendin' she wuz cryin'. I sensed that it wuz tears of joy, fur everybody knows Mote wuz a piece, and I bet she's got scars on her back yet that he put thar. Then at her request I histed the tune 'Thar's Sunshine in My Soul To-day,'" and she jined in and helped us sing it with a vim. After we'd finished and the crowd filed back, Mote's brother riz and read a Sam, and then atter announcing that the deaceast's funeral would be preached the third Sunday of the incomin' month at old Gilead church, he 'lowed the pall-bearers could now come forrid and take charge of the remains. Mote weighed nigh onter three hundred and it wuz powerful hot, and volunteers fur the honor wuz skeerce. After considerbul differculity five men wuz obtained, an' as one wuz still lackin' Lum stepped up and 'lowed it would give him pleasure ter effisherate at interrin' his neighbor. There ain't nothin' short erbout Lum, especially at a big getherin', and I couldn't help a-feelin' proud as he led off the percession, his beegum set jantily on his head, his boots fairly glitterin' in front frum the shine he'd give 'em

before settin' out, though they wuz ruther rusty erbout the heels—and his linen duster and cellerloid collar givin' him the distinguished appearance of a Sennerter or travelin' salesman. Lum ain't much fur shiftyness, I'll 'low, but when it comes ter looks he's pintedly hard ter beat! That he is! That's one reason I kin sorter put up with his triflingness, fur it ain't ter be expected that all the graces kin be found in one hull, as the sayin' is.

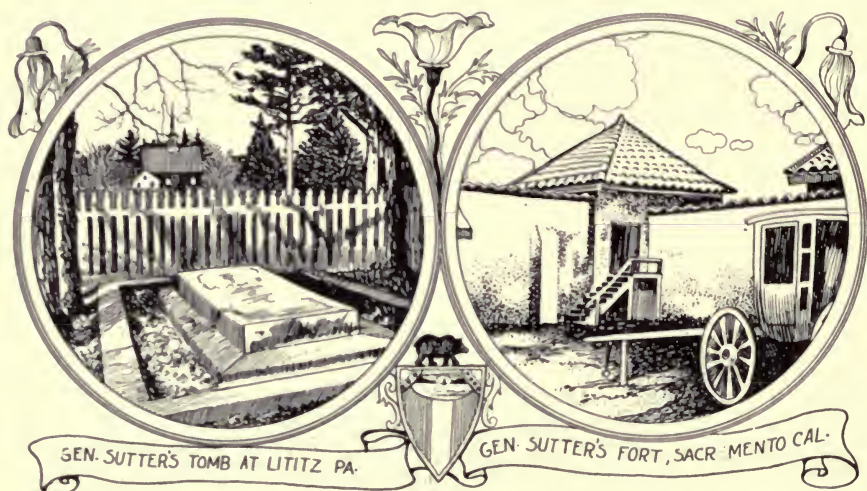
The Batts graveyard wuz a good piece from the house, and the path led through a thicket of briars and cuckle-burrs. Nothin' danted, Lum blazed the way, holdin' his head high, with the tail of his duster floatin' out behind him. He wuz steppin' proudly erlong, as wuz fitter fer a man occupyin' so promerent a place in a funeral percession, when all at onct he give a blood-curdling yell that could have been heard clean to Huffman's mill! He follered it up by lettin' go all holts and jumpin' six feet in the air, bel-lerin' like all persest. If you'll believe me, that ornery critter had stepped kerplump inter a bumble-bees' nest and the bees wuz makin' it warm fer him, I kin tell you! It was a caution to see the way he fit 'em, hittin' out right and left fore and aft—a-tryin' his best to git shet of the pisky critter. Thar wuz a plum swarm of 'em, and they wuz as energetic and perseverin' a gang of bumble-bees as you'd wantner see. They sot in on them six pall-bearers, jest swarmin' round 'em like flies around a bung-hole in a merlasses bar'l, dabbin' first one, then another, irrespective of persons or places—till at last the whole gang jest drapt that corpse and lit out in a run towards the creek, yellin' like Kermanshy Injuns as they went. And Lum was in the lead. It wuz a sight for shore, and I wuz so tickled that I jest sot down on a stump and laffed till I had ter hold my sides.

"Then all at onct I felt somethin' like a coal of fire, only hotter, dab

me right up under that pink shift—and then I got busy, I kin tell you! I hated ter do it, and I quailed at what Lum would say, but law! when a bumble-bee is after you, it ain't no time for cerrymony nor convenshunalties. Afore it had time ter come ergin, I began sheddin'—and thar's one good thing erbout a

kermomy, it ain't hard ter git out of!

"Jest as I anticerpated, Lum tuck it awful to heart and 'lowed my informalerty 'ud cause talk—men is so curious! But I got the best of the argyment, as I ginerally do, an' Lum's up home rubbin' arniky on his joints now. Men air curious, sartin.



A ROMANCE OF GOLD

BY WILLIAM S. RICE

FEW persons are aware of the last resting place of General John A. Sutter, the great pioneer of "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49," in California. Fewer, perhaps, know of the curious combination of circumstances which led him to adopt as his home the quiet Pennsylvania town, where were enacted the final scenes in the dramatic life of the rugged Californian buffeted by misfortune and a nation's ingratitude.

After his reverses in California, with details of which every student

of history is familiar, General Sutter, on whose ranch gold was first discovered by a worthless workman named Marshall while digging a mill race on his employer's estate, came East and made application to Congress for a claim to the gold discovered upon his property, which owing to the dishonesty of Marshall, had been quickly grabbed up by squatters.

His reasons for selecting Lititz as his home were because of the peaceful life of the community and of the educational advantages offered

by the Moravian Linden Hall Seminary, where were being educated his two grand-daughters; moreover, the Lititz Springs were recommended to him as a panacea for rheumatism, with which he was at various times a great sufferer, so that, after spending a summer at this once famous watering place he decided to adopt it as his home. The peaceful life of a pastoral community appealed strongly to the rugged old pioneer worn with misfortune and the hardships of life on the frontier.

The General was originally a Lutheran, and in his later years was not connected with any church, but his kindly ways and open handed hospitality, a strong characteristic of the Californian of to-day, endeared him to his Moravian neighbors, by whom he was regarded as one of their foremost citizens.

These peace-loving, simple-hearted friends were greatly shocked one day when news reached the quiet little Moravian town that the General had died very suddenly while on a visit to the national capital. This sad event took place in June, 1880, just after Congress had adjourned without granting his petition. His claim had been passed by the committee of the House and was in the Senate on its final passage when one Senator, over-zealous in his appeal for Sutter, insisted on delivering such a long harangue that the Senators grew weary and somebody made a motion to adjourn. It was carried, and the bill was not reached again that session. Congress adjourned without granting his petition. This was more than the old General could bear. The end came suddenly and quickly. His friends all claim that he died of a broken heart.

The General always admired the

quaint customs of the Moravians in the burial of their dead—the bodies of rich and poor placed side by side, with only a simple flat slab laid upon a low mound, thus verifying the old adage, "Death levels all, both great and small." His sympathetic neighbors in whose hearts he had so endeared himself, made an exception in his case, and buried him with their sect in the cemetery connected with the Moravian church.

This quaint little God's acre lies on a plot of rising ground south of the church. The Sutter vault stands apart from the other graves and consists of a simple marble slab resting upon a granite base, the whole enclosed by a granite coping. The inscription upon it consists of the Sutter coat-of-arms—an eagle and shield—and the following:

GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER

Born February 28th, 1803
at Kandern, Baden.
Died June 18th, 1880,
at Washington, D. C.
Requiescat in Pacem.

ANNA SUTTER,

Born September 15th, 1805.
in Switzerland.
Died January 19th, 1881,
at Lititz.

If Sutter's life was rough and filled with disappointments, his last resting place is quiet and peaceful beyond belief. Age has lent its softening touch about his tomb, rows of maples, cedars and pines wave their swaying branches over the simple slab so typical of the unpretentious man whose name it commemorates, after the simple manner of the Moravians.

THE DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL IN CHINA

The Quaint Annual Regatta of the "Middle Kingdom"

BY CHARLES E. LORRIMER

Special Correspondent of the Overland Monthly in Manchuria.

A CHINESE is inclined to take his pleasures not sadly, but seldom, with a fine philosophy which has taught him the practical application of the proverb about "Enough being as good as a feast." Twice or three times a year he locks away his cash box, which is his little tin god, lays by his abacus, and draws a curtain before his every-day life, with its central idea revolving around the very simple problem of how to make two plus two equal three, when he owes to his neighbor, and two plus two equal five when his neighbor owes to him. The struggle for existence in China, with her millions of mouths to feed, is so keen that it has developed an abnormal love of money which the pressing need of generations will not allow easily, or often, to be forgotten.

Yet once and awhile the Chinese go a-pleasuring, and then, because of their long-pent-up enthusiasms, it is with a complete abandon and childish enjoyment. The greatest occasion for holiday making is the day of the Dragon Boat festival, the Annual Regatta, counted by the native calendar to be on the fifth day of the fifth moon, according to our reckoning, on or about the 18th of June, though the feast does not begin abruptly on that date, but climbs gradually in several days up to its fullest height.

The origin of the Festival is half history, half myth. It is held in memory of one Wat Yuen, a Minister of State who lived about 500 B. C. The perspective of the long avenue of ages has set off his good qualities, personal and political, until he is now little less than a saint. The vices of his Master, a profligate

Prince of Cho, whose kingdom extended over nearly as much territory as the New England States, and therefore gave him ample scope for mischief and neglect, threw his virtues into bright relief. Wat Yuen loved the people with an unselfish affection. The classical writers testify to it. So does his own long-winded treatise on the "Dissipation of Sorrows," composed for the benefit of the oppressed. But in the form of an epic poem, it defeated its own ends by causing generations of Chinese youths, who toilsomely learn the national poems by heart, to regard Sorrows as preferable to their dissipation. Unluckily, the masterpiece only provoked his Sovereign's ingratitude, and the reward of his zeal was degradation and dismissal.

Unable to endure the "stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," Wat Yuen flung himself into the river Mek-lo. Some fishermen close by rowed hurriedly to the spot where he disappeared, and the alarm being given, the people all along the banks of the river followed their example and launched boats, each of whose crews strained every nerve in loving rivalry to recover the body and save it from desecration by the fishes and other marine monsters conjured up in legions by their imaginations. This first search in 500 B. C. gave rise to the Dragon Festival, that is, a symbolical repetition, continued down the centuries with a persistency speaking well for the future of the nation.

Each year crowds of people make a pilgrimage to the place Wat Yuen committed suicide, carrying with them offerings of rice tied up in bamboo leaves as sacrifices to the spirit of the dead hero.

The actual day of the Dragon Boat races, an enormous crowd collects on the banks of every river and stream over the Empire from Peking to Canton, though in large cities like Shanghai the festival is at its best.

The river scenes in China have a well-deserved reputation. They are the most picturesque in the world. Half of the population of the larger towns is amphibious, and in Shanghai harbor it would be easy to go for a six mile walk on the Yellow River by stepping from one slipper-shaped sampan to another. Higher up in the deeper water thousands of the big junks lie moored, curiously painted like great, gaudy fish with bulging eyes.

"No got eye, no can see, no can see, no can walkee," says the practical, river-bred Chinese, in his pidgin-English jargon picked from the scum of the sea. In among these solid fields of junks, down narrow passages left for exits and entrances, the Dragon-boat races take place.

The boats, like wonderful mythical monsters, appear actually to swim, so low are they in the water. The sides are cunningly rounded and painted like the traditional dragon. Their length depends upon the wealth of the guild or community who enters them in the Regatta. The silver-workers, for instance (being rich) would launch a monster one hundred feet long; smaller companies are content with boats fifty feet long, less heavily gilt. Still others are twenty feet in length, simply painted in heavy blues and reds.

But a really fine specimen is a true work of art. The prow, like the prow of some old Viking's ship, is gracefully curved up in a swan-like neck to a head that, by candle-light, would be terrifying. Long, quivering brass wire whiskers tremble out over the water. The eyes are painted red, and by an ingeniously concealed fire, smoke pours out of the gaping, long-toothed mouth.



Dragon boats forming in line for the procession.

The sides taper gracefully back to a truly life-like tail, which floats with a gentle swirling motion behind, and acts as the rudder of the

boat, as well as the conclusion of the dragon. The launching of such a masterpiece, which takes place two weeks before the festival, is a most exciting and important event, celebrated by a great banquet of the entire proud clan to which it belongs.

In the center of each Dragon-boat stands a man with a drum, and he beats time for the rowers, of which there are often as many as ninety, seated two by two. The drum-major is like the orchestral conductor or the stroke ore of a 'varsity crew. According as he taps quick or slow, the oars keep time with him, scurrying to pass a rival, slowing for a sharp corner. Gongs are placed near him to frighten away evil, preying spirits and procure peace for the soul of Wat Yuen. Right in the bow, and trailing almost into the water, is a green branch called Low-yow-yup, and under its shadow stands a man throwing his arms about as if casting rice upon the water to appease all devils, and apparently also stationed as a lookout for the body of the sanctified hero. Scattered down the length of the boat are numerous Wan-Sui-San, or Ceremonial Umbrellas of red satin elaborately embroidered. These are either the gifts of rich men or especial extravagances on the part of the guild, but in either case regarded as great treasures and luck dispensers.

As the boats pass between the rows of junks, gay with flags and red cloth streamers, they are greeted by a perfect salvo of fire crackers. Without noise a Chinese holiday would be as salt that had lost its savor. Great crowds swarm on junks and sampans, which seem to be literally as many as the sands of the sea. And just where one would look for dirt, cleanliness strikes the eye. Though most of the boat people are so poor that they can barely afford to lay aside a few cash, every family has some sign of merry-making, a growing plant at



the bow or a few flowers in the hair of its women. The sombre, almost sad, coloring of every-day is relieved by holiday touches—

splashes of red or green. It is the one festival of the year when the women of the people walk about freely.

The Dragon Feast at its best is a remarkable scene, a picture full of the blaze and breadth of life. Not even the singing girls of India are as picturesque as the questionable beauties who totter from boat to boat on their little "golden lillies" (such is the poetical name for their distorted feet) all tricked out in satins and brocades. Their head-dresses—queer half-moon caps—are literally one mass of pearl. Very rich women wear a row of diamonds framing the face, or one big diamond set in among the glistening pearls. Their pearl rings and bracelets are priceless—and yet they walk quite freely among the holiday crowd where, though no police are present, pick-pockets and thieves are unknown. The babies, solemn-eyed, take a dignified view of the proceedings at the end of a tether of rope, a method which boat life has accustomed them—the busy mothers tying them safely in order that, if they fall into the current, they may be easily fished out.

A favorite view-point for the races is a perch on the top of those huge rafts so characteristic of Chinese junks. To save space, this portion of the cargo is tied on to the outer sides of the big grain and rice ships. And so there is all the more room for the family, which overflows on to the flat platform.

The din arising from every variety of gong and fire-cracker is deafening from ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon. All through the races the rowers shout wildly, their partisans answer, and pandemonium is the result. Every coolie in the crowd stakes his few cash on his favorite dragon. The national passion for gambling finds a congenial outlet, and the usually placid Chinese go almost mad with excitement and enthusiasm. Every restraint is thrown to the winds: a



wild fervor enters into the crowd, with the result that fatal accidents too often occur.[®]

The Dragon boats, more quaint

The elaborately decorated dragon boats, covered with embroidered satin banners. There are sixteen to twenty-four oarsmen in each boat.

than sea-worthy, capsize easily, and are sometimes swamped, when follows a war of words not always found in dictionaries. The call for help is sounded by the hard, strident roar of a horn, which tears the air—but in the narrow channels assistance is difficult. Fights between different clans are not at all unusual, growing out of some difference of opinion about a foul. The crews often enough provide for such an occurrence beforehand, as they are convoyed by flat rafts carrying stones and other weapons.

The winning crews receive very valuable prizes. Later in the day they hold an impromptu reception

on the banks or on the biggest junk, where some rich merchant provides a gorgeous feast and unlimited wine—which, as must be expected of an abstemious people when excited, the Chinese drink in most unsteady quantities. In the evening the women go back to their seclusion until the next Dragon Festival shall come round again; the men meet at great dinners given in the fashionable tea houses by all the Guilds, and gamble away the night, pledging each other in hot wine—and blessing the memory of Wat Yuen who has provided such an excellent excuse for a holiday.

THE NATIONAL POLITICS GAME

BY HENRY BAILEY SARGEANT

IT would be necessary to go back to the time of James Monroe, who lacked only one vote of an unanimous election to the Presidency, because a Presidential elector thought that honor should be reserved exclusively for Washington, to find an epoch in our history in which there were as few differences between the two great political parties of the country as there are to-day. Both parties declare the tariff needs supervision, but neither can point out the schedules to be revised; both believe in economy, but neither attempt seriously to economize, and we have reached very nearly a two billion dollar Congress without any serious criticism from either Republican or Democratic leaders. Senator Hoar makes Democratic speeches but casts Republican votes; and a dozen of his Democratic colleagues imitate his example. The negro question is purely local in the South; the North neither cares nor proposes to bother

itself seriously about the subject of negro suffrage and its suppression.

Mr. Bryan's Credo is further removed from Mr. Cleveland's than is that of the ex-President from the faith of the present occupant of the White House; Senator Gorman defeats his chances of a Democratic nomination for the Presidency by opposing the Panama plans of a Republican President; and the Democracy, in despair of being able to find out what it believes, seriously contemplates placing at the head of its ticket a political eunuch; while the Republicans declare that the nomination of Roosevelt is all the platform they need. Indeed, it is claimed by all Republicans, and by many Democrats, that Roosevelt is the issue. But is that idea correct? Is it true that there is no political issue in the United States except the approval or disapproval of one man's acts?

It will often strike the student

history as singular that men—public men—men whose life is devoted to watching public movements and the trend of popular impulse, so often seem blind to what is going on around them; and to the evident tendencies of the times. Politicians are often the last people in the community to recognize that times have changed, and that a new order of thought and ideas has arisen.

That is exactly the condition of matters politically to-day. Because to a large extent parties have ceased to be rivals on many public issues; because one party does not embrace all men who think alike, and does not find itself opposed by all men who think differently grouped under the banner of another political organization, it does not follow that as a matter of fact the deepest and most profound interest is not taken in certain political theories; and that the people of the country are not really divided into two political camps; even though they be not denominated Republican and Democratic.

As a matter of fact, never since the Civil War has there been a deeper interest taken by the masses in politics; never have the lines been more sharply drawn; never has there been more bitterness and hatred between the two political camps than there is in the country to-day.

The issue, however, is not the tariff, nor Imperialism, nor the money question; it is socialistic, rather than financial or commercial; it is a question of classes, rather than of policy; of home affairs rather than foreign interests.

On one side are the conservative elements, the business men, the farmers, the merchants, the employers; on the other the wage-earners, the theorists, the socialists, the trade-unions, the men who would supplant employers and capital by the State; who demand "the closed shop," who represent to-day right here in these United States

what Voltaire and Rousseau and Marat and Robespierre represented in France in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century.

On the one hand you have conservatism; on the other radicalism; one group or party believes in progress based on the past; the other in a revolution—not necessarily in blood and the guillotine—but politically and socially.

For years, this radical element has been growing up in the United States. It showed its first life with Weaver under Greenbackism; it was in evidence again under the banner of Populism; it was much more in evidence when Bryan was nominated eight years ago; and now it is so plain, so universal, that even a blind politician should be able to discern the fact that its supremacy is the real political issue in this country to-day.

Just as the French courtiers ridiculed and laughed at popular unrest under Louis, XV., so capital and money have ridiculed it to-day; and yet it has grown, and is growing now, as it grew a century and a half ago, and can no more be safely ignored to-day than then. It has its leaders to-day as always; not the men who apparently are at the head of the movement—they are but the hand of Esau; the voice of Jacob are the writers and speakers and thinkers who for a variety of reasons are encouraging the spirit of unrest and preaching the Gospel of discontent.

Undoubtedly the chief factor at present in this movement in this country is what, for want of a better term, may be denominated the Hearst influence. Hearst is simply the medium through which the men of brains and ability reach the masses. It is not his brain which conceives, any more than it is his hand which writes the inflammatory articles which his papers circulate broadcast throughout the land. He is but the tool in the hands of far

abler men; who are using his money to carry out their propaganda and realize their theory.

Arthur Brisbane, his editorial writer, is the Rousseau of the movement. A brilliant, brainy man, who spent five years of his youth in Europe absorbing socialism, not entirely untinctured with anarchy, in Germany and France. He returned to this country, and finally, after ten or fifteen years' experience in newspaper work in New York, became Hearst's writer, his thinker and intellectual manager. Of course there are other promoters of the cause; Bryan, not realizing fully whitherward he is trending, is doing much to help spread the ideas which Brisbane conceives. The Southerners are an element who, in their hatred of the negro, are blind to everything else—lend their help to a movement which they would be first to condemn if they saw what it really meant; but who fancy they are only fighting the Republican party and opposing its politics. There are the labor leaders and their followers, the only ones who are really in earnest in the movement, who care nothing for the means employed provided the ends accomplished are what they hope for. All those elements are rapidly gathering together, and sooner or later will be assembled under one banner.

Naturally opposed to them are the conservative forces of the country, though as yet they do not seem to realize that fact; because they talk of dividing their strength by nominating two candidates, leaving their opponents to concentrate on one. It is the wealthy classes, commonly denominated the Wall street element, who are largely responsible for the success and growth of the socialistic propaganda; just as the French aristocrats were really responsible for the Revolution, which destroyed them. Conditions are different to-day from what they were in France under the Louises.

There the masses were ignorant and could not read, and socialism and the spirit of revolution dripped down from the classes above to the masses below. To-day social movements originate among the masses and pass from them to the classes; but the behavior of the American millionaires has been as unwise as overbearing, and utterly foolish as was that of the Eighteenth Century French aristocrats. They have taught the doctrine of dishonesty, with their shipbuilding and their steel trusts, and their enormous over-capitalization of corporations. They have set the example of selfishness and bigotry, which the masses are now adopting. By their policy of sweat shops and injustice to their employees they have encouraged sentiments of hatred for wealth and power. By their arrogance, their vulgar, ostentatious displays, and above all by their methods of doing politics. By corrupting public men, by buying legislatures, by corrupting controlling conventions they have taught the masses to despise patriotism and to trample under foot public probity and respect for Government and law. As they have sown so shall they reap; the great mass of their fellow citizens, however, are only interested in not being caught in the political maelstrom or ground to pieces between the millstones of unlimited wealth and irresponsible socialism.

Rooseveltism is the issue this year. Not as representing the Republican doctrine of protection, the Panama Canal policy or so-called Imperialism, but as standing for the conservative forces of the nation in opposition to the radicals. Hearstism is the other issue. Possibly Hearst may be nominated; possibly no candidate will exactly represent that element; but nevertheless the principles it demands are an issue, in fact the only issue, in the campaign.

The ultra-conservative element, with inexplicable folly, talk of

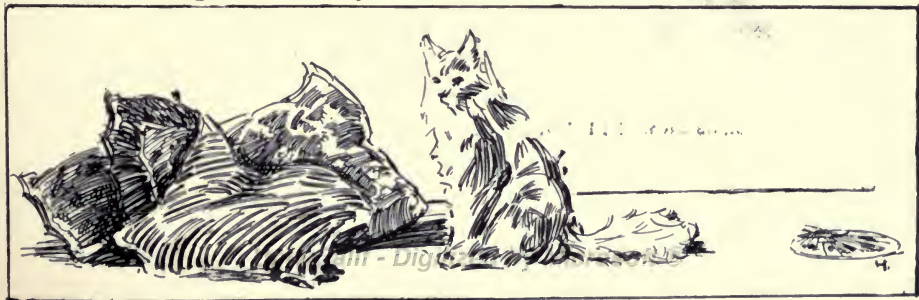
nominating a man who at most can only divide the conservative forces and who, if he represents anything, is the exponent of nothing but unlimited wealth and uncontrolled capital and corporate power. Strange that he should be seeking the same party nomination as Hearst. But it is impossible that men as opposite as Hearst and Cleveland can long pretend to belong to the same party, and this year's campaign will probably separate them for all time to come.

The old issues are dead—as dead as slavery. Even in the South they no longer exist. The men who fought the Civil War on the Southern side, who prided themselves on belonging to the first families of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, have nearly all passed away; and the places of the Hamptons and the Stevens and the Whytes are occupied by the Tillmans, the Moneys and the Gormans—men with whom the old Southern aristocracy had no sympathy, and whom they would no more have invited to their tables or entertained socially than they would have entertained “Uncle Josh” or “Old Mammy.” The old South was an agricultural region, and the new South is rapidly becoming an industrial section. The “Crackers” have taken the place of the planters; the “Cracker” has come to the cities, just as mill hands have supplemented the cotton pickers. Southern hatred of the negro to-day is more intense than it was before the war, because the whites of the South to-day are nearer the level of the negro than they were

fifty years ago. The old-time Southerner never talked or feared negro social equality, because it never occurred to him that social equality was possible; but the “Cracker” was never much, if anything, above the negro socially, and that explains why he fears the black man to-day. He will play craps with him all day and then murder him in the evening, as happened recently in Arkansas. The old planter would never have thought of playing with a negro, and therefore felt under no need of killing him to show the social superiority of the white race.

This new element in the South is naturally a drift to radicalism. It encouraged Populism in the past, and the conservative element for self-protection will have to join itself to the conservative element in the North and West; then will the lines be fully drawn all over the country between the two camps, which have ever been at war since history began; the camp of those Who Have (no matter how little it may be) and the camp of those Who Have Not.

Undoubtedly, this year there will be thousands both South and North, but especially South, who will cling to old names in the mistaken belief that thereby they are helping maintain old principles; but there are millions of voters who, wiser than Wall street magnates, blinded by their hatred of Roosevelt, or Southern aristocrats, blinded by their hatred of the Yankee, will recognize that socialism is the real issue this campaign, and regardless of party names will vote accordingly.





Commander Thomas Stowell Phelps, U. S. N.

A NAVAL OFFICER'S TROUBLES

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON, Late Lieutenant U. S. Navy

NINE people out of ten are disposed to envy the lot of the United States naval officer. His bed is popularly supposed to be one of roses, and "Oh, what fine times you officers have!" is a very common exclamation from the mouths of fair ones who happen to see the pleasant side of the naval officer's life at some reception on shipboard during the occasional visits to attractive, civilized ports.

Externally, the life is an attractive one. It has its charms, without doubt, not the least of which are the tenure of office for life, with a comfortable retired pay with no work when too old or incapacitated; the opportunities for travel in all parts of the world, under pleasant auspices; the dignity of the profession; and certain social privileges that the uniform brings.

The seamy side is more rarely appreciated by the general public. In the first place, the pay is small, extremely small, when compared with the compensation of men of similar expertness, experience and responsibilities in civil life. A Rear-Admiral, who is the highest naval officer, gets only \$7,500 per annum, and it is nearly a life-time before this exalted grade is reached. An ensign gets from \$1,400 to \$1,540 per annum; a lieutenant's pay averages \$2,220 per annum, and one is a lieutenant many long years before reaching the next higher grade, with an annual income of something over \$3,000.

A naval officer has no home until he is 62 years of age, when he goes upon the retired list, and may settle down permanently for the rest of his days. Until reaching that age, he is ordered hither and thither all over the face of the world, at the caprice of the Navy Department

and the demands of his duty. He may put in a three years' cruise in the South Pacific, then have a couple of years on shore duty at Pensacola, Fla., then go on another three years' cruise to the South Atlantic, then another period of shore duty in Bremerton, Wash. He never knows where he may find himself from one year to another. He may be attached to a ship destined for the European station, and a week after reaching the Mediterranean, receive orders transferring him from that ship to another en route to China. He is a nomad from the day he enters the navy until he goes upon the retired list—or is court-martialed and dismissed from the service for misconduct.

Here is another unpleasant feature. In addition to obeying all the mandates of the moral code observed by civilians, the naval officer is amenable likewise to the military code, which makes high crimes of offenses that are at most misdemeanors, often ignored, in civil life. He is under surveillance all the time. "Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" may cause prompt dismissal. So may neglect of duty, even if due to forgetfulness or carelessness, which would be overlooked, in all probability, in civil life. The naval officer must be always on his p's and q's. He lives under the fierce glare of both official and social searchlights.

Without mentioning the hardships and dangers of life afloat, even in time of peace—for these are rather enjoyed by most virile men—there are discomforts in the naval officer's life that must be experienced to be appreciated at their proper value. Among them is the fate of being doomed to live for three long years on board one ship, with a tiny state-

room as the nearest approach to home, seeing the same faces every day, perhaps with an uncongenial lot of messmates. It is not rarely that a wardroom mess is gathered together for a cruise, most of the members of which are at daggers drawn with one another for months at a time, maybe for the entire cruise. Then, again, there is the necessity, insufferable to some men, of being under the thumb of a long line of seniors, or some of whom the unlucky junior may have the utmost loathing or even contempt. Yet he must be always subordinate, always respectful, and confine himself to the formal, official modes of redress if tyrannized upon, although there are some forms of official tyranny for which there is no redress, and no relief until the conflicting officers are ordered apart.

Reference has been made to the low pay of American naval officers. In addition, they have expenses not incurred by a civilian. Uniforms, for instance. An outfit of necessary uniforms, in moderate amount, and only fair quality, costs from \$750 to \$800, exclusive of the linen, underwear and other raiment common to all gentlemen. It may be said here, by the way, that the naval officer must have considerably more linen and underwear than the average man, for he is frequently denied laundry facilities, but must always look neat and well-groomed.

It may be of interest to describe here the long list of uniforms that a naval officer must have, that he is required to have by the regulations. Here they are, with the average cost of each: Special full-dress, \$100; full-dress, \$75; dress, \$75; 3 blue blouses, undress, at \$30, or a total of \$90; 2 pair of undress trousers, \$25; boat cape, \$30; overcoat, \$45; 6 white suits, at \$8, \$48; cocked hat, \$25; 2 blue caps at \$7, \$14; 2 white caps at \$4.50, \$9; sword and undress belt, \$35; full-dress belt, \$12; epaulettes, \$75; 2

pairs of shoulder straps at \$7.50, \$15; a dozen pair of white gloves, \$5; mackintosh, \$15; rubber boots and sou'wester, \$10.

The prices of these vary somewhat, according to the amount of gold lace, which is expensive, the amount thus depending upon the officer's rank. The more rank he has the more gold lace and therefore the more expensive the uniform.

Another thing, the naval officer must subsist himself, must "pay his own mess-bill." Many people imagine that the Government supplies the good food found on the wardroom and cabin tables of our men-of-war. It does nothing of the kind. The officers have to dig down into their own pockets for it. And not only for their own food and that of their personal guests, but for the official guests of the ship, the guests of the nation, who must be entertained on board by the officers, but at the latter's expense, even though they do not care a picayune for them. Other navies allow an entertaining fund for their officers to use in playing the host for official visitors. The United States navy does not. Many is the hard pressed American officer who has had to deny himself necessities for his own comfort, in order to pay the bills for champagne and good viands served to visiting notables, both domestic and foreign.

As for the glamour of a naval officer's life, it is greatest in youth. As a man grows older, it palls upon him. He is apt to settle down to a hum-drum, time-serving existence unless war breaks out to stir his blood and make him take more interest in life. A naval officer, among other troubles, is barred from many rights of the average American citizen. He cannot criticise the Government, nor any public official, either American or foreign, without getting himself into trouble. He loses his independence as soon



Rear Admiral John Grimes Walker, U. S. N.

as he gets his commission. While he may vote, he must beware of too much "pernicious activity" in politics.

Throughout his career he must not only perform his manifest, allotted duties, but he must be an in-

cessant, close student of his profession, keeping up not only in what he has already learned, but in the constant new features of naval science, than which there is probably none more progressive and absorbing.

THE COLOMBIAN ARMY AND NAVY

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

DURING my four months' service as a Lieutenant in the Colombian Navy, when I was Executive Officer of the cruiser Bogota, I had many opportunities for observing the Colombian land and naval forces, both during the war and during the peace that followed.

My first impressions of the army were about what I expected; namely, that it was, in general, a body of armed men and boys with little semblance to an army of a civilized nation. I do not know the number of men regularly enroled in the Colombian army, but I do not think my ignorance in this respect is much greater than that of the average Colombian. It is a characteristic of that nation to make quite a different showing in fact from what it does on paper.

The best of their troops that I saw were the members of the "Battalion of Colombia," their crack corps, which has now gone over to the republic of Panama, with its brave and intelligent little commander, General Esteban Huertas, one of the few Colombians who excited the admiration of the Americans with whom he came in contact, during the last war. That battalion is really a regiment, and possesses some degree of discipline. It is uniformed throughout, the full-dress being dark in color, but the service dress being a sort of dirty, white,

rough, home-spun garment, with loose tunic and loose trousers. Except on dress parade, its soldiers are poorly shod. The cap is an ancient red French military hat, similar to the full-dress hats of the Union soldiers of the Civil War. There is a subdivision of the battalion into companies, with their respective captains, lieutenants, sergeants and corporals.

The remainder of the Colombian soldiers form a motley rabble. Many of them are boys in their teens, and even younger, so greatly has the male population of the country been reduced by the frequent internicine strifes which have occurred during the past generation. They are scantily clad, even bare-foot, and a ragged array generally. The standard small arm of the Colombian army is the Gras rifle, a French weapon in vogue over twenty years ago. It is a breech-loading bolt gun of large calibre, about .45, the cartridge carrying a heavy charge of black powder. Next in number to the Gras rifle is the Remington, particularly the carbine, which is quite numerous. The officers generally carry a revolver, usually a Colt, and a machete. In addition to the Gras and Remington rifles there is almost every variety of weapons to be found in the hands of the Colombian troops, including the Mauser, the Mannlicher, Sharps, Berdan and

even old muzzle-loading smooth bore muskets, using caps, and many shot-guns.

The artillery weapons range from the modern Krupps of latest pattern, which are few in number, down to ancient pieces of uncertain age, which are fit objects for museums. I distinctly recall one small field piece of about 2-inch calibre, a muzzle-loader, with a bore something like that of a Whitworth gun, and mounted on a ponderous wooden carriage, with an iron trail. It was a toy cannon on a large scale, and must have been all of forty years old.

While the Colombian soldier has some good points, care of weapons is not one of them. With rare exceptions, their arms are rusty and in poor condition. A machine gun does not last long in their hands. The mechanical arts, except of the crudest kind, are virtually unknown among them.

The whole army is a happy-go-lucky affair, strongly suggestive of a comic opera. Generals are nearly as numerous as captains. Five hundred men form a general's command.

Nominally, there are commissaries, "proveadores," as they are called, and also surgeons; nominally, there are a great many other things, but in fact, staff organizations do not exist, as we understand them. An army is started on the move in a haphazard manner. There is no baggage train, no quartermaster's department, no commissary's department, no medical corps, no signal corps, no engineer corps. A body of Colombian troops is nothing but an armed mob. They have colonels, captains and lieutenants galore, but the organization is loose. Courts-martial are sometimes held but they are as farcical as the proceedings of the civil judiciary. They are mere empty forms, and the Colombians seldom go to the bother of resorting to them. Discipline, in fact, there is hardly a real sailor in

such as it is, is enforced by decree, more often verbal than written. The liberty and lives of the troops are at the whim of the commander. The principal punishments are death by shooting and the infliction of lashings, the latter being frequently so brutal as to result in death. The Colombian thinks nothing of administering one hundred lashes to a culprit whose offence may have been due more to heedlessness, forgetfulness or stupidity than to evil intent. A general can order a man shot at his own sweet will, so can a colonel, or a lesser officer for that matter, provided his immediate senior is not at hand.

Yet the Colombian soldier, like the soldier of every other nation under the sun, from the warrior of the Mad Mullah to the soldier of the most highly-civilized nation, is brave. If ordered to make an attack he will do so, having the physical bravery of any carnivorous animal. What he lacks is the cool courage, the pertinacity and the enterprise of the Northern races. He will fight bravely, although more adapted and better suited to bush-whacking than to tactics in the open.

The Colombian officer, as a general thing, is a man of no military education; he is simply the head man of the crowd. Strategy and the science of war are unknown to him. One of the things that astonished the Americans in the Colombian service most was the extreme senselessness and the utter folly of the Colombian practice of war.

The Colombian officer seldom thinks of the welfare of his men. He will order them into all kinds of trouble, and gives little, if any, thought to feeding them, keeping them in good trim and nursing their fighting ability.

As for the Colombian navy it is quite similar to the army, as far as its personnel goes. As a matter of fact, there is hardly a real sailor in

the whole Colombian navy, the officers of which are soldiers. The nearest approaches that they have to true naval officers are a few Peruvians and Chilians, who are quite good men, but whose standard of naval education is far below that of an English, German, French or American officer.

The Colombian navy at the present time is composed of the cruiser Bogota, on the Pacific Coast, and the gunboats Cartagena and General Pinzon on the Atlantic side. There are a few small armed launches in addition to these, which are not worth considering.

The Bogota is the most formidable. She was formerly the merchant steamer Jessie Banning, and prior still the yacht of the Rajah of Cutch. She is a steel steamer of about 12 knots speed, although her old machinery rarely develops more than nine knots out of her. She has no protection whatever against an enemy's shot, but her armament, for a vessel of her size (she is less than 200 feet long), is excellent, being composed of one 14-pounder and eight 6-pounder rapid fire guns, all weapons of the latest type, and two Vickers-Maxim machine guns. Four of the 6-pounders are Hotchkiss, two are Driggs-Shroeder, and two are Driggs-Seabury semi-automatic guns.

The Cartagena was formerly James Gordon Bennett's yacht Naimouna. She is a trim-looking craft, probably 180 feet long, and was formerly speedy, but her machinery, like nearly all other machinery left to the anything but tender care of Colombians, is in a woeful state. Her battery has been changed from time to time. A few months ago it was composed of a 12 or 14-pounder bow gun and four 6-pounders.

The General Pinzon is still smaller, and a less effective vessel.

The cruiser Padilla, and the little gunboats Chucuito and Darien, formerly in the Colombian navy, now belong to Panama, and are on the

Pacific side of the isthmus. The Padilla is a larger vessel than the Bogota, and was armed last year with a 14-pounder, a 12-pounder, two 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, and one or two machine guns. She is a better vessel than the Bogota, but her battery is not so heavy.

The Chucuito is a tiny tug-boat, carrying two 6-pounder guns. The Darien is little more than a steam launch, and carries one small gun. There is also in Panama a good-sized steam lighter called the Clapet which the Colombians for a time used as a gun-boat, mounting two 6-pounders upon her, but she is a decrepit old craft, of little use save for carrying stores and coal where wanted.

The Colombians are not sailors by nature, inclination or practice. Their vessels go from point to point along the shore by following landmarks. Their crews are mainly composed of negroes and half-breeds who will fight bravely, but with as little intelligence as the Colombian soldiers. It is safe to say that a thousand well-disciplined American troops, inured to tropical climates, are more than a match for ten times the number of Colombians either in aggressive or defensive warfare. As marksmen the Colombians are ridiculous. As for the Colombian sailors, they are so incompetent as to be ludicrous. It would be inhuman to put them in action against vessels and men of the United States navy.

In conclusion, attention may be called to the curious fact that the officers of the Colombian army are more generally mounted upon mules than upon horses. Horses are not popular for military purposes in that country, while the patient, sturdy and enduring mule has all the speed that the Colombian officer or cavalryman demands. It is an odd sight to American eyes to see a military column with the chief officers mounted on mules, caparisoned with a gaiety commensurate with the rider's rank.



IN THE LIME LIGHT

Commander Thomas Stowell Phelps, U. S. Navy, is of particular interest to Pacific Coast dwellers just now, having been unofficially reported to be Secretary of the Navy W. H. Moody's selection for the command of the big new armored cruiser, California, recently launched from the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, and to be placed in commission about a year and a half from now. Commander Phelps, although a Virginian by birth, the son of the late Rear-Admiral T. S. Phelps, has long been a resident of California, and this fact was a reason for his selection to the desirable berth promised him.

The California is a captain's command, but there are no native born Californians now in the navy above the grade of commander, but by the time the California is ready for sea, Phelps will be a captain, with enough rank. The only two native Californians in the commander's grade will not be captains for about three years.

One of the most prominent figures now before the country and the world is Rear-Admiral John Grimes Walker, U. S. Navy, the president of the Isthmian Canal Commission, and a man who has won his way to the front by the possession of executive ability which compelled recognition. Admiral Walker is not regarded in the service as having extraordinary seafaring qualities; in fact, out of 54 years of ser-

vice, 46 of them spent on the active list, he has had but 17 years and a few months sea service, but he is universally recognized as being one of the most remarkable organizers, administrators and diplomats that the Government has ever produced. He was born in New Hampshire in 1835, and entered the Navy in 1850. He served meritoriously during the Civil War, and after passing through the intermediate grades, became a Rear-Admiral in January, 1894. For the eventful eight years from 1881 to 1889, Walker, as Commodore, held the important post of Chief of Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department bureau which controls all matters pertaining to the personnel of the Navy and the movements of ships and squadrons. It was during his incumbency of this office that the rehabilitation of the Navy, the constructing of a "new" navy, was inaugurated, and Walker was placed in command of the first squadron of the new ships, the famous Squadron of Evolution, or "White Squadron," as it was popularly called, composed of the cruisers Chicago, Boston and Atlanta, and the dispatch boat Dolphin. For many years, Walker has been connected with Isthmian Canal matters, and was president of the old Nicaraguan Canal Commission. He will also be remembered as the chairman of the Deep-Water Harbor Board, which located a deep water harbor in Southern California in 1897.

THE SUEZ CANAL

The King of Highways

BY G. P. BLACKISTON

WINDING in and out between the white, sandy shores of those two large continents, Asia and Africa, is that narrow, interesting and ever-changeable King of Highways, the Suez Canal, with its many picturesque scenes.

Little did Rameses the Great, who reigned about the year 1300 B. C. realize that his narrow, shallow waterway, lying between the Nile and the Red Sea, was the foundation of one of the most important canals in all the world, but such it is to-day, made so from its superb and commanding location. The importance of this connection between the Mediterranean and Red Seas was visible to almost every age and

nationality, to Rameses and Pharaoh, Nicho, Ptolemies and Omar, to the Romans and Trojans, and last, but not least, to that persistent and indomitable French statesman, Ferdinand De Lesseps.

Unlike the many other large canals, this famous and antiquated stretch of water consists mostly of a chain of lakes and marshes joined by a long, narrow ditch bordered by high banks of the white, glittering sand of the great Sahara Desert.

Entering from the Mediterranean, Port Said, with its bright colored buildings and its strangely dressed inhabitants, attracts the attention of the tourist. There is the broad, well



Boats passing through the large sand ditch.



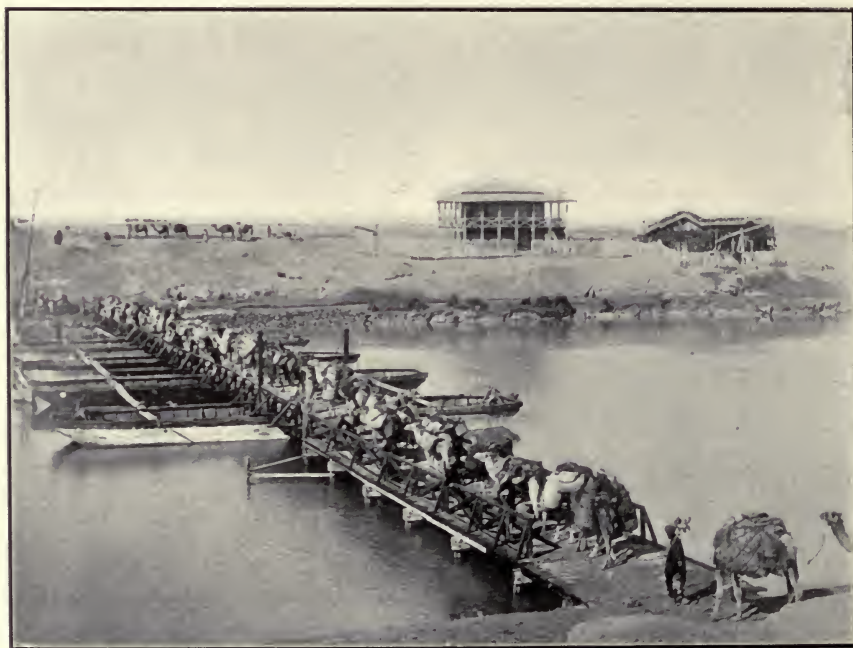
One of the dredgers at work.

kept Rue de Commerce, overlooking the thick, solid stone walls of the canal with the rich, blue waters of Lake Menzaleh stretching far beyond; there the crowded streets with their cosmopolitan crowds and ever-changeable picture—a kaleidoscope of color and action more beautiful and entrancing than the power of pen to depict; here is the red-coated English soldier; there the slender, trim-looking Frenchman; beyond is the short, heavy, talkative German; while down the street rolls a victoria, drawn by a short-cropped horse, with two American girls and a colored maid lounging back amidst its soft and comfortable cushions. Scattered here and there are the black-faced natives, robed in their odd yet fascinating colored costumes, well-uniformed police keeping an alert eye upon the passing throng who are watching for the opportune moment to steal anything in sight, from the awnings over the decks to the brass nuts from the machinery of visiting steamers.

Hardly is the picture of this interesting Egyptian city lost in the indistinct background of Lake Menzaleh, the delta of the Nile, than the vision is once more centered upon that narrow stretch of waterway which winds in and out, as far as the eye can reach, between the low, broad walls separating the canal from the shallow waters of the lake. On, on, she steams, the stone walls transforming to walls of sand and the waters of the lake, to a burning floor of desert, specked here and there by those queer, lumpy ships of the sandy sea, the camel, with cargo neatly lashed on either side and the black captain walking in front. Suddenly a bright and attractive little settlement is seen ahead on the east shore of the canal, and as the ship approaches, a large signal warns the captain to stop and make fast to the moorings until the ships coming from the opposite direction have safely passed, and the keeper at the other end of the block is advised of their approach. By this block system, which is in



Boats entering Port Said. The Rue de Commerce.



A caravan to Mecca crossing the canal. Digitized by Microsoft®

operation from one end of the canal to the other, collisions are avoided in the narrow channel, the meeting places being sufficiently wide to permit of the passing of the largest boats. Mail steamers have precedence in right of way. As a rule, a long string of vessels usually travel together, thus preventing the long delays at the passing points. These block stations are numerous and most attractive to the eye, usually being surrounded by a fortified barricade, inclosing several at-

shores are draped with the beautiful green foliage of the tropical underbrush; thence into the narrow sand ditch of that wonderful canal, and out again into attractive Lake Temsah, with its quaint and interesting surroundings; the dignified old town of Ismailia, within whose walls is the Viceroy's palace and the handsome home of Mr. Lesseps, the founder of the canal. The attractive shores are covered with poplars and acacias, palms and banana trees, and in the distance are



A British Man-of-War entering the Canal.

tractive houses and well-kept gardens—a great contrast to the endless stretch of white sand.

The ships having passed from the block ahead, and the pilot having received the proper signal, the hawsers are unfastened and the great floating palace once more starts ahead at the regulated speed of five miles an hour. There she steams between the sand banks, which tower twenty to thirty feet in the air, then through a picturesque lake whose

the violet-tinted hills of Gebel At-takeh—all combining to form one grand water color of Nature.

This soon fades in the distance, while the powerful breathing of a monstrous dredge reminds us that even here, on the desert, man and his ingenuity are present. The dredge is busily employed transferring, with its huge, long arms, the sand from the shallow ditch to a distance of one hundred and fifty feet over the bank. The necessity

of three or four of these machines can well be imagined when it is stated that for every ounce of sand per square yard blown into the canal, from one end to the other, means five hundred tons.

But in spite of the uninhabited condition of the country, a new object of interest is ever appearing, the gaudy patrol, mounted on a camel, with trappings sufficient to defeat a man-of-war; the small, low mud huts of the black natives, scattered here and there; the wild men from the distant mountains, who run beside the boat like dogs, picking up whatever is thrown or dropped; the large herd of wild camels scattered in every direction along the horizon, looking like clumps of sagebrush; the queer little train that rumbles along on the east bank, the dark-plumed ducks, the

gulls and white pelicans, the graceful crane and the attractive, pink-plumaged flamingoes poised on one leg watching the ships go by. And so it continues for the eighteen hours required to pass from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

Little does the average tourist appreciate the importance of the canal to-day and under what trying circumstances it was built, but a slight idea can be obtained of the latter when it is stated that during its construction thirty thousand camels and donkeys were employed carrying the required water alone, over the fifty mile course. As to its present tonnage, the statistics show that during the year 1902, 3,708 ships, with 11,248,413 net tons of freight and 98,213 civilian passengers, passed through this wonderful ditch.

DEADER 'N A MACKEREL

BY JAMES M. FEILOM

“SAY, pardner, kin I see you a minute?”

The winner looked up from his seat at the faro table, met the quick meaning in the other's eye and the slight movement of his head toward the door, and rose reluctantly.

The dealer resented the interruption with an angry scowl, and grumbled audibly. The player transferred the gold and silver to his pocket in a careless way. Then he walked out.

As the door closed upon the boisterous song and laughter, he asked impatiently:

“Well, what's up?”

“Your name Si Barnes? Thought so. Well, ‘Screw’ Cameron's here from Seven Tanks a-lookin’ for

‘Stand-off’ Billy Todall, not Si Barnes, thet's all. Sabe?”

Todall drew up his shoulders with a little shiver and plunged his hands to the depths of his overalls' pockets.

“How long since yer seen him?” he questioned, carelessly.

“Ten minutes ago, in the Paradox. There were three with him; deputies, I expect.”

A short pause followed.

“Yer a stranger in these parts, I reckon?”

The informant nodded. “How came yer to know my name, then?”

For a time the man did not reply, but regarded the other with a keen, smiling expression of face.

In the soft, bright moonlight, Todall noted the tall, angular frame

of the man, his well-greased boots, jingling spurs, the coinciding recklessness of manner and speech, everything—and knew him.

"It's all right, I dessay, finally answered the stranger, "if I holds out agin answerin' thet, pardner. I gives you warnin', thet's sufficient. S-h-h-h! They're comin'! Drop! There!"

Quickly, and following the direction indicated, Todall sprang into the ditch, which had been dug for the grading of the foundation of the saloon, and crawled beneath the small foot-bridge which spanned it.

With easy nonchalance, his companion yawned slightly, stretched painfully, drew out his large, open-faced time-piece, and by the light through the glazed door consulted it.

Three men turned the corner of the building. The foremost one, a stout, intrepid-looking individual with a "horse-tail" mustache, paused.

"Well, Donahue," he asked in a deep, low voice, "find him?"

"Find nothing," responded the man on the foot-bridge, in a disgusted sort of way.

Damn it, he's here, ain't he? Sumner said he spoke to him not a quarter of an hour ago. He oughter sabe. He's been his side kicker from Tombstone, and he's squealed before—that I know—to save hisself."

Donahue shrugged his shoulders, and coolly re-entered the saloon. He was not disposed to quarrel with the exasperated sheriff. With a muttered imprecation, the latter followed with his two deputies. Pausing at the bar they lingered over their liquor.

Maudlin shouts and curses proceeded from the four cow-boys of the "L" ranch as they swung their partners in wild confusion to the rollicking strains of a plain quadrille. A high-strung fiddle and strumming guitar "tore off" bar after bar of two-

fourth and six-eighth time, with a celerity and abandon that would inspire a Quaker.

Donahue picked his way through the crowd. Imprudently he halted at the faro table and silently studied the play.

The dealer drew out the last card from his metal box with a moist thumb, cut, then deftly shuffled the pack. Concluding, he looked up.

Almost instantly his gaze centered on Donahue.

"Huh!" he exclaimed with some disdain, "I expect you made a few beans by yer steerin' the young feller off with a full pocket. You're clever, you are!"

The deputy flushed slightly.

The crowd about the table were all strangers, and looked upon him with the cool, brazen curiosity of strangers, which, from its intensity, mutely called for his answer.

"Oh, I don't know," he quietly replied, "the lad's a friend o' mine, an' gamin' ain't his trump card. If he's lucky enuff to make a winnin' I considers it my dooty to see that he holds it."

There was a short interval of silence.

Again the cards were cut. This time the dealer replaced them.

Surveying the deputy with a suspicious gaze, he grinned maliciously, then spoke:

"A friend, eh? A friend to 'Stand-off' Bill Todall? The bandit from up Loma Prieta way? The kid what put the old feller out o' bis'ness in Llano Amarillo jest las' week? He, he! Yer'd better not preach yer friendship ennywhere near where Sheriff Cameron 'll git wind of it. He, he, he."

The "look-out" sitting on the stool upon the raised platform beside him bent over and whispered in his ear. The dealer started, and his face brightened.

He grasped the revolver from the table, and as Donahue turned away, arose.

"Jest a minute, stranger."

The deputy looked around, flushed slightly, then nervously faced the man.

"Yer don't get off thet easy, I'll gar'untee. Say, Screw! Oh, Cameron——"

A single bullet silenced him. Giving a funny little cry, his weapon struck the card box and shattered it as he dropped dead to the floor.

On the instant pandemonium reigned.

Noisy cow-boys, maudlin women, "bar-keep." excepting the Sheriff and his deputies, all dropped flat with sudden soberness and fright, upon the dirty floor.

But the fusillade did not come. Who fired? None knew.

A tiny cloud of blue smoke hovered unobserved at the open window—then melted in the night air.

An Indian wriggled, snake-like, at the farther end of the room, gained the rear door and bounded over the moon-lit space for the shadow of a near-by house.

A slight form arose from behind a large "float" boulder in his path, grabbed the fleeing man's shoulder, and whirled him to the ground. He lay half-dazed.

"Shut up that, now," ordered his assailant, in a low, evil way, as the Indian whimpered, pleadingly; "is thet varmint yonder dead?"

The other nodded. He was too panic-stricken for speech.

Jerking him to his feet, the little man booted him aside and walked rapidly away.

When he reached his destination, a hundred yards or so from his late adventure, he was on a run.

A "palomino" pony was tethered to the porch posts of a cantina.

Swinging into the saddle, he lingered just long enough to coil the hair-rope, then dashed down the street.

The moon was high. He estimated the hour as midnight, "there-or-abouts," and gauging the object

of his visit by the time, he drew rein at a tiny cabin on the outskirts of the camp.

Dismounting, he climbed the steps and rapped with the butt of his weapon; once, then twice, then once again.

Almost immediately a feminine voice called:

"That you, Si?"

"Yep."

The bar was raised with a doleful creak and the door opened. A pretty young woman welcomed him in.

He entered with a dash of galantry, native, one might say, to the reckless spirit of the accoltent.

The woman paled slightly, then flushed. Her face, in the lamp-light, bore traces of the dissipation so common to her class.

The man's eyes were upon her, glittering with something of their old passion, yet coldly wanting in softness.

"Myrt," he said slowly, "there's something I'd like to tell yer."

"No, no, not to-night, Si," she pleaded, hastily; "the hour's late; besides I know, I regret; the past haunts me now; it always does. My happiest moments are my bitterest. Don't smirk, though I deserve, it. You were all I could have desired, then. You meant well. Oh, Si, I could never go back. The old home is but a memory; the memory seems but a dream—and it's past." Her manner changed; a bitter laugh sounded strangely enough. "Besides, Lew Forrest makes money."

Todall raised his hand.

"Thet's what I come for."

He rolled his cigarette and lit it. She waited.

"He's dead," he said.

"Dead!" She staggered speechless against the wall.

"Who did it?"

He did not immediately reply, but smiled easily. Then as she seemed not to comprehend:

"She done it," and he cast his weapon upon the table. "Killed 'm

deader 'n a mackerel, too. I never knowed what it wuz before to drop a man you'd got a grudge agin. I feel that a-way, thet I could do it a score o' times."

Arising, he laughed hoarsely, hilariously, in his triumph.

The woman was too dazed, too terrified to answer, but fell like a stricken creature upon the floor, from where she stared in pitiful stupidity.

Finally he reseated himself, his usual composure returned, and silently watched her.

For a time she did not move.

When she did, her torpid energy was aroused to sudden life, and she arose like a tigress at bay, her eyes flashing in deepest scorn and hatred, which, ere she spoke, vanished before the regard she bore him.

"Oh, Si, why did you do it?" she

could only ask.

"Stand-off" Bill Todall, alias, Si Barnes, the cool, deliberate actor of a hundred crimes, hesitated. His lips trembled. Why, he knew not.

Perhaps he respected her emotions. Or was it thoughts of by-gone days.

Perhaps he realized his victory and shrank from conquering?

Nevertheless he paused, and as she took his hand, in the quiet of that Arizona night, and gazed in the same fond, yearning way, he felt that though hunted, alone, a wanderer of the desert plain and rocky mesa, he had still a friend; one who though once tried, had fallen, would never fall again.

He looked into her eyes; then softly said:

"He were yer father, Myrt—I jest had to do it."

ELECTRICAL DISPLAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY J. M. SCANLAND

SAN FRANCISCO has a national reputation, not only as a "Convention City," but as an "electrical display city." Within the past few years the principal feature of the decorations in honor of the conventions were the magnificent electrical displays. These were as grand as anything of this description seen in New York or elsewhere in the United States. The display to welcome the return of the soldiers from the Philippines was unique and a great improvement on the former illuminations. The principal streets were ablaze at nights with electric lights of various colors, and mottoes in colors were suspended from triumphal arches and public buildings.

There were electric displays in

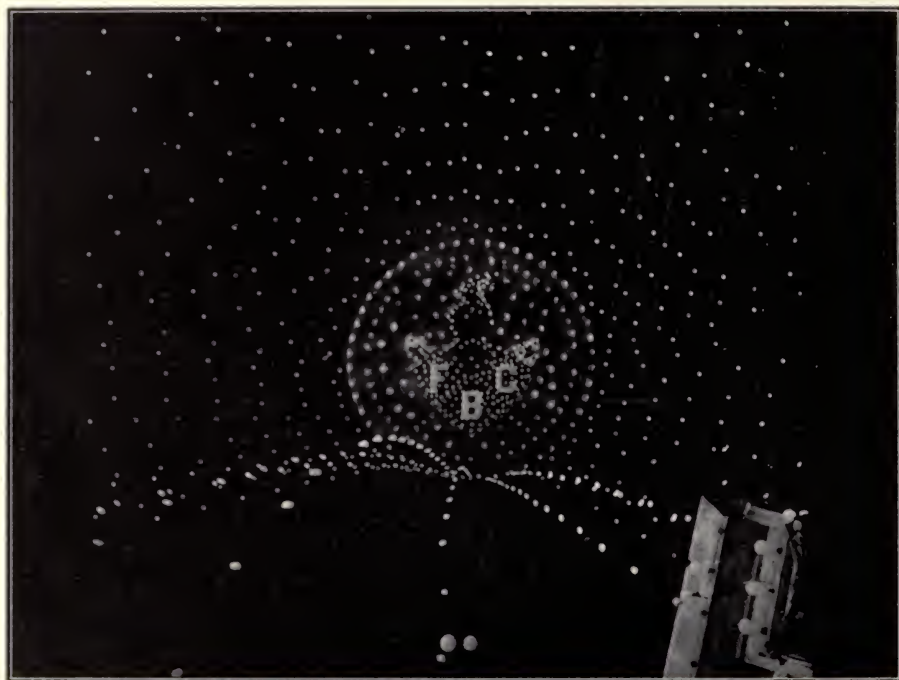
honor of the visiting Mystic Shriners, the Epworth League, President Roosevelt, and smaller displays on other occasions, but only within the past few years has San Francisco blazed out as a city of unequaled electric displays. The uniqueness of these recent larger displays brought the city forward, and it prepared to do things on a much grander and more brilliant scale. The gentlemen who had the affairs in charge demonstrated that they have the taste in planning, and the skill in executing, and the citizens have the liberality and the enterprise to subscribe the necessary funds. In these displays the citizens have taken a great interest, and the visitors who have been thus honored found much pleasure, and never tire

of singing the praises of San Francisco and of California.

Until recently, these displays were made only a feature of the conventions that met in San Francisco, but now the art is perfected, and no doubt the electric display to be given in September in honor of the Conclave of the Knights Templar will exceed in brilliancy anything heretofore given. These latest two great displays show that San Francisco has taken a high rank, perhaps the

he decided to depart from the ordinary straight line plan for street illumination, and had Market street, the principal thoroughfare, laced and draped with swaying festoons of vari-colored lamps, hanging at well selected intervals from set pieces over the center of the roadway. Market street, from the Ferry Building to the City Hall seemed to be on fire, so numerous and bright were the lights.

The shapely clock tower of the



Looking up at the Knights of Pythias Shield.

Dana & Peterson, Photo.

highest, among the cities in the world in the degree to which that art has reached.

The electrical display in honor of the visiting Knights of Pythias was magnificent, and the finest ever seen in San Francisco up to that time. The Convention was held in August, 1902. This display was the conception of Mr. William R. Hewitt, Chief of the Department of Electricity, and who has the conclave work in hand. In this celebration

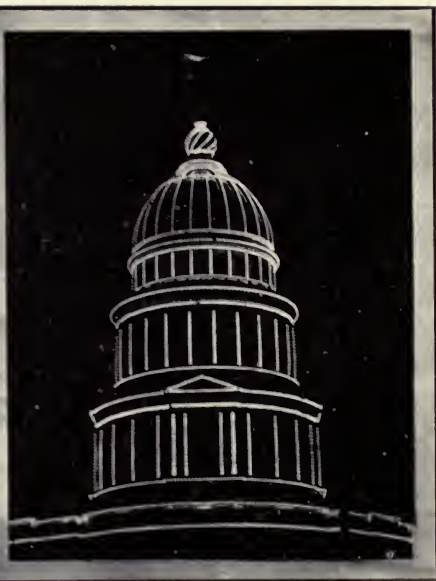
Ferry Building and the imposing Dome of the City Hall, one mile distant, were decorated with hundreds of incandescent bulbs, which threw out their bright lights upon the scene below. The most brilliant effect was at "Newspaper Gore," or the juncture of Kearny, Market and Geary streets. This is the most central point in the city, and from this position the effects are seen to greater advantage. At this point, cables were swung from buildings..

and men went out on them in slings, where they placed in the center of the roadway a large disc bearing a picture of the central emblem of the Pythian order. This disc was placed at the height of one hundred and fifty feet from the pave. The disc was twenty-five feet in diameter, and was of the form of an open parasol, which it somewhat resembled, with its various colors, and the picture on its lower surface was set with five hundred lamps, reflecting the colors of the order—red, blue and yellow. One string showed the shield of the Knights surrounded by red lamps. From this disc long strands of light were extended in every direction, forming loops 2500 feet long, supporting six festoons, each with sixteen lights, making a total of 2500 lights. At this corner were twenty-seven tall white columns outlined with frosted lamps with loops of frosted lamps intertwined. The strands were fixed at their lower ends to the sides of corner buildings and to ornamental columns on the edges of the sidewalks, and formed the Grand Court of Honor. This Grand Court was tent shaped, and blazed with a soft mellow light. There were seven thousand and seven hundred lamps used in this design. The total number of lights installed was about eight thousand. The Ferry Building clock and the City Hall tower are not included. The installation required about twenty-five miles of wire, and the lighting required a quantity of electricity nearly equal to two thousand horse-power. It was a complicated piece of work, and novel in its plans. It was an artistic success.

The Ferry clock tower rises to the height of two hundred and twenty-five feet, and commands a magnificent view from all points of the city and the bay. It is the first object that greets the observant eye of the visitor as he approaches this city of hills either by ocean or

by land. When seen at night, with all the lights ablaze, the view is one to be remembered. The tower was studded with twenty-three hundred lamps, and in the grand nave of the building were two thousand lights. In the nave was a magnificent floral and fruit display, giving the scene an Oriental flavor. From the ferry along Market street for a distance of ten blocks were fifteen small Courts of Honor, similar to that at Newspaper Gore. Each of these Courts had in the center a ten-foot emblem of the Order, artistically painted with a shield, helmet, battle-ax, and other figures emblematic of the Order. It required three hundred and fifty lights to form each of the Courts.

Looking up Market street from the Ferry Building, through a blaze of fire, the eye rested upon what seemed to be a huge wall of fire in the sky. The great dome of the City Hall was ablaze. This dome rises three hundred and thirty-five feet from the pavement—twenty-five feet higher than the dome of the National Capitol. Below the heroic statue of "Progress" the copper-capped dome was outlined with sixteen candle-power and one hundred and ten volt incandescent lamps, the lamps extending from the base of the columns to the torch in the right hand of the statue. The plans devised for the effects were original and striking, and no doubt are interesting to scientists and perhaps to the unscientific, who have little idea of the work required to bring about what seems to them an easy task. The twenty-four ribs of the dome were outlined with thirty-five lights each. Below the dome the twenty-four columns were each studded with fifteen lights capped with double rings and barred with a single ring. The construction of this illumination consisted of six thousand sixteen candle lamps, requiring two hundred and sixty separate circuits, five hundred and fifty horse-power, twenty-five



The K. of P. Display.

hundred amperes of electricity, and eight different switches to keep it ablaze. This necessary mechanism had been recently installed and permanently fixed by the city. The idea was not only for the entertainment of the coming Knights, but to have it in readiness for electrical displays at other conventions.

At the Mechanics' Pavilion there was an electrical arch seventy feet wide, fifty-eight feet high and eighteen feet deep. It was illuminated with three thousand colored lamps.

Here the Knights met nightly, and were also received with courtly honors at other places.

The display continued several evenings after their departure, it being so beautiful the citizens desired that the city be illuminated in their own honor and for their own pleasure.

This electrical display cost about \$50,000, of which the State paid \$25,000.

All of these features were eclipsed by the display welcoming the Grand Army of the Republic, which held its thirty-seventh encampment in San Francisco in August last year. At the intersection of Market,

City Hall Dome. Dana & Peterson, Photo.

Kearny and Geary streets, a magnificent and imposing arch was built, which was surmounted by a beautiful electrical canopy in such delicate outlines as to be truly electrical in all its effects. This magnificent arch sprung from four massive pedestals, each twenty feet long, fourteen feet wide and twenty-eight feet high, each carrying one thousand electric lights worked in unique design, supported by beautiful pilasters richly ornamented with stucco work with great artistic effect, and surmounted by four heroic eagles, and the trusses of the arch proper.

It was richly ornamented in stucco work of delicate tracery, and illuminated with five thousand electric lights. The stucco work design was principally of highly ornamented circles, rising from the base and continuing upward until it faded away in a delicate scroll, studded throughout with incandescent lights in very striking effect. From this height the arch supported a beautiful colonnade of sixteen columns, resting on a circular base fifty feet in diameter, all handsomely and richly ornamented in stucco work, with electrical effects inter-

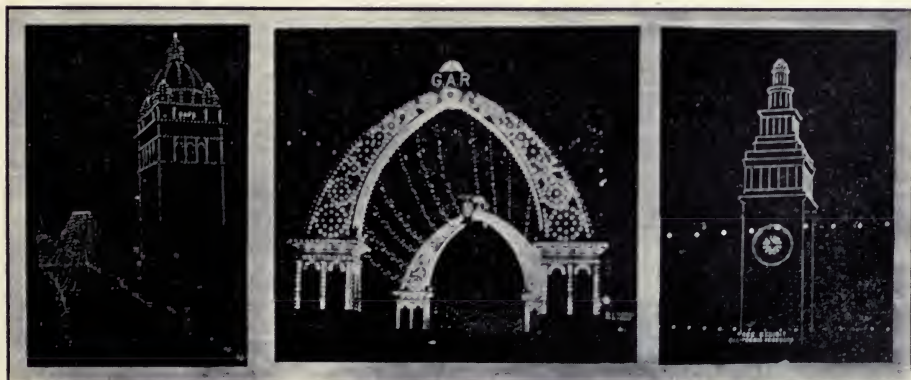
laced and worked out in a striking design, with fifteen hundred electric lights. The stucco work of the circular base of the colonnade was a frieze of scroll design brought out in bold relief. Surmounting this colonnade, and reaching to a height of one hundred and thirty-five feet above the street line was a tent-shaped electrical canopy carrying two thousand electric lights worked in lines of alternate red, white and blue, and supporting a forty-foot flag-staff, carrying a twenty-eight foot American flag. At the base of this flag-staff and falling away in graceful curves to a distance of ninety feet below, was an electrical ball seven feet in diameter, studded with hundreds of electric lights worked out in beautiful design—the whole having the appearance of a large hanging basket of electrical effects. Surrounding this basket and dropping twenty-feet from the fifty-foot circle were sixteen large lanterns, worked out in pleasing design and carrying large clusters of electric lights, showing a lace work effect.

In addition to this grand arch, lights were planted along Market street on each side to the City Hall, and thus the blaze was complete from the Ferry Building. Poles

thirty feet high, each surmounted by a flag-staff were placed in sockets. The electric wires were strung over the street on these poles, and from the top of each pole floated a flag. In this illumination one hundred and fifty thousand incandescent globes were used. By this plan of poles in fixed sockets, San Francisco has a permanent system of electric illumination possessed by no other city in the world, except Paris.

Add to these the thousands of business houses and dwellings illuminated by private individuals, and we have an electrical display the magnificence and grandeur of which it is difficult to imagine.

The above outline of what San Francisco has done at former conventions will give the general public and members of other Eastern Associations and Orders an idea of what will be done in the future in electrical displays. In addition, San Francisco has a clear and rarified atmosphere, and this adds largely to the brilliancy of such displays. The mild and bracing climate is another advantage, especially in the matter of parades, marches, receptions, etc. Success was achieved through the liberal expenditure of money, energy and excellent management.



Call Building and
Newspaper Gore,
Knights of Pythias
Display.

Grand Army of the Republic Arch

The Ferry Tower
at the Foot of
Market Street.

Dana & Peterson, Photo.

WHEN CALIFORNIA IS IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

The Triennial Conclave

BY ISIAH CHOYNSKI

FORTUNATE indeed will be the traveler, tourist, wayfarer and the prospective settler who comes to California during the Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States, which will be held in San Francisco the first week of September, for it will be his good fortune to see San Francisco and all that part of California which he can reach within that time, at its very best. Generous as Californians are reputed to be, hospitable without limit, never before have such lavish preparations been made to entertain as are in progress at present and have been for many months past. The Knights Templar of California are the representative men of the State; they are foremost in every enterprise, at the head of all important industries, leaders in commerce and in the professions. From the very hour, almost, the news was wired from Louisville, Kentucky, almost three years ago, that the Twenty-ninth Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar was to be held in San Francisco in 1904, the California Sir Knights laid their plans, which have since matured, to entertain the visiting fraters and those who will come in their company, with the most lavish hospitality.

It is not alone the established reputation for genuine Western hospitality which actuated the Californians to plan a round of entertainments on the most stupendous plan ever attempted, but there were other causes that impelled the spirit of widest welcome. The Californians gratefully acknowledge that they have been made the special objects of attention at every Triennial Con-

clave they have attended, and are glad of the opportunity to reciprocate, if in part, at least, the many attentions showered upon them by their Eastern fraters. Nor have the Californians forgotten the brilliant showing made by the fraternity during the conclave of 1883, an event which still occupies the first rank among all great gatherings ever held in San Francisco, when the visiting Sir Knights left a streak of gold in their path.

The Californians are actuated by a desire to show the natural beauties, the climatic advantages of their great State, because they consider it the paradise of the Western hemisphere.

No more cordial reception has ever been accorded the highest dignity of the nation on reaching San Francisco than awaits the Sir Knights at the Golden Gate. Their entire journey is to be a triumphal pilgrimage across the continent. At every station, city and town, from the time they cross the mountains, they will be made welcome and entertained, during their brief sojourn, and will be joined by local Sir Knights on the journey. Commanderies stationed in cities on the line of travel have appointed committees who will meet the travelers at the depot and bid them welcome to each particular town, and extend to them such courtesies and hospitality as their brief sojourn will permit. Those who will stop at Sacramento, the State Capital, will be welcomed to California by the Governor and State officials. As they will come nearer to San Francisco, delegations will meet them at each depot and give them an ovation that only California knows how.

Will Meet Them On the Way.

The reception committee has perfected its plans to meet the visitors and receive them with becoming honors. The committee is composed of men of experience in such matters, aided by a coterie of the foremost women of California, who will look after the comforts of the ladies who accompany the Sir Knights. Delegations of the committee will travel far up the railroad and meet in-coming trains, greet their fraters before they reach San Francisco, bear to them the welcome and good wishes of the fraters at the Golden Gate, accompany the travelers to the city, and furnish such information as the visitors may desire.

The sub-committees meeting the travelers on the in-coming trains will carry with them charts showing the location of every Grand Commandery and Commandery attending the conclave, headquarters, a programme of events and whatever information may be of interest to the new arrivals. On reaching the depot in this city the visitors will be taken in charge by the reception committee, whose special aim and object will be to make the new arrivals feel at home as soon as they reach the depot. The large ferry depot, with its grand nave, 550 feet in length and 75 feet high from the floor to the roof, will be transformed into one huge reception room, with numerous waiting-rooms, side-rooms, supplied with telegraph and telephone service, writing material, all the daily papers, messengers and every convenience, so that the visitors may obtain all information about friends or relatives, either dwelling or temporarily sojourning in this city, have their baggage looked after without the slightest inconvenience.

Enter the Gates in a Halo of Glory.

The special escort under the supervision and guidance of the escort committee, will be in constant

attendance, beginning September 3d, during three days and nights, to receive commanderies and delegations upon arrival, and escort them to their hotels or headquarters. The escort will consist of three well-drilled companies in full Templar uniform, mounted and unmounted, under command of Colonel William Edwards and vice-chairman Sir Harry R. Browne of Oakland Commandery. These three companies will be in constant attendance during the three days and nights while the special trains and boats arrive. Every depot and landing place will be covered, so that not a Sir Knight will arrive without being received with all the honors and knightly courtesies due him.

The reception committee, on meeting a delegation coming toward San Francisco, will immediately wire the escort committee in this city of the coming of the delegation and of the precise time when the train is to reach this city, so that the escort will always be informed when the trains arrive and what commandery is coming.

After exchanging greetings at the ferry depot, the escort will take the visitors in charge, and escort them, with music and unfurled banners and emblems through the main thoroughfare to their hotel or headquarters. For the ladies, children and others who will accompany the Sir Knights, and who will not march, special cars, appropriately draped and ornamented, carriages, busses and automobiles will be provided, also under the care and chaperoned by members of the escort committee, to their destination.

Special Care for Women and Children.

Arrived at the hotel or headquarters, the visitors will be met by another delegation of the reception committee, who will at once strive to make them feel at home, relieve them of all care concerning their quarters, baggage and other mat-



Colonel William Edwards, Chairman Escort Committee and Commandant Escort.

Habenicht Photo.

ters. The ladies' reception committee will pay special attention to the ladies and children accompanying the Sir Knights, look after their comfort, advise them as to their shopping, sight-seeing, and relieve them of every little care and possible inconvenience. The arrangements in this respect are so perfect that nothing has been overlooked or omitted. The headquarters and reception rooms will all be filled with a profusion of California's choicest flowers, as a fitting greeting to the visitors on entering the land of eternal sunshine and flowers.

San Francisco in Festive Garb.

Decked in its very best, the city by the Golden Gate will appear when the guests arrive to partake of the feast that the people of the Pacific Coast have prepared for them.

At the ferry landing, a triumphal arch, symbolic of the welcome to the visitors, will greet the stranger's eye.

On all the main arteries of the great metropolis, the young giant of the American continent, far out into the residence section, a forest of tall masts will support the gorgeous decorations of the city. San Francisco boasts a permanent, though portable plant for decorating purposes, unequaled, perhaps, in any American city, or in any other city in the world except Paris. This is attractive, rich and most effective, supporting at the same time the wiring for electric lighting without interfering with the buildings. Instead of hindering property owners and occupants of large structures in their desire to decorate, this method rather stimulates them to add to the rich, but tasty, ornamentation of the city. To still further encourage a laudable desire to excel in that direction, the committee offers a high premium for the best-decorated and best-lighted buildings in the city during Conclave Week.

Will Shine in a Blaze of Light.

Those who will reach the city after dark will be almost blinded by the flood of light from the brilliant illumination. San Francisco is proud of the reputation acquired within recent years of being the best illuminated city in the world, strives to maintain that reputation and forge ahead so that no other city shall dispute first rank with her. One canopy of brilliant lights, myriads of incandescents and strings of varicolored lanterns, will cover the streets and Union Square, the park in the very heart of the city, making night brighter and more dazzling than day. The plans for decorating and illuminating the city are on so stupendous a scale that the cost is estimated at approximately \$80,000.

Will Display California's Wealth.

Visitors will have an opportunity

to see more of California's wealth in one day during the Conclave than they would at any other time in a year. From the mountains and the valleys, from orchard and vineyard, from forest and field, from the mining region and the oil districts, from the mountain streams of the high Sierras and the rivers of the valleys, from every county and section of the State, the people will bring samples of California's famed wealth, its precious metals, fruits, grapes, hops, sections of giant trees, and a thousand other things in which the land that overflows with milk, wine and honey abounds, while people living in other parts must see before they can be made to believe that these things are so common in California as to pass unnoticed by the natives.

The greatest display of the vast and inexhaustible resources of California will be installed at the Mechanics' Pavilion, where California Commandery No. 1 will entertain, and will share the vast structure covering three and one-half acres of ground floor, with some twenty commanderies from the interior, who will bring samples of the best and choicest their sections produce. Carloads of fresh fruit and flowers will be sent every day from the surrounding country for free distribution. But these will not be the only tokens or samples of California's wealth. Souvenirs are to be distributed to all visiting Sir Knights and their ladies, and they are to be of a kind that will be worth taking home and showing to friends and neighbors.

One Round of Entertainment.

The Grand Commandery of California will keep open house at its headquarters, Palace Hotel, where the Grand Encampment of the United States and nearly all the Grand Commanderies will have their headquarters.

The three spacious parlors and fourteen suites of rooms have been

reserved for general headquarters, and the entertainment is to be on a most lavish scale. California Commandery will entertain at the Pavilion every day and evening, and has set apart a special day as distinctively California Commandery day. Oakland, San Jose and twenty-four other commanderies outside of San Francisco will occupy headquarters in the pavilion and keep up the whirl of merry-making all week. Many visiting commanderies will keep open house at their hotels. Golden Gate Commandery, distinguished for its hospitality, has yielded the use of its magnificent asylum and hall to the Grand Encampment, and will have temporary headquarters during Conclave Week at Native Sons' Hall; spacious, attractive and well located, where Golden Gate Commandery will en-



George W. Perkins, Grand Sentinel.

Habenicht Photo.



J. P. Fraser, Chairman Committee on Illumination and Decoration.

Taber Photo

ertain with that generous hospitality for which it has acquired fame from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This will not interfere with the entertaining of Oakland Commandery, San Jose Commandery and the commanderies from Sacramento, Stockton, Los Angeles and other commanderies from California and outside those stationed on the Pacific Slope.

Excursions and Side Trips.

The excursion committee has made arrangements with the different transportation companies for excursions and side-trips during the conclave, in order that visitors from all parts of the United States may have an opportunity of seeing as much as possible of California and the Pacific Slope during their sojourn at a minimum cost. The transportation companies have agreed to sell tickets to any point in California at one fare and one third

to holders of excursion tickets to San Francisco, permitting holders stop-over privileges at all stations.

In addition to these excursions to all points on the Coast, there will be special excursions to Del Monte, Monterey and Pacific Grove, and return, at \$3; to the Santa Cruz Big Trees Grove and Santa Cruz and return, at \$3; to Vallejo, Napa and St. Helena and return, \$2; to San Jose, Palo Alto, Stanford University and return, \$2.25. These excursions will be on different days, which will afford visitors to take them all in, and each round trip may be made in one day.

The California Northwestern Ry. Company will sell tickets to any or all points on its line north of San Rafael to holders of excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip. The North Shore Railroad Company makes the same offer.

A special and very low rate has



Louis F. Breuner, Grand Sword Bearer.

Habenicht Photo.

been made for the excursionists to visit Lake Tahoe, Yosemite Valley and other great attractions.

The committee has chartered two ocean liners, which will make daily trips about the bay, stopping at all points of interest, and steam out of the Golden Gate, going as far as the Farallone Islands, returning the same day. An orchestra will be on board each of the steamers and light refreshments will be served. These trips will be absolutely free to Knights Templar and their families, as will be one or two trips by rail which the committee is now endeavoring to arrange.

Chinese Actors at the Grand Opera House.

A troupe of Chinese performers and a complete Chinese orchestra, both of the very best talent obtainable, has been engaged to play at the Grand Opera House for two weeks. The Knights Templar have leased the opera house, and have made arrangements for nightly performances and matinees during that time. This will give visitors an opportunity to see best Chinese productions and by the best players without going to Chinatown and crowding into a wretched theatre. Each visiting commandery will receive complimentary tickets according to the number in the party. Others will have to pay admission.

A Notable Feature.

One of the most notable features of the Triennial Conclave, Knights Templar, which will convene in San Francisco September 6th, will be the official visit to the Grand Encampment of the United States, and the reception with the highest honors, of The Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of the Great Priory of England and Wales, The Right Honorable the Earl of Euston, who will be accompanied by Charles F. Matier, the Great Vice-Chancellor, the Reverend C. E. L. Wright, Grand Prelate, A. F. Woodiwiss, Knight Commander of

the Temple, T. P. Dohrrman, Knight Commander of the Temple, Sir A. J. Thomas and Sir Thomas Fraser, all distinguished members of the Foreign Grand Priory.

General John Corson Smith of Chicago, chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations of the Grand Encampment, has received letters advising him that the Supreme Grand Master and his party are booked to reach New York City on August 21st, and Chicago on Tuesday, August 23d. They purpose traveling across the continent to San Francisco in a private car, and while in San Francisco will make their headquarters with the officers of the Grand Encampment of the United States at the Palace Hotel.

The presence of so distinguished a party of foreign Knights Templar will be made the occasion of special entertainment in honor of the visitors. It is probable that the Grand Master and other officers of the Great Priory of Canada will also attend the Grand Encampment.

While in this city and touring California, the visitors will be the guests of the Grand Commandery of California. Apartments have been secured for them at the Palace Hotel, and every courtesy will be shown them during their sojourn on this Coast.

Returning from San Francisco the English party of Knights will visit the World's Fair at St. Louis, and then journey East to Boston, where they will attend the Supreme Council of the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the thirty-third degree, and then sail for England on or about September 24th.

Grand Captain General William B. Melish, of Cincinnati, is making hotel and other arrangements for the English party, and they may perhaps join the official Grand Encampment special train leaving Chicago August 16th, instead of leaving August 24th. In that event, they will visit Yellowstone Park and other points of interest.

SOME JAPANESE LETTERS

BY MARGARET PERRY

THERE is a heroic recklessness in the character of the Japanese, which in war places them among the very best of fighters, but in the dull walks of peace and commerce, inspires them sometimes with an almost too great confidence. There is no feature of Occidental life which a Japanese would for a moment hesitate to introduce into Japan. Baggage checks, special delivery letters and kerosene lamps are common even in the remote districts; electric trams are spreading more and more along the country roads, supplanting the *kurumaya* and the pack horse.

This same bold spirit of innovation is responsible for many enchanting signboards and advertisements in the larger towns, for a shop-keeper who has the slightest knowledge of any foreign tongue is only too eager to make use of it, to call attention both to his wares and to his progressive Western manner of doing business. The exact meaning of the signs is not always obvious to the unimaginative; for instance "*Bi su ke tu to*" would not instantly suggest "biscuits" to the average newly-landed foreigner. But in the case of English business letters, there is a great difference, and it is rare indeed to receive one from a Japanese in which the meaning is not plain, however curiously it may be expressed. In respect to clearness the Japanese is, as a rule, a better letter writer than the Chinese. To give an example, the following lines by a Chinese bookbinder do not, at the first reading, convey any very lucid idea to one's mind:

"Should I send your books as I finished, Because I lost the address as you writing for me, therefor I kept it so long a time, as I received your kind note the other day so I

am Directly to be sent."

Still, though Wing Hing's arbitrary use of capitals and his disregard for punctuation add an unnecessary complication to his rather Meredithian prose, it is not impossible to see what he is trying to say, namely, that having lost my address, he has not been able to send back the books until he heard from me again. But here is a second Chinese note, which, for all it looks so business like, is even more involved than the first:

"Dear Sir:

will I have received favour last night, and now enclose on 3 yard Black material therefor with Bill to Happy you will and much oblige.

"Yours, faithfully,

"Cheat, Yu & Co.

"with return sample Back to you."

The "3 yard Black material" and the "Bill" arrived duly, but to this day I am in doubt as to which of the two was to "Happy" me. In either case it is, of course, always gratifying to know that one's happiness will much oblige any one else.

Now, compare either of these letters with the following postcard from a Japanese shoemaker. The language of the latter may be quite as unconventional, but there is never the slightest doubt as to what the writer meant to say:

"I have the honour to inform you that I misteked to make a boots. I mad a shoe to-day and they are finished now. I beg meet with your approbation for my careless. If you cannot take a shoe. shall I make a boots in a herry. Please give me your answer.

"I am

Your remain

"S. Sato."

This is his usual way of ending up a letter, though sometimes, when wishing to be particularly cordial, he adds: "Please regard my compliments to all your families." The following note, the first he ever sent me, is a good example of his talent for misusing English commercial phrases:

"We take the liberty enclosed your bill. Please find it. I beg to call attention to your payment. I shall very honored if you pay it as possible."

Now, I know that this extreme peremptoriness was quite intentional, but at the time, it gave me rather a shock. The boots had arrived only the day before, unaccompanied by a bill, yet I found it hard to suppress a certain feeling of guilt, and half expected to see the Japanese equivalent for a sheriff appear at any moment. I remembered seeing some prisoners in the street the week before, and wondered how it would feel to be led through the streets of Tokyo by a rope. The deep, strawberry colored kimono would surely prove most unbecoming, but that would not matter very much, as the government thoughtfully provides a bushel basket to put over the head of each malefactor; perhaps to conceal his blushes, perhaps to prevent his running away, acting on the same principle as the board one sometimes sees fastened between the horns of unduly venturesome cows. Much to my relief, no such horrid fate awaited me; Sato's bark was far worse than his bite, and a hastily despatched check elicited two days later this acknowledgment:

"Please you find enclosed the receipt. Thank you of your promptness.

"Awaiting your future order

"I am

"Your remain

"S. Sato.

I then saw that his first note was a mere form, which on later occa-

sions had no terrors for me. After all, it was rather absurd to expect a nice knowledge of English idiom in a Japanese shoemaker. If Sato took liberties with the English language, so do countless others, with less excuse.

Here are two from students, both of whom had certainly had far more advantages than S. Sato; in fact, at the time they were finishing an advanced course in English literature. The envelope of the first was addressed to "My dear Esq.," a very natural and by no means unusual mistake.

"My dear Mr.

"I regret to inform you that at last my humble father went away from this world at half-past p. m 6 o'clock on the 10th inst. by pneumonia. So I cannot attend to your class about two weeks as mourning day.

"Your's truly Student

"G. Watanabe."

In the second letter, an examination is spoken of, so it may not be a bad idea to insert the postcard announcing it.

"The examination on Chemistry will be execute (ominous word!) on the 9. to-morrow morning (6)."

(N. B.—This means 9 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, not the 9th at 6 a. m., as the casual reader might easily imagine.) One of the victims of the execution is the writer of this second letter. He addressed it to "Prof.—Esq.," perhaps in the hope that such an accumulation of titles might propitiate the stern examiner. But if anything could have softened his heart, it would surely be the letter inside, which began, artlessly enough:

"My dear Profecer,

"If I could not pass this examination I cannot graduate in eternity. Also I cannot go back to my country with the shame and of course I cannot see my parent here after and I must about die, . . Now I must confess the cause of my long

rest, that it was my plan to go to abroad, but my parent did not allow and ordered me that unless I graduate the College I must not go anywhere. So I began to go College again, but unfortunately my sickness, the death of my grandmother and my father's illness, continually came, and thus I took frequent rest."

To have the death of a grandmother "continually" coming, must be rather trying, especially when accompanied by so much illness in the rest of the family. However, so guileless and happy-go-lucky a youth is sure to get enough sympathy, and perhaps after all the "Proferer" and the parent needed just as much in their struggle with an

apparently unlimited capacity on the part of their charge for taking long and frequent rests.

To leave such painful subjects, here is a picture post-card to end up with. It was sent as a New Year's card by an inn keeper in a little village among the mountains, where we had spent the summer months:

"Jan. 1st, 2000.

"Dear Sir,

"It is very happy New Year's Day is delightfully congratulate all of your family that do with much pleasure spend this happy day.

"And hoping that every year will unite our heart more closely.

"Your faithfully,

"K. Uchiyama."

" TALOFA "

Samoa Word for Love

BY MARION DREWE

WE were two weeks out from the city of the beautiful harbor, Sydney; our boat was somewhere near Tutuila, the most Southern island of the Samoan or Navigator group.

The day was hot and muggy. Everything was damp with a nasty, clinging, steamy heat. Our very clothing was limp; the handrails around the saloon and cabins were dripping tears.

When dressing we had to wipe the steam from the mirrors before we could see ourselves, for these things be in the tropics.

On deck before dinner no one was talking; all seemed out of sorts; one or two were asleep; several others had given up all pretense of reading and were looking moodily out to sea.

When the captain said we would

be in Pago Pago that night the news came like a cool breeze (for as I have said, we had been two weeks at sea); every one began to pick up their fallen books and papers, and laughter and talking became easy again. Some went below for writing materials. What letters were posted on the island were written on deck, mostly in pencil.

About eight o'clock the sea became rougher, and if anything the heat was worse. All the passengers were leaning over the side looking for land, and the moon was shining as only a tropical moon can shine.

The heavens were a thing to wonder at for stars.

We were flying through the water, for were we not on the fast record ship Sonoma. Suddenly the



Waving farewell from the steamer's deck.

engines were slowed down and the water became very smooth. Right ahead in the far distance was a small light for which we were steering.

All our dash had gone, and like some great heart beating, the slow, monotonous thud, thud of the engine throbbed as we crept slowly through silence, silence that could be heard. The sound of rushing water ceased as we neared that land.

"In which it seemed always afternoon.

All around the coast the languid air did swoon."

The ship turned and we were in Pago Pago, surely one of the most beautiful places God has ever made.

Wonderfully quiet it was: this place that through all my life would longingly haunt and call me.

Steep hills and cocoanut palms standing high against the skyline and wooded to the water's edge; flowing vines trailing in the water, and a small island with little happy sparkling waves playing over a coral reef surrounding it.

As we came to anchor in the harbor, a great shark skimmed by which sent a shudder through the Australians on board who know these monsters in their native waters.

Our whistle boomed out several times, and for awhile no one seemed to notice. We were not expected so soon, and the whole village was asleep.

Then lights were seen flitting among the trees and hurrying along the beach.

Soon from all sides canoes shot out towards us, some holding fifty to a hundred natives, men and women nearly nude, and of very fine physiques.

They came flower decked and singing a weird chant like music, in canoes of all sizes. Several tiny brown children, scarcely more than babies, and dressed in flowers

and shells, paddled their little boats.

The natives swarmed up the sides of the ship with baskets of shells, coral, flowers, native fruits, tappa cloths, mats, fans, etc. Soon the deck was so crowded that it was difficult to move about.

Falling on the figures in the canoes was the brightness from many lights on the ship; the natives carried torches, and over all the dazzling glory of a tropical night.

One lucky man had an old English stable lantern which seemed strangely out of place hanging by his brown bare legs in a South Sea Island.

The gay colors of their loin cloths, their dark bodies, their flower-decked heads, the many-colored shells and seeds and that strangeness that is of the South Seas and the South Seas alone, is something that is better remembered than described.

When we had left our mail bag and many cases of canned food had gone ashore, and we had loaded many bags of copra and taken on a missionary and his wife; when our heads had been decked with flowe's and our necks with shells, and we had already learned one Samoan word, "Talofa," the big gong sounded for the visitors to leave the ship and when the last were hurried off, we began to slowly move again.

A large canoe, holding quite a hundred and fifty natives was fastened to the Sonoma, and came with us some distance out to sea, singing that beautiful, weird music all the while; then with laughter and calling from both sides, the rope was let go, and with one last far call—Talofa—they disappeared in the million wrinkles of the moonlit sea.

The palm trees slowly dipped below the horizon and we sailed solitary under the stars.

At sea again—with eyes that were looking back—that will ever look back to that night of nights, to those people, gentle and gener-



On Samoa's Shore.

ous, living to-day as they lived hundreds of years ago, dressed, or rather undressed, as they were hundreds of years ago, wearing only a tappa cloth and garlands of flowers and all unconscious of this thing we call civilization.

I was awakened to see a tropical sunrise, and as I watched the glory of the changing light on sea and sky, I half thought I had dreamed of Pago-Pago; but the tinkling of shells around my neck and the sight of strange fruit and a gorgeous fan proved it true.

There are two experiences which

come to us but once, and of which nothing can rob us: our first South Sea Island and our first sunrise in the tropical seas.

"Then go away if you have to,

Then go away if you will,
To again return you will always
yearn,

While your lamp is burning still.
For you've bathed in the moonlit
waters,

And the mango eaten free.

And strange though it seems,

'Twill haunt your dreams,

This land of the cocoanut tree."

How to Photograph the Grand Canyon

A Pointer for Photographers

BY J. TORREY CONNOR

WHAT amateur photographer is there who, having viewed Peabody's photographs of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, does not wish to go, see and experiment for himself?

It is an experiment, or, rather, a series of experiments, at best more or less successful, thus focusing one's camera upon a Titanic gorge into which any of a dozen of the so-called "greatest things on earth"—Niagara, Mammoth Cave, Yosemite, the Big Trees—could be dropped and lost sight of; but if a finger post or two along the road will help those who came after to find the way, this amateur had not set them up in vain.

Here is finger-post number one: Take slow isochromatic plates and a ray filter.

We arrived at Bright Angel at eight o'clock in the evening, so there was nothing to do but possess our souls in patience and wait

for morning—and a first glimpse of marvels.

Ah, that first glimpse! Standing on the brink of the abyss, where it is a sheer descent of one thousand feet, one looks upon a scene that cannot be "painted with pencil of poor words." There before us—though hundreds of feet below—are mighty shapes, rising from the floor of the gorge. Some are like unto prehistoric palaces; others, chiseled by the Great Sculptor into towers, domes and minarets, might be cathedrals from the towers of which, presently, would come the call to early vespers; here a butte lifts upon its rugged shoulder the hull of a battleship; there looms a many-stepped teocalli; yonder rise the walls of a fort, buttressed and battlemented.

Photograph it! How can one get at it, without the aid of a flying machine? Or, given the flying machine, how content one's self with



A panoramic picture.

a black and white reproduction of the panoramic picture, in which red—the whole gamut of reds—brown, blue, yellow and royal purple, are mingled?

And now, having discovered the lions in the path, it is time to set up another finger-post. Don't expect to get a picture every time you expose a plate. Stop your camera down to 64. Put on your filter, and expose three plates on the same view, one for two seconds, one for three seconds, and one for four seconds. Develop these, and you will have learned the length of time necessary for exposure.

If the amateur has never trained a camera on the deceptive Arizona atmosphere, he will find a surprise awaiting him—as did the writer.

It was at Rowe's Point that I first essayed the combination. I immediately got out from under the focusing cloth, and looked around to see what was cutting off my view. I could find nothing wrong, so I tried again with the same result:—there

was nothing to be seen upon the glass but the same shadowy outline of buttes. I took off the filter, and there were the same shadowy buttes, only they were further obscured by a thick haze, which, while not particularly noticeable in the atmosphere, showed very plainly on the ground glass.

It took me a full hour to learn my first lesson—that one cannot hope to get the whole breadth of the Canyon, ten miles from rim to rim, on a $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ plate, even though landmarks miles away may seem to the eye to be so near that one could walk over and back before breakfast.

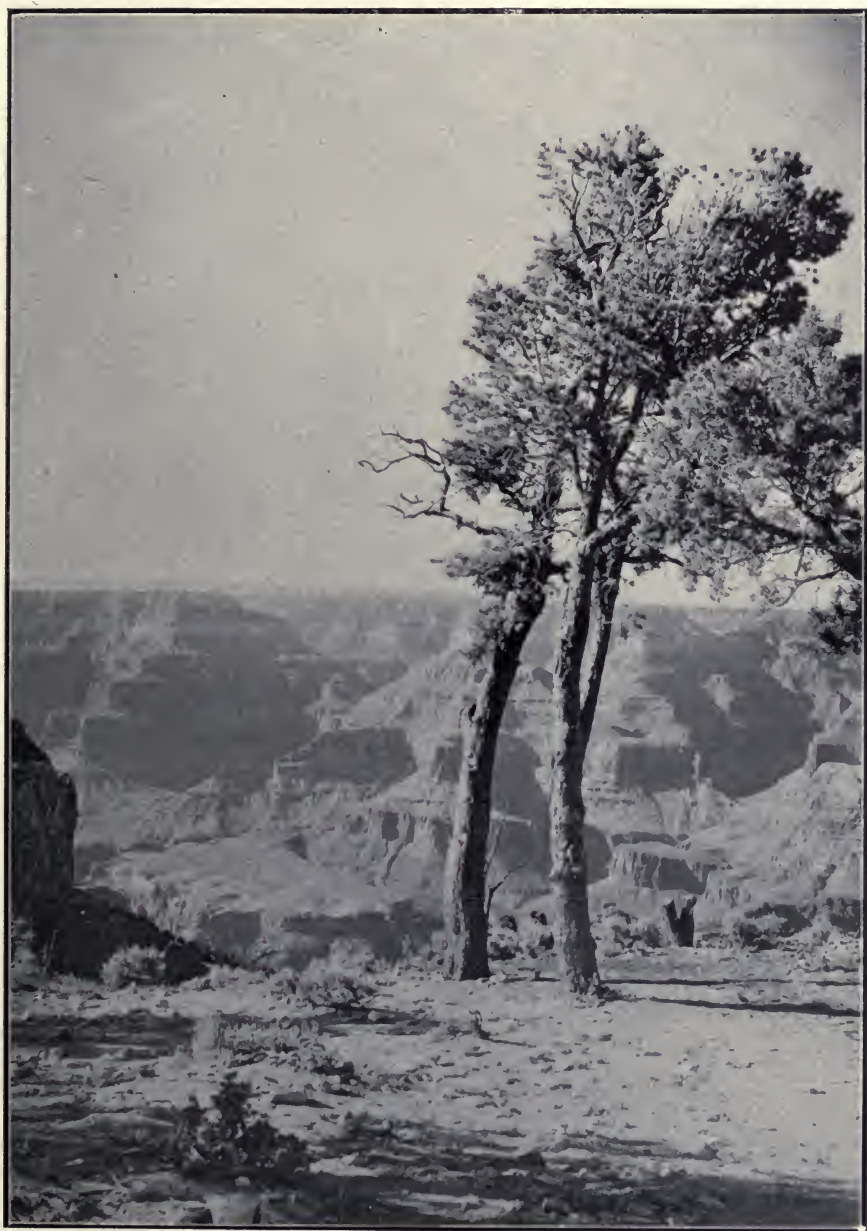
I swung my camera around until it pointed toward the rim of the Canyon, and across a deep bend; and there on the glass flashed up a picture that was worth while. Only an infinitesimal section of the Canyon, it is true, but enough to fill the plate to overflowing. I took a few long-range pictures of the Canyon, simply to show, in a small



Ten miles from rim to rim.



The sullen, crawling river.



Sunset at the canyon.



One thousand feet sheer.

way, the general formation. As photographs they were failures, serving to prove how futile was my effort to capture all out-of-doors with my little black box.

Finger-post Number 3: When using a filter, focus with it on the camera, as to put it on afterwards changes the focus just enough to spoil the sharpness of the picture.

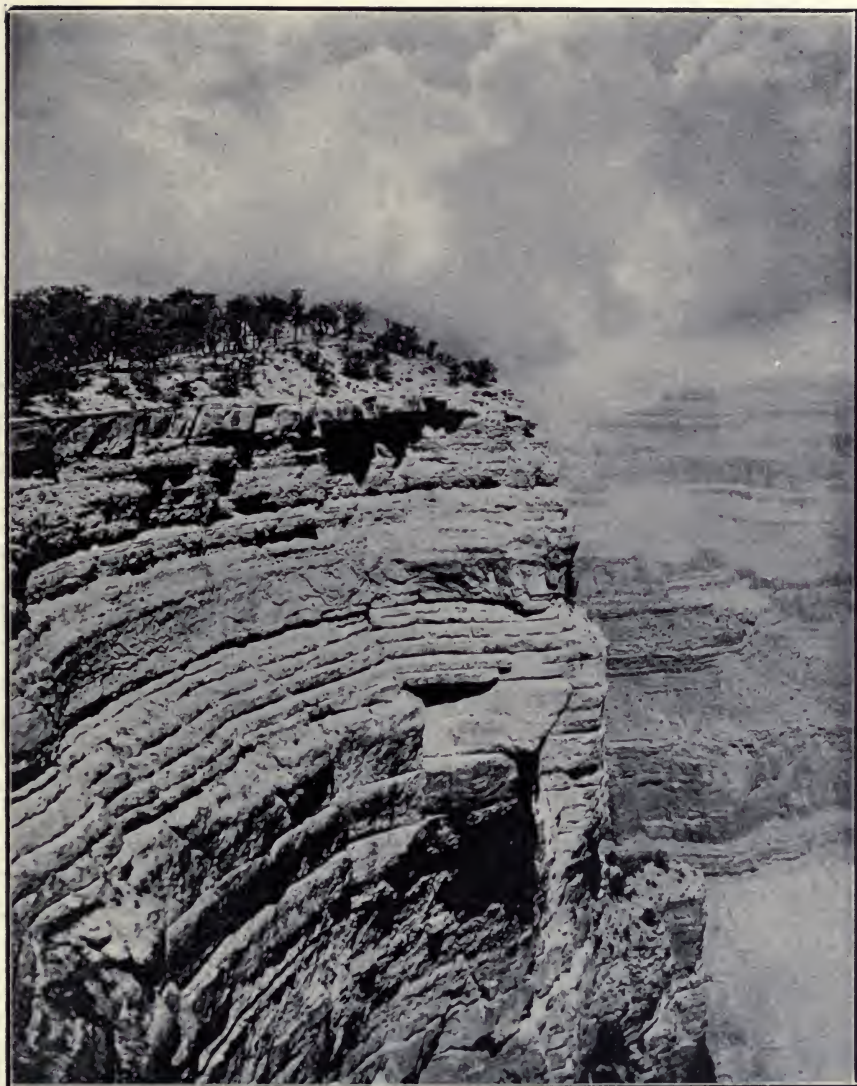
I finally settled down to two seconds as the length of time for exposure, and I think that I got as good an average of pictures as most of the amateurs who go there succeed in obtaining. But oh, it is heart-breaking to see so much that is picturable—such grand, panoramic views, such heights and such depths—and content one's self, perforce, with the photographic representation of small sections of the Canyon!

It is well to charter a mule or a horse and get down into the midst of things, where you can work at close range; indeed, that is the only way properly to estimate the big-

ness of this hole in the ground.

Bright Angel trail slopes gently in the beginning, but soon it drops off into space with an abruptness that causes you to wish your breakfast would lie still and be good. All that is speedily forgotten, however, in the delight and wonder that can find no words for adequate expression as every turn in the trail discloses new grandeur, new beauty. So occupied does one become in the enjoyment of these scenes, so lost in contemplation of the marvelous happenings in nature's workshop, that one is apt to forget the main object of the trip, namely, the taking of pictures. With remembrance comes the vain regret: "Alas and alack! I have only twelve plates."

It is considered quite a feat to reach the Colorado river, that crawls sullenly between walls of black granite hundreds of feet below the floor of the Canyon, threading a canyon that lies within the



Like prehistoric temples.

I had thought myself a good climber, but there was one stretch of three hundred feet, straight up and down, where no one but a mountain goat or a camera enthusiast would have ventured.

I let myself down, clinging to projections of the rock, which fortunately was "scraggy," being of volcanic origin. But by the time I had made the return trip, with the one hundred pound camera case on my back, I was ready to take a lay-off from sight seeing.

I did not succeed in getting a good picture of the rapids that were seething in the narrow gorge. I learned something, however, and I may as well call it finger-post No. 4: In taking pictures in the river canyon or at short range, leave off the filter, use the largest stop and give an exposure of one fifteenth of a second.

Although the short exposure necessary for the water did not give

much detail to the black granite walls, I managed, by developing for under exposure, to get two views of the river that were fairly good.

One day I took a trip over the rim trail to Moran's Point. On this occasion I had an experience which I will recount for the benefit of other thoughtless amateurs.

I was on horseback. Wishing to have my tripod in instant readiness to set up, I tied the legs together and hung it to the saddle.

I took one view a half mile or so from the starting point—and that was the last. After proceeding five miles or more, I started to take another, but found that the screw-head of the tripod was missing.

I hitched the horse to a scrub oak and retraced my journey, scanning the trail at every step of the way, to the starting point. No screw.

I made my way back to where the horse was tied, and found the screw not twenty yards from the first place where I had missed it.



Lawson and McFarland, the two American racers who have had great success on their Australian tour.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

BY SYDNEY PELL MAKINSON

COMPASSED about by the busy life of the world, an isle amid the strenuousness of every-day life, stands the only chartered college for women in the United States, west of the Rocky Mountains. In order to extend the influence of the institution to the fullest extent, it has been made a Christian college, but not a sectarian institution. The devotee of any denomination is equally welcome. Students of various religious beliefs have been received from all points of the compass, and the true womanhood reared under the protection of the walls of Mills Seminary is to-day spreading the refining influence of its teaching in China, in farthest India, in Hawaii and the Islands of the Pacific.

Correct conduct does not mean that the young woman who attends a seminary is to be deprived of outdoor exercise or the usual pleasures that attend any lover of all that is beautiful in nature.

Mills Seminary has a college life that is all its own. There is a serious and lovable camaraderie between teachers and pupils that seldom obtains in institutions of a like character. In California, and in one of its most favored spots, where out-door sports are possible the year around, it could not be otherwise. Health and physical culture are made one of the features of the range of study at Mills.

Regular daily exercise in the fresh air or in the gymnasium gives that health and strength which make study a pleasure. After the concentration and effort of thorough mental application, there is the glory of the campus, where many healthful games and exercises are provided, under such rules that moderation is

never exceeded. The gift of climatic excellence places Mills beyond the competition of most of the schools of the world, for its location gives it all the advantages of the far-famed land of sunshine and gold. There is no spot on earth where there is a greater number of perfect days and glorious nights than at Seminary Park. Just as the winds blow, just as the tides roll, the days are poured forth in majestic beauty, the breezes laden with ozone and tempered with the refreshing breath of the sea.

Mills College develops all that is true in women, fits them to take the place of true wives and mothers, and in case of necessity, self-supporting and self-respecting teachers or professional women.

Its Alumni is composed of some of the most distinguished, and among these may be counted Miss Luella Carson, Dean of Women and Head of the English Department of the University of Oregon; Miss Mabel Gilman, who ranks as one of our most successful singers. Among the graduates of Mills are many successful artists: Miss Edith White, Mrs. Mathews, Miss A. Briggs, Miss Froelich, Miss Alice Tabor. The school has also given us the famous soprano, Madame Emma Nevada Palmer; Mrs. Fannie K. Carpenter, a lawyer of prominence in New York City; Mrs. Carpenter is associated with her husband in business, and occupies a prominent position in the Federated Clubs. Mrs. Dita Hopkins Kinney, Head of the Department of Women Nurses, U. S. A. Miss Jane Seymour Klink, Inspector of Employment Bureaus, appointed by the New York City Government. Mrs. Benjamin Peart, formerly Superin-



El Campanil.

tendent of Schools for Yolo County, California; Mrs. J. S. Merrill, Miss Paulsell, Mrs. Morse, and a host of other equally capable and well-known women.

The social life of Mills College is an educating influence of no small importance. The juniors give re-

ceptions to the seniors or the sophomore class to the entering freshmen. I have been told that the young ladies are cavalierly attended by their partners, that there is as much empressement as in a social function in real life, and that it is incumbent on the dancing partner

to attend her lady home with all the galantry that is usually expected from the gentleman in the case.

I quote from a statement made by a gifted woman, once a Mills College girl:

"The favorite recreation hall at

the college is 'The Gym, as the gymnasium is popularly called. Each Friday evening is set apart for recreation, and then the students learn 'there is a time to dance,' and do so to their heart's content. But, on special occasions, the old 'Gym' is



Main Building.

transformed. Private boxes appear at the sides as if by magic, orchestra chairs occupy a front place, and even to the doors the house is filled with a sympathetic audience. Sometimes it is a gay operetta written by the students, '99 having given a very pretty one. Again, it is a Greek play by the seniors, or a Latin one by the less ambitious sophomores. Woods, flowers and vines make it a forest of Arden, on occasions when the Mu Sigma Sigma, the college fraternity, entertains its guests; for the obliging old 'Gym' lends itself to many uses. Then there are individual teas and receptions, class-teas and afternoons at-home, thus giving a charming social life to the students, the conventionalities of which they observe with minutest care.

"On Washington's Birthday a visitor at Mills College would think "ye ancient colonial dames" had assembled to welcome him. Madam Randolph of Virginia, stiff and stately, assists Mrs. Washington in receiving the guests. Pretty Dolly Madison is yonder, talking with Elizabeth, the Quaker spouse of "the first great American," and others cluster round to listen to her vivacious wit.

"Admission Day, September 9th, is always kept; the year's work has begun, the athletic teams, or clubs, have been organized, and it is a good time for the inauguration of college hospitalities, a good time to say: "We are organized for our year's work and recreation; let us give a thought to the social life among us."

The past history of Mills College is a guarantee of its future success. It has never strayed from the ideals of its founders, and that fact alone should endear it to all. It occupies the unique position in the central point in this western world; it fronts the great Pacific, its islands and the lands of immeasurable possibility beyond. The college, the only

woman's college west of the Rocky Mountains, was given to the State of California; its charter was granted by the same legislative act as Stanford's, it offers the same course as Bryn Mawr, Smith or Wellesley, and in the very near future, if the endowment movement is fully successful, it will be rated the greatest women's college in the United States.

Mills College was named after its founder, the Reverend Cyrus T. Mills, D. D., and after his wife, Susan L. Mills, and it is to-day a State institution, an institution that should be a source of pride to all of California's citizens.

There is no limit to the good Mills College may do, located as it is, with its unrivaled climate, its beautiful grounds and buildings, aided by the proper endowment, the statement I have made that it will in time rival the very best of all the institutions of the East for women is no exaggeration.

Mills College does well to appeal to the large-hearted men and women of the Pacific Coast for its endowment, and it is safe to say that such an appeal, wherever the merits of the institution are known, will not be made in vain. Mills College will soon be on as permanent and as broad a footing as Bryn Mawr, Smith, or any of the great women's colleges of the Eastern States.

It should be evident to any one, with only a cursory glance at the situation, that there is an enormous advantage in one commanding institution as against many scattering and inferior schools.

Any reference to Mills College should contain the excellent report of the "United States Health Bulletins," which I append in full:

"It seems almost beyond belief, in these days when health is concededly dependent upon proper sanitary and hygienic surroundings, that the head of a family could for a minute lose sight of these matters and send

his dear ones to a place about which he knows nothing concerning the care taken to preserve the health of the residents, when reflection will assure him that the most sedulous care is necessary.

"The United States Health Bulle-

shocked at the unsanitary and disease-breeding conditions existing at some of the highest-priced and most fashionable schools.

"These investigations have been made without the instigation of the proprietors, and generally without



Mrs. Susan L. Mills.

tin has had occasion to examine into this subject quite extensively during the past few months and if some of the facts that have come to our notice during these investigations were generally known, we believe that prospective patrons would be

their knowledge, consequently they are absolutely unbiased and unprejudiced.

"Among the schools that met with the general approval of the experts investigating these matters for us, and which we have no hesi-

tation in recommending to our readers, in the Mills College, Seminary Park, Cal.

"We know nothing about the course of study at this school, for it is of no interest to us, but if the same care is taken with the mental welfare of the pupil as is shown and plainly shown to be taken with the physical, we feel that it deserves the support of parents and the encouragement of the public."

The names of the Board of Trustees of Mills College are representative in the community:

Rev. Charles R. Brown, Oakland,

President; Warren Olney, Oakland; George T. Hawley, San Francisco; A. J. Ralston, San Francisco; Mrs. C. T. Mills, Mills College; Professor George C. Edwards, Berkeley; Cyrus W. Carmany, Oakland; Louis Lissner, Litt. D., San Francisco; Charles Nelson, Seminary Park; Reverend Charles R. Brown, Oakland; Edward Coleman, San Francisco; George W. Scott, Alameda; Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, East Oakland; Mr. Frank M. Smith, Oakland; Mrs. Frank M. Smith, Oakland; Rev. Ernest E. Baker, D. D., Oakland; Warren Olney, Secretary; Mrs. C. T. Mills, Treasurer.

CERES

BY HENRY BAILEY SARGEANT

"And there, in the rapturous spring,

Where the morning rays dart
O'er the plain, and the morning
birds sing,

You may see the most beautiful
thing

In the home of my heart."

THE Turlock Irrigation District Works represents the fruition of an idea, the rounded out and completed ambition of a mind. It comprises the greatest concrete river dam in the world, and one hundred and thirty-five miles of canal, ranging from 74 feet to 18 feet in width, and for the first time places 176,000 acres of land under the fructifying power of irrigation.

This land that for fertility, climatic and transportation advantages and for advantageous location as regards the markets of California, cannot be equaled by any like area in California. It lies in the great level plain in the northern portion of the San Joaquin Valley. The

Tuolumne, Merced and San Joaquin rivers afford unrivaled drainage. Of this choice land the Whitmore tract is conceded the very best. When the poet sang of the "beautiful thing in the home of his heart," he meant happiness and content. He must have had in mind a home in some such land as this, which, with water, produces in abundance and perfection every product known to the temperate and semi-tropic zone. The home-seeker looks not for vast tracts of land. He desires small tracts with water right, at from \$30 to \$60 per acre.

Such an opportunity for industrious men of small means has not been presented in California for many years, and it is only through the generosity and philanthropy of Mr. Whitmore that this is made possible. Frugal and industrious men need no longer be landless, and to the right man or men every opportunity to acquire the land is given. The price of fruit land in California



Apricot trees in 30 acre tract.

is from \$300 to \$600 an acre, and yet Mr. Whitmore is asking the price that is usually asked for wheat land—and wheat at bed-rock price—too. The argument of Mr. Whitmore is a very good one, and it is one that has been proven true in other sections of the West. "Supposing a man wants ten acres and only has \$150 cash in hand. He can get the land if he is the right kind of a man, for half cash will be accepted, balance payable in three years, with interest at 8 per cent. It is a business proposition. If Mr. Whitmore can get 300 to 600 good neighbors, he has room for 600 to 1200 more."

This tract of 8,000 acres lies on either side of the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the Santa Fe runs through it on the east. It borders on Modesto, the county-seat, on the north and embraces the town of Ceres. It is 400 miles by rail north of Los Angeles, 92 miles north of Fresno, 30 miles south of Stockton, 77 miles south of Sacramento, and 118 miles south-east of San Francisco:

Every acre of the Whitmore tract is tillable, and the deed to the land

carries with it perpetual water right. The title has been vested in the Whitmores for more than 30 years, and comes directly from the United States Government.

Ceres is a thriving and well-located little town on the main line of the Southern Pacific Company. It has wide streets—80 feet—and its lots have a sixty foot frontage, and each block is provided with a twenty foot alley. There is a good hotel, a fine public hall, a good church and a school house. Two teachers are employed, and the school ranks high in a county system, standing seventh among the fifty-seven county public school systems in California.

Inexhaustible Supply of Water.

Aside from a comparatively small mining ditch, the Turlock District water right is the first on the Tuolumne river, a swift-flowing stream with a vast watershed in the perennial snows of the Sierras. Even in the driest seasons known, the volume of this stream has been far greater than the Turlock main canal could carry at its utmost capacity.

An Alluring Prospect.

The irrigation system is practically complete. In 1900 water was first run through a portion of the system, and although late in the season a brisk demand for small tracts at once arose, and thriving fields of sweet potatoes, corn, watermelons and other products, and of alfalfa, greet the eye where only the golden or the brown stubble has heretofore been seen after the wheat harvest. Thousands of acres have been planted to alfalfa, and checking is still under way. Hundreds of acres are being devoted to sweet potatoes, fruit, and a variety of produce. The great ditches of water on the broad plain present an alluring prospect, and in the mind's eye there arises a picture of hundreds of homes embowered in flowers and foliage; of orchards bending under weight of all the fruits known to the temperate and semi-tropical climes; of perennial gardens, ever-green alfalfa fields dotted with stock, and of

roads and lanes stretching away in long vistas of foliage and shade, the musical ripple of flowing water breaking lightly upon the ear the while.

Cost of the System.

The works of the Turlock Irrigation District have been constructed at a cost of \$1,200,000, the money derived by the sale of 6 per cent 20 year bonds, that are a charge upon the land. Fifty cents per acre per annum will defray interest and cost of maintenance. These bonds have now been refunded for forty-year five per cent bonds, no part of the principal payable for twenty years.

Alfalfa, Cattle and Pasturing.

Doing his own work, with his own team, a man may level and check land and sow alfalfa at a cost of from \$5 to \$6 per acre. It is proverbial that "a green grass country is never poor." Across the San Joaquin river from Turlock district, separated only by the river, is an area of several thousand acres of



Source of water supply.

alfalfa. Three creameries, costing no more than \$30,000, handle an aggregate of more than 30,000 pounds of milk daily, and disburse \$120,000 net to the patrons annually, earning handsome dividends meanwhile for the stockholders, comprising more or less of the patrons. The skimmed milk goes back to the farmer, and, fed to hogs and poultry, meets the cost of milking. From \$4 to \$6 net per month per cow is realized. A creamery has been established at Ceres. This will assure the owner of a small tract of land an income within a very few months. Alfalfa planted in the fall attains a fine stand by spring, and with the purchase of a few cows, and patronage of the creamery, a regular source of ready money may be obtained. As the alfalfa area expands, stock raising and stock pasturing, very profitable, will become important industries.

Oranges.

A beautiful golden, large and clean navel orange is produced here and there, in commercial quantities, to some extent. It is a very fine orange, rich and juicy, a month ahead of the oranges of the southern part of the State in maturity. A resident, who has a little garden tract of two acres of navels, derives a fine income in connection with the holiday demand, realizing from \$2.50 to \$3 per box. Fifteen miles east there are quite a large number of orange orchards, from five to twenty acres to the tract, now coming into profitable bearing. Lemons and limes are also successfully grown, but so far in merely an experimental way, some of the product finding its way to local markets, however.

Other Fruits and Nuts.

There are several olive orchards in profitable bearing, and occasional

orchards of prunes and almonds. Apricots and nectarines, figs and walnuts, also attain perfection here. Table and wine grapes do well.

Sweet Potatoes.

Another important industry is in the production of sweet potatoes. They attain perfection in the sandy soil, yield an average of one hundred and twenty sacks to the acre and as high as two hundred and forty sacks. They are much in demand at from 90 cents to \$1.25 per sack, and profit may be realized from 50 cents per sack. Planting, cultivation and digging costs \$10 per acre. One man can take care of ten acres between planting and digging times. Peaches and all berries are produced in perfection and in immense abundance in "sweet potato land."

Sugar Beets.

Sugar beets testing twelve per cent sugar have been produced on first experiment. A factory at Crockett, seventy miles distant by rail, will contract in advance for the yield, at from \$4 to \$4.50 per ton, a price commonly affording a splendid profit.

The Climate.

The facts narrated in the foregoing will afford a very good idea of the climate. It should be added that thunder and lightning are all but unknown; that the winters are "open"—spring-like. The average temperature for November, December and January at 7 a. m. is 40 degrees; at 2 p. m. 58 degrees, and at 9 p. m. 50 degrees. The average temperature for June, July and August at 7 a. m. is 62 degrees, at 2 p. m. 90 degrees, and at 9 p. m. 70 degrees.



Mills College

Basket Ball Team

THE CUNNINGHAM SCHOOL

BY G. O. FRANCE



Colbert Cunningham, A. M.

THE Cunningham School is a preparatory institution for those universities where the requirements for entrance are the most severe, the United States Academies at West Point and at Annapolis, and the Civil Service examinations. There is also a preparatory course for business and for the rational enjoyment of a business career. In its thorough English course it lays the foundation of business success and it gives special private instruction to young authors and a critical examination of their productions is made by the Head Master.

The school is very favorably located, in the very center of the business section of San Francisco, and yet commanding one of the most beautiful park views in the Western metropolis. The

school occupies the entire premises at 326 Post street, on Union Square.

Major Colbert Cunningham will give instructions by special arrangement on any subject at any time, both in the day and in the evening. Scholars who are deficient in any particular line will find that they may fulfill all the requirements of the strictest examination after a course with Major Cunningham. He is said to be one of the most efficient of teachers for boys on the Pacific Coast. He was formerly with the Hitchcock School at San Rafael, and principal of that institution. Mr. C. Hitchcock says: "He has taught with great success the highest mathematics and English."

William Walker Anderson, the Principal of Anderson's Academy, at Irvington, Cal., under his own signature writes as follows:

"I am always careful about recommending any one for a position in the school room, but in regard to Mr. Cunningham I have no scruples whatever. He has in a remarkable degree the power of securing the attention and hearty co-operation of his pupils of all ages. They feel he is both master and friend. Mr. Cunningham taught in this academy, leaving us much to our regret. While Mr. Cunningham was with us I could at any time have left the school in his charge without any fear that things would go astray in the slightest degree."

The pedagogue is usually slow in coming forward with a testimonial as to his ability, and it is with difficulty that the teacher is made to tell of his achievements with his pupils. I was enabled to obtain the following testimonials from two of the most prominent business men of San Francisco. It will be seen that they have a direct bearing on

the proficiency of Major Cunningham as a teacher of boys.

San Francisco, Cal., June 20, 1904.

Major C. C. Cunningham, City:
Dear Sir—

I take pleasure in saying that you have taught my three sons with success, and I wish you the best possible results in your school in San Francisco.

Yours truly,

C. E. Green, Secretary and Manager Crocker Estate Co. and Vice-President Crocker Woolworth National Bank.

I take pleasure in indorsing the above, as I have a son who has also been taught by Mr. Cunningham.

R. H. Pease, President Goodyear Rubber Co.

In a recent issue of the *Overland Monthly*, a very clever writer outlines his views as to the method to pursue in the selection of a school:

"The associations and the calibre of the teachers ought to be the determining consideration. A boy of average ability, in almost any school, can accomplish sufficient work to enable him to pass the matriculation examinations at the university, and hence to pursue his ordinary professional studies. So that the mere curriculum of book-work in a school is not a matter of very great importance.

* * * *

"Continual experiments are now being made to supplement the deficiencies of ordinary schools by the creation of schools where the system is directed to certain special educational ends. Many of

these are mere fads, but many, on the other hand, are valuable and conscientious experiments which must have a beneficial effect upon education in general. Nearly all of them are possessed of some merit."

When a teacher is found that by his record of years is a success, the greatest measure of success is at hand for the pupil. Education in the higher branches is at best an experiment, and the teacher who has the greatest number of successful experiments to chronicle is undoubtedly the best educator in whom to repose confidence.

The fall term begins on August 10th at the Cunningham School, and all enquiries or communications may be addressed to Colbert Cunningham, A. M., Head Master.

A Shorthand, Stenographic and Typewriting Department will be added to the Cunningham School, in the very near future. No student will be allowed to take this special course unless he or she is proficient in English, thus doing away with the annoyance of a "graduate from a typewriting school," who rarely, if ever, knows the English language. Business men are well aware of the fact that the majority of applicants as stenographers and typewriters are so deficient in this particular line that they cannot write without mis-spelling and making mistakes in punctuation.

A practical business college course under the supervision of Mr. E. W. Lehner, A. B., U. C., will be a prominent feature.



MT. TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY

BY COLIN MacGREGOR

THE Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy has been in operation for the last fourteen years, and its alumni, some seventy in number are sufficient testimony to the efficiency of the school in its broadest sense. It is now proposed to transform the Academy into a permanent endowed preparatory school. Tamalpais Military Academy is already chartered by the State of California. It has the advantage of having a regular army officer detailed as military instructor, and its graduates are admitted to the State University and Stanford without examination on the recommendation of the head master. It is now in the most flourishing condition, its accommodations are filled and its income is larger than ever before.

Character is the ideal of the school, and judging by the reports of the Inspectors-General of this Department, the moral and physical manliness of the graduates of the Mt. Tamalpais Academy is well-nigh perfect. The school fosters the culture of an ideal manhood—a sound, healthful body, strong to work and to endure, straight, well-proportioned and graceful, an alert intellect; active, attentive, observant, well-balanced, the equipment of the man who has to do with the world. A responsibility to God and to one's fellow men; the controlling qualities to be truth, courage and sympathy.

In the development of character, the studies at the school include military drill, with special attention to setting-up exercises. Horseback riding and cavalry drill under careful instruction. Gymnasium work, swimming, billiards, handball for rainy days. Ball games, track athletics, walking and cycling are encouraged. Believing not only in its

refining and civilizing influence, but in its hygienic value, singing is made much of in the school. The boys sing at Chapel services and in class. Boys who are musical receive some private instruction in the use of the voice and the singing of songs. The attention of parents is called to the moderate rate for regular individual instruction.

Daily contact and friendly association with men and women of education and refinement. Small tables in dining room, with a master or officer at each table to correct carelessness in behavior at meals.

A constant effort to inculcate right principles and to cultivate the sense of personal responsibility. The basis of all sound and worthy character is truthfulness, and boys, as a rule, learn to hate a lie and to despise a liar.

The purpose is not to impart knowledge, but to cultivate and strengthen the mental powers—to train the faculties so that knowledge may be acquired not only now, but as long as life lasts—to teach and exercise the boy in the habits of careful and accurate observation, of close concentration of thought, of intelligent association of ideas, of persistent effort until success is achieved.

The cavalry has proved to be a most valuable and attractive addition to the school life. The young boys who are not large enough or strong enough to take part in the regular cavalry drill are given riding lessons two or three times a week, under the care of an ex-sergeant of the regular army. Those cadets who form the troop are drilled on horseback two days a week, on which days they are excused from the infantry drill. They also receive special instruction in horsemanship at other times, and have frequent op-

portunity for pleasure rides among the hills surrounding San Rafael, always under supervision. Hereafter no boarding pupil will be allowed to keep or use his own horse, except as a member of the cavalry troop and under its regulations.

The Junior School.

The Academy has lately added to its plant the adjacent property known as the O'Connor place. This comprises the mansion, stables and out-buildings, and the surrounding park of nearly twenty-five acres. The mansion is large, with commodious rooms, inlaid floors, modern plumbing and all the conveniences of the country home of a wealthy family. It will make very comfortable quarters for the smaller boys, entirely separate from those of the older boys. The matrons' apartments are in this building, and also rooms for two masters. The park, with its abundant shade trees, and with space for football ground and tennis courts, and the wooded hill overlooking the surrounding country afford an ideal playground for school boys.

"The work of the Military Department is much enhanced by the location and surroundings of the Academy, which fact is shown in the robust health of the boys and their erect carriage. The possibilities of the school for the making of men appear unlimited, and when the contemplated improvements have been accomplished, I feel certain that the Academy will be as well equipped as any in the United States, for the physical, mental and moral development of its students.

"I believe that the State is to be congratulated on having such a school within its borders, for I am certain that the Academy makes excellent citizens, and I know that in the event of their country needing their services in war, they will be found not only patriotic, but capable



of assuming the duties of officers.

Very respectfully,

GEO. W. BAUER, Colonel N. G. C.

The Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy is one of the institutions of learning of which California is justly proud, and its charterers' names have been a standing guarantee of its efficiency as an educational force of inestimable value to the country and the State. The charter was originally granted September 13, 1890, to Arthur Crosby, San Rafael; Thomas C. Easton, San Francisco; Henry C. Minton, San Jose; G. E. Goodman, Napa; William Babcock, San Rafael; Robert J. Trumbull, San Rafael; J. R. Jarboe, San Francisco; Ed. B. Conklin, Campbell; Robert Dickson, San Francisco, and A. W. Foster, San Rafael.

Reorganized for the purpose of carrying out the plan for endowment, the Board of Trustees will consist of A. W. Foster, Hon. W. W. Morrow, John F. Boyd, William Babcock, R. J. Trumbull, Douglas S. Watson, Arthur Crosby, Jesse W. Lilienthal.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS

LONG before the State began to provide for the education of its future citizens, schools for boys flourished in all civilized countries. Antiquity does not prove excellence, yet the fact remains that side by side with the State's school the private school for boys still flourishes, and there is no doubt that it possesses some advantages no other educational institution can boast. No one nowadays would for a moment deny the great value of the public schools with its commingling of the children of all our citizens, so like the world of business around us, but there are thousands of boys whose best interests the public school cannot serve.

Home discipline is often so lax as to prevent the formation of habits of industry and application; not infrequently the business of the father and the social engagements of the mother leave the boy to his own devices; sometimes it happens that the parent and child are of such antagonistic natures that government or obedience is impossible.

This, then, is the problem of educating a boy who is not compelled to earn his living: He must be subjected to such discipline and regularity of life as will develop self-reliant industry and application; he must have a greater amount of personal attention from his instructors than the boy who has had the discipline of labor; he must have actual contact with a sufficient number of his kind to develop his sense of fair play and social obligation to his fellow-citizens; finally, he must have as many of the comforts, refinements and pleasures of the home as possible, so that he may take his place in society when he is grown, without undue embarrassment and disadvantage.

The right kind of boarding school can give him these things and no other institution can.

Such a school is Hoitt's School for

Boys; 14th year begins August 9th; larger and stronger faculty than ever; perfect sanitation; illustrated catalogue. W. J. Meredith, Principal, Menlo Park, Cal.



Hoitt's School for Boys

General View of Grounds.

EL CAMPANIL

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

THERE is a very pretty story connected with the building of "El Campanil," at Mills College. It seems that the bells that are now ringing out their chimes to the beauteous maidenhood of Seminary Park, once lay neglected in the grounds, waiting the time when funds might be available to properly house them against the rains of winter and the summer's sunshine. In course of time the young women students referred to them as "the Silent Ten."

One day a trustee of the college, Mr. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, passed them by and overheard one of the students refer to "the Silent Ten." He said nothing at the time, but it seems made a mental note of the remark, and when occasion arose, he asked his wife, who had accompanied him on the visit, the meaning of the words, "the Silent Ten."

Mrs. Smith laughingly explained the title the big bronze bells had earned, and the subject passed from her memory. A few days afterwards—and I know I shall not be forgiven by a man who has no desire that his many benefactions be blazoned to the world—Mr. Smith casually remarked to his wife: "My dear, don't you think it would be a good idea if 'the Silent Ten' were made to speak?"

Mills College is one of the pet institutions in which that benevolent woman, Mrs. F. M. Smith, is interested, and it was with gratitude in her eyes that she answered with a simple "yes."

As a result, Mills College to-day boasts a magnificent home for "the Silent Ten," silent no longer, but

breathing a daily carillon of gratitude to the original donor, and to the good man and woman who have shielded them from the weather.

*The bells of El Campanil were cast in Cincinnati for the World's Fair, where they received a medal. At the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco they received a medal. Mr. David Hewes purchased and presented them to Mills College. The Campanil was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith. The constructor was Bernard Ransome, and the architect a graduate of Mills College, Miss Julia Morgan.

"The clock, which is the best of its kind, regulates the Chime, marks the quarters, and gives us the full Westminster Chime on the hour. This has been given by the faculty, students and employees and friends of Mills College. The door, with its quaint lock and nails, is the gift of Mrs. Amelia W. Truesdell. It came from an old Spanish Church in Mexico. The twenty-eight vases on the parapet are the gift of the Misses Loggie, two of the pupils. They were especially designed by Miss Morgan after those of the Alhambra in Granada.

"Following the old-time custom of naming bells, Mr. Hewes desired that they should bear the names of the graces of the Spirit as found in Galatians, 5:22 and 23. The four that ring the chimes are Faith, Hope, Peace and Joy. The greatest is Love, and the smallest, Meekness. The others are Gentleness, Goodness, Self-Control and Long-Suffering."—Editor's Note.

The History, Origin and Meaning of Some California Towns and Places

(Continued.)

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BY G. E. BAILEY, E. M., Ph. D.

THE PRESIDIO (Garrison.) At San Francisco, was established before the Mission, dating from September 17, 1776; both the Mission and the garrison bearing the name of the Saint, not only on account of his prominent position in Catholic history, but because it was near to the day set apart in his honor, October 4th. SAN FRANCISCO BAY already bore the name, having been discovered and named by the land expedition of Portola, on November 7, 1769. The city at first bore the name of YERBA BUENA (good herb), for the sweet scented plant (*Micromeria Douglassi*) that covered the pueblo lands. The name was changed to that of the Mission by General J. C. Fremont, the military commander, on January 30, 1847.

On the same expedition in which he discovered the finest harbor on the Pacific Coast, Portola named a canyon farther south LLAGAS DE SAN FRANCISCO (Wounds of Saint Francis), while a rancho farther north bears the same name in this form, SAN FRANCISCO DE LOS LLAGAS. A colloquial form of the name of the Saint is SAN FRANCISQUITO, a common name for ranchos and streams.

SAN GABRIEL. The great mission of Saint Gabriel, the arch-angel, was to announce to the Virgin Mary that she was to become the mother of the Savior of the world. His name in the original Hebrew means the "Man of God." The fourth Mission that was established on the King's Highway was dedicated to this saint on September 8, 1771, by Fathers Angel Somera and Benito Cambon, under the title SAN GABRIEL ARCHANGEL; the town of GABRIEL, where it is located, taking its name from the Mission.

In the childhood days of the West, the good padres fell into the error of naming many of the Indians they baptized with the name of some saint. The results at this date are sometimes startling. The name of Geronimo is associated all over the country with all the cruelty and

which an Apache chief is capable; yet there are tourists who actually think that the town and Spanish land grant in this State are named for the bold, bad red man of Arizona, instead of SAN GERONIMO (Saint Jerome) whose name means originally the "Holy Name."

SAN GREGORIO. The town of SAN GREGORIO (Saint Gregory, the "watchful,") is built on the old Spanish land grant RANCHO SAN GREGORIO (Saint Gregory's ranch), and takes its name from it.

GUADALUPE. Several towns and ranchos are named for the patron Saint of Mexico, incorrectly transformed in some instances to GUADILOUPE; one ranch bearing the name of GUADALUPE Y LLANITOS DE LOS CORREOS (Guadalupe of the little plains and post-offices.)

SAN ISIDRO means Saint Isidor; and SAN IGNACIO meant Saint Ignatius, the "ardent" or "fiery" one.

7. SAN JACINTO (Saint Jacinth). Means literally "hyacinth," and is an appropriate name for the snow-clad peak in sight of Redlands and Riverside, for it looks down on the town that bears its name, nestling among the blossoms, and guards a region carpeted with flowers. Two of the Spanish land grants at the foot of the mountain bear its name, SAN JACINTO VIEJO (Old, Saint Jacinth); and SAN JACINTO NUEVO Y POTRERO (New Saint Jacinth at the pasture.)

JESUS. The name of the Savior was ever upon the lips of the people in the early days, and was given freely as the name of places as well as of people. Those who criticize the free use of this name by the padres and their followers, should remember the Bishop's definition of "heterodoxy." He said "orthodoxy" is my "doxy" and "heterodoxy" is the other fellow's "doxy." There is no doubt but that the name was used reverently by the padres of old, as it was of recent years by the Dunkards, when they named their colony in Los Angeles county

LORDSBURG (The Lord's City.) JESUS MARIA (Jesus, Mary) is the name of several towns and ranchos, and was the first name of the Sacramento river. One post-office bears the name LLAGAS (The Wounds), a common expression to-day among the Mexicans, referring to the wounds of the Savior during the Crucifixion. A town in the northern part of the State has the name MONTE CRISTO (Christ's Mountain, "Calvary"); while CERRO DE LA CALAVERA (Mountain of the Skull), "Calvary" is in the southern part. The Santa Ana River was first known as EL RIO DEL DULCISIMO NOMBRE DE JESUS (the river of the sweetest name of Jesus), but some of Portola's soldiers were camped there during an earthquake, and were badly frightened, and for years afterwards the river bore the name RIO DEL DULCISIMO NOMBRE DE JESUS Y LOS TEMBLORES, "and the earthquakes" being added to the former name.

SAN JOAQUIN. In 1813 Lieutenant Madera led an expedition through the great central valley of the State and gave its river a name that has become famous in finance and agriculture, as well as in poetry and song, the SAN JOAQUIN (Saint Joachim), or "Whom Jehovah has appointed." SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY was organized in 1850, and has an area of 1,370 square miles. The county seat is Stockton.

SAN JOSE DE GUADALUPE (Saint Joseph of Guadalupe), now known as the city of SAN JOSE, was the first pueblo (town) of NUEVA CALIFORNIA (New California), as it was founded first on November 7, 1777; and a second time on December 24, 1782. On June 11, 1797, Padre Lasuen dedicated the SAN JOSE MISSION to Saint Joseph, the foster father of Jesus, whose name in the Hebrew, means "He shall add." The beautiful city is the county seat of Santa Clara County, and was for a short time the capital of the State. This name is a favorite one for ranchos, some bearing it in the form of VALLE DE SAN JOSE, or SAN JOSE DE VALLE (Saint Joseph's Valley); while others were given the names of SAN JOSE DE BUENOS AYRES (Saint Joseph of Buenos Ayres), and SAN JOSE SUR CHILQUITO (Saint Joseph and a little farther south.)

SAN JUAN (Saint John). "The Gracious Gift of God" is another favorite name, appearing on mountain, stream and town, as well as many ranchos. SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO was named by Portola in 1769; but the Mission of that name was not established there until November 1, 1776. It was named for Saint John Capistrano of Naples, by Father Junipero Serra, and is an object of interest to every traveler, for it stands close to the Santa Fe depot. Six miles from Sargent is another Mission bear-

ing the name SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, St. John the Baptist, which was established by Padre Lassen on June 24, 1797. A town and two ranchos, also bear the name of the disciple who baptized the Savior in the River Jordan. A rancho situated in the southern part of the State bears the name SAN JUAN CAJON DE SANTA ANNA (Saint John's Canyon of the Santa Ann), as it is on the Santa Ann river. JOHN CREEK and old JOHNSTOWN, in the north end of the State, are not translations of earlier names, but are localities named for early American settlers.

SAN JULIAN (Saint Julian), is represented in only two localities, as it the case with SAN JUSTO (The Holy Just One.)

8. SAN LEANDRO (Saint Leander) "The Lion Man," has given his name to a well-known town, river and rancho.

SAN LORENZO (Saint Lawrence) has given his name to a river, three or four towns, and half a dozen ranchos; one of the latter being specifically described as the CANADA DEL RINCON EN EL RIO SAN LORENZO DE SANTA CRUZ (A Valley at the corner (bend) of the river St. Lawrence of Santa Cruz.)

SAN LUCAS (Saint Luke) seems to have been neglected, for his name appears on only one town, and one ranch.

SAN LUIS. The names of two kings and a bishop are prominent in the central portion of the State. The first in importance is that of the Mission SAN LUIS OBISPO (Saint Louis the Bishop), named for Saint Louis the Bishop of Toulouse, who was the son of Charles of Anjou, King of Naples. The Mission was established on September 1, 1772, and stands in the city of SAN LUIS OBISPO, which takes its name from the church. SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY takes its name from the same source, and was organized in 1850, and has an area of 3,500 square miles. Several ranchos in the county bear the name of this saint, some of them using the colloquial form of LUSITO, while two are known by the longer titles of POTRERO DE SAN LUIS OBISPO, and SAN LUIS GONZAGA. A "potrero" means "pasture land." The other rancho carries also the name of its owner, Gonzaga. BISHOP, in Inyo County, is named for one of the early settlers, and does not come from the padres.

SAN LUIS REY (St. Louis the King) is the name of the Mission established June 13, 1798, which stands in the valley of the river of the same name, four miles east of Oceanside. It was named for Saint Louis IX, King of France, who was one of the leaders in the Crusades. A town in San Diego County bears the same name.

SAINT LOUIS MOUNTAINS, and the town named for the range, in Sonoma

County, as well as a town in Sierra County, were named for the exposition city of Missouri, by settlers from that State. Saint Louis of Missouri, as well as Louisville, Kentucky, were named for another of the French kings, Louis XVI., whose troops assisted the Americans during the Revolutionary war.

LEWISTON, in one of the northern counties, was named for Mr. Lewis, a settler, long after the padres had gone out of the business of naming towns.

9. SAN MARCOS (Saint Mark) comes from the Latin, and means "Sprung from Mars," or "a war-like man." Towns in several counties bear this name, the town in San Diego county taking its name from the rancho it is on, which was known as LOS VALLECITOS DE SAN MARCOS (The Little valleys of Saint Mark.)

SAN MARINO means "The Holy Mariner" and is the name of a town in the southern part of the State. In the early days the Spaniards baptized the Chief of the Li-katu-it tribe of Indians, giving him the name of Marino, the mariner, as he and his tribe did considerable ferrying for the padres. Later on this chief got into trouble with his employers and went to war, making a desperate stand on the island in the harbor, which is still known as MARIN ISLAND. His name was also given to the region in which he lived, Marin County. The county was organized in 1850, and has an area of 516 square miles. The county seat is San Rafael.

SAN MATEO COUNTY bears the name of Saint Mathew, the "Gift of Jehovah," and was organized in 1859. Its area is 470 square miles, and Redwood is the county seat.

SAN MIGUEL (Saint Michael, the Archangel, is another favorite of the padres, for he was considered as the most glorious prince of the heavenly militia, the leader of the victorious armies of God, who cast Lucifer out of Heaven. The old Mission gave its name to the town it is in, and was dedicated to SAN MIGUEL ARCHANGEL on July 25, 1797. Towns in several counties preserve the name of the saint, while a couple of ranchos use the colloquial form of SAN MIGUELLITO, and one is known as CANADA DE SAN MIGUELLITO (Valley of Saint Michael.)

10. SAN NICHOLAS (Saint Nicholas) the patron saint of youth, was the Bishop of Myra, who died in 326. He is the Santa Klaus of the Dutch, and the giver of good gifts to children of all nations on Christmas eve. One of the beautiful islands near our coast is named for him.

SAN PABLO (St. Paul) is a familiar name to all who travel over the beautiful bay bearing this name, at the north end of San Francisco harbor. The town on the "op-

posite coast" (Contra Costa), which bears his name, was started on the SAN PABLO rancho of Don Francisco Castro, in 1849, and was a favorite stopping place for weary miners. The Castro family were leaders and general favorites in the early life of San Francisco, and one street in the city still bears their name.

SAN PEDRO. When Vizcaino sailed into SAN PEDRO bay on November 26, 1603, he must have been impressed by the bold, rocky headland that guards the bay, as much as by the fact that it was the day of Saint Peter, whose name in Greek means "A rock"; but he gave the waters the name of Saint Peter, Bishop of Alexandria; wisely ignoring the poor name BAHIA DE LOS HUMOS (Bay of the vapors), given to it by its first discoverer, Juan Rodriques Cabrillo, in 1542. The great headland was first most appropriately called PUNTA ANGEL CUSTODIA (Guardian Angel Point), but this was changed later to PUNTA ALMEJAS (Mussel Point), and finally to POINT SAN PEDRO for the bay. The bold lighthouse point, the rock pinnacle of Deadman's Island, and the magnificent stone pier that the Government is building across the waves, all make the name appropriate. A rancho bears the title POTRERO Y RINCON DE SAN PEDRO DE REGLADO (Pasture and corner of Saint Peter of Reglado), the last being the name of the owner. A Mission was erected on the west side of the Colorado river, near Yuma, in 1780, and dedicated to SAN PEDRO Y SAN PABLO DE BICUNER (Saint Peter and Saint Paul of Biconia), but it was burned by the Indians the next year and never rebuilt.

11. SAN RAFAEL, the county seat of Marin County, takes its name from the old Mission, which was dedicated to SAN RAFAEL ARCHANGEL (Saint Raphael, Archangel), on December 14, 1817. The Saint's name means in the original Hebrew "The Healing of God," and is an appropriate title for the beautiful place where the weary dweller of the city finds new life and strength in the shade of the trees and among the ferns and flowers.

SAN RAMON (Raymond). The name RAYMOND was given to a settlement in Los Angeles County in honor of Raymond Whitcomb, the genial railroad man, who acted as Moses in bringing huge excursions out of the Egyptian darkness of the bilzard lands into the "Promised Land" of sunshine, fruit and flowers. It may interest some who have followed his careful guidance to know that the name literally means "Wise protection," and is appropriate to the man and his business. The name is sometimes taken as a translation of SAN RAMON (Saint Raymond), for whom towns in Madera and Contra Costa Counties are named.

SAN TOMASO. There are two places that bear the name of AGUA DE TOMASO (St. Thomas' Spring); one is a town in the fruit regions, and the other is an oasis in the Mohave Desert, where General J. C. Fremont camped on his homeward journey, in 1844.

SAN VICENTE, or the colloquial form **SAN VICENTE** (Saint Vincent), "the conqueror," was first used by Portola in 1769, and is the name of several towns and ranchos. It should not be confused with the towns named VICENTE (without the San), which have been named in honor of Pablo Vicente de Sola, once Governor of California.

SAN YSIDRO (Saint Isidore's) name was given to the rancho on which "old" Gilroy now stands, and which is still known to the old times as San Ysidro.

LAS SENORAS Y SENORITAS.

"Alenti temporis Flores," "Flowers of the past time."

"The ladies, old and young," have not been forgotten by the gallant padres in christening places in the new country.

SANTA ANA. The river **SANTA ANA** (Saint Ann), named by Father Crespi, who called it, as stated elsewhere, Jesus Mary and the earthquakes, but this name was dropped later on for the one it now bears. The city of **SANTA ANA**, county seat of Orange County, takes its name from the river, and the rancho it is on, **SANTIAGO DE SANTA ANA** (Saint James of Saint Ann River). There are numerous towns and ranchos that have the name of Saint Ann, some using the title as already given, and others some one of the colloquial forms of her name, such as **SANTA ANITA**, **ANITA**, or **ANICA**. Among the more interesting names of the ranchos are the **CANON DE SANTA ANA** (Canyon of Saint Ann); **SANTA ANA ARRIBA** (Saint Ann) a little farther on; **SANTA ANA Y FARIAS**, named for the cruel President and vice-President of Mexico, who became infamous during the siege of the Alamo, in Texas; and **SANTA ANA DEL CHINO**, (Saint Ann of the Chinaman), where they had a Chinese laborer who is said to have had "curly" hair, a combination that is left for others to solve. It at last became the nickname of the ranch, and is now carried by the sugar beet town of **CHINO**, which was built on the old rancho.

The most vague of all names is that of the rancho that is known as **SANTA ANA Y QUIEN SABE** (Saint Ann, and who knows?) "Quien Sabe" is the answer the inquisitive tourist receives to most of his questions.

13. **SANTA BARBARA** (Saint Barbara), the "virgin martyr," is the patron saint of the

sailors, and is supposed to watch over poor Jack when he has to go aloft when the tempest rages, and to give him special protection from the deadly lightning, and from fires at sea. For this reason her name is often seen over powder magazines on board of war vessels. **SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL** received its name from Vizcaino, when he sailed over its waters on the saint's day, December 4, 1602; but it was not until December 4, 1786, that the Mission overlooking the waters of the lovely bay was dedicated to **SANTA BARBARA VIRGIN Y MARTYR** (Saint Barbara, Virgin and Martyr.) The city, which is known everywhere as the "City of Roses," was founded in 1782, and takes its name from the old Mission, which is in the city. The city is the county seat of **SANTA BARBARA COUNTY**, which was organized in 1850, and has an area of 2,450 square miles.

SANTA CATALINA Island was named on November 25, 1602, the day of Saint Catherine, by Vizcaino. This beautiful island has wooded mountains and glens, where couples from the city, who are fond of botanizing, may look for Saint Catherine's flower, "Love-in-the-Mist," (Nigella Damascena); or go sailing in a glass-bottomed boat and turn their gaze from the flowers on the heights above to those in the depths below.

SANTA CLARA Mission was named for Saint Clara of Assisi, Italy, the first Franciscan nun, and founder of the order of Saint Clara. The Mission was dedicated to her on January 12, 1777. Her name means literally "clear" or "bright," and has been most appropriately bestowed upon a county and city where the skies are ever clear, and the bright sunshine brings health and wealth. **SANTA CLARA COUNTY** was organized in 1850, and has an area of 1,355 square miles. The county seat is **SAN JOSE** (Saint Joseph). The **EMBARCADERO DE SANTA CLARA** (landing place of Saint Clara) is also the name of the old rancho on which travelers by boat from San Francisco landed. **RIO DE SANTA CLARA** is the name of a rancho on the River Saint Clara, and **SANTA CLARA DEL NORTE** (Saint Clara at the North), is the name given to a rancho in Ventura County, to distinguish it from one bearing her name further south.

SANTA GERTRUDES (Saint Gertrude), is the name of a town and at least two ranchos.

14. **SANTA INEZ** Mission is located 4 miles from Los Olivos, in Santa Barbara County, and was dedicated to **SANTA INEZ VIRGIN Y MARTYR**, in honor of Saint Agnes, the virgin, who went through many trials and afflictions, and was finally beheaded in the year 304. The Mission was dedicated September 17, 1804, and gives its name to the town and to **SANTA YNEZ PEAK**. The

name in Spanish being spelled either with an "I" or a "Y."

SANTA ISABEL. Saint Isabel, or Elizabeth, has her name spelled in Spanish **SANTA ISABEL** and **SANTA YSABEL**, and is also known colloquially as **BELITA** and **BELICIA**. Her name has been given to several towns and ranchos, and appears on the coast as **PUNTA ISABEL** (Point Isabel).

SANTA LUCIA. The high range of mountains that guards the county of Saint Louis the Bishop, was named **SANTA LUCIA** Mountains, because Vizcaino was admiring them on December 13, 1602, which happened to be Saint Lucy's day.

SANTA MARGARITA DE CORDONA Saint Marguerite or Margaret of Cordona), is the name given by Portola to a stream he crossed in 1769. Margaret, Marge and Maisie are names of loved ones wherever the English language is spoken. It is a homelike and "comfy" name, and one is pleased to find a rancho called **SANTA MARGARITA Y LOS FLORES**, Santa Margaret and the flowers, and delighted to come across another called **SANTA MARGARITA Y LOS GALLINS**, St. Margaret and the hens—they make one feel that the folks really enjoyed life while doing the pioneer work of civilizing a new continent.

15. **SANTA MARIA**, Saint Mary, the Mother of Christ, are words that were constantly on the lips of the new comers. For her they named the great range that first blocked their travels northward over the Camino Real, the **SIERRA MADRE** range (the Snowy range of the Mother of Christ.) Her titles and names are many, some of the colloquial ones being **MARICA**, **MARUJA** and **MARIQUITA**, but when they say **CHONA**, **CONCHA** or **COTA**, they mean "The Immaculate Mary"; if the expression is **CHUCA**, **CHUCHITA** or **JESUSA**, it means "Mary the Mother of Jesus, if it is **DOLORES**, **DOLORCITAS**, **DOLORITAS**, **LOLA**, or **LOLITA**, it means the "sorrowful one"; **LUCITA** means "Mary the Mother of Light." **LA MERCED** (The Mercy) is another title, the **RIO DE LA MERCED** meaning "River of our Lady of Mercy." **MERCED COUNTY**, which takes its name from this river, was organized in 1865, and has an area of 1,750 square miles. The name of the county seat, **MERCED**, is also derived from the river. The title **PROVIDENCIA** (Our Lady of Providence), is found only once, and that as the name of a rancho.

"Our Lady of the Angels" is a common title of Mary, and was first given to the river in the southern part of the State, the full title being **EL RIO NUESTRA SENORA DE LOS ANGELES DE PORCIUNCULA** (The river of Our Lady of the Angels, of a small portion.) On September 7, 1781, Governor Felipe de Neve issued the or-

der from the San Gabriel Mission for the establishment of a pueblo (town) on the river under the protection of **NUESTRA SENORA LA REINA DE LOS ANGELES** (Our Lady, Queen of the Angels); the Mission, which was dedicated three days before having practically the same title, **NUESTRA SENORA DE LOS ANGELES** (Our Lady of the Angels). The Mission was not independent, but was a branch of the San Gabriel Mission. The new pueblo included the old Indian town of **YANGNA**, named for that tribe of Indians. **LOS ANGELES COUNTY** was organized in 1850, and has an area of 3,958 square miles, including the island of Catalina. It takes its name from the city, which was known by that time as **CIUDAD DE LOS ANGELES** (The City of the Angels.)

ANGELS ISLAND, in San Francisco Bay, was also named for Mary, receiving its name from Lieutenant Agala, whose fleet reached the island on August 2, 1775, and who named it **ISLA DE NUESTRA SENORA DE LOS ANGELES** (Island of Our Lady of the Angels. **ANGELS**, or **ANGELS CAMP**, the well known mining town, was named for Henry Angel, the miner who discovered gold there. A title often given to the Virgin was that of **NUESTRA SENORA DEL REFUGIO** (Our Lady of Refuge) which appears as the name of one rancho; or simply **REFUGIO**, the name of a town, and a rancho. As the "lonely one," her name was given to the Mission that was built four miles from the town of **SOLEDAD** (Solitude), and dedicated October 9, 1791, to **NUESTRA SENORA DE LA SOLEDAD** (Our Lady of Solitude.) **PURISSIMA**, or **LA PURISSIMA** (The Most Pure) is a common title among the people for the Virgin, and is borne by towns, ranchos and a prominent headland known as **PURISSIMA Point**. One of the ranchos has the title **CANADA DE VERDE Y ARROYO DE LA PURISSIMA**, (Green Valley and Creek of the Most Pure.) Three miles from Lompoc is the **LA PURISSIMA CONCEPCION** Mission, the Mission of "The Immaculate Conception," which was established by Padre Lasuen on December 8, 1781. The same name was given a rancho, and the name **CONCEPCION** (The Immaculate Conception) to a town. **PUNTA DE LA CONCEPCION** (Immaculate Conception Point) was the name given to a promontory by Vizcaino, on September 8, 1602; and a well-known rancho takes its name from the Point. A somewhat similar name has been given to a stream which is known as **RIO NACIMIENTO** (River of the Nativity.) The last of the long list of the titles of Our Lady is **ASUNCION**—the ascension of the Holy Virgin to Heaven.

16. **SANTA PAULA**, and the colloquial form **PAULARINO** (St. Pauline) are the names of a town and a rancho that date back to the early days; as does the rancho **SANTA**

PAULA Y SATICOY, where the owner's name is linked with that of the saint.

SANTA ROSA. In 1829, Padre Juan Amaro, while attempting to secure converts among the Indians of Sonoma County, captured a squaw on the CHO-CO-AL-MI creek, and baptized her there, giving her the name of SANTA ROSA (Saint Rose), as it was the fast day of that saint. It is said that the zealous father had to end his efforts with that one convert, and beat a hasty retreat. The incident was sufficient to give a name to the creek, and from that to the city of SANTA ROSA, 1815, which is now the prosperous county seat of Sonoma County. The name is also borne by SANTA ROSA ISLA, off the Santa Barbara Coast, which was named for Saint Rose of Lima; although it was discovered by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542, and named by him for the Apostle SAN LUCAS (Saint Luke.) In a land whose wealth of roses is her pride it is natural there should be numerous towns and ranchos named for the saint who gave her name to the sweetest floral beauties. River, plain and valley bear her name, and have ranchos with corresponding titles, such as CABEZA DE SANTA ROSA (Head of Saint Rose) river; and LLANO DE SANTA ROSA (Plain of Saint Rose.)

SANTA SUSANA, SANTA TERESA (Saint Susan and Saint Teresa) have each ranchos and towns named in their honor. 17. The general topography of the country did not affect the padres, for they used theological names only, many of them being unnatural and inappropriate. Later on names like BEULAH (Land of Rest and Quiet), became common and typical of scores of localities.

CARMEL, CARMELO, POINT CARMEL, a prominent headland, is named for the famous mount in Palestine. The RIVER CARMELO was named by Vizcaino in 1602, in honor of the Carmelite Friars aboard his fleet. He called it NUESTRO SENOR DEL MONTE CARMELO (Our Lord of Mount Carmel.) Carmel in the Hebrew means "the fertile field," and is used sometimes in that sense. CARMELITA is the diminutive form, meaning "a Carmelite nun"; the diminutive being used to show affection.

CORPUS CHRISTI. An island off the San Diego coast has a peculiar sarcophagus like form which attracts immediate attention, and leads naturally to the name it bears, CORPUS CHRISTI ISLAND (Body of Christ Island.)

SANTA CRUZ (The Cross) was to the devout explorers of California what it was to the Crusaders, and was followed with a zeal and fanaticism was equaled only by the followers of the flag of Mahomet. Those who fell by the wayside had a rude cross erected over them to mark their last rest-

ing place. When the crest of a divide was reached a cross marked the spot; and if anything specially notable occurred anywhere a cross was set up. SANTA CRUZ (The Holy Cross) or LA CRUZ (The Cross) was ever the cry on their lips.

All that marks the site where the SANTA CRUZ MISSION was dedicated by Padres Lopez and Salazar, September 25, 1791, is a memorial cross. The name has been given to SANTA CRUZ COUNTY, which was organized in 1850, and has an area of 425 square miles. The City of Santa Cruz is the county seat. An island off the Santa Barbara Coast received the same name because the natives there returned to the Spaniards an iron cross, that had been forgotten and left upon the shore.

SANTA FE. After the successful siege of Granada, Queen Isabella founded the city of Santa Fe in honor of the event; but places in California were not named for that city. They were named by those who followed in the footsteps of the padres over trails that reached from Kansas to the Pacific Coast. The city of SANTA FE (Holy Faith) in New Mexico, was the place where trappers and traders for years gathered together from regions far remote to exchange their commodities. They came from St. Louis; from the head waters of the Columbia; and from the City of Mexico, to form an American Nizhni Novgorod. The great trail over which the caravans went every year from Anderson's Ferry (Kansas City), and the one across the sun scorched deserts of Mohave and Arizona, were known as the SANTA FE TRAIL: a title that naturally fell to the great railroad that follows the old trail as closely as the iron horse can follow its four-footed namesake. 18. LAS ANIMAS, The Souls, of those waiting to enter heaven, is a title found on several ranchos, and is in memory of those gone on before, as is LOS CRUCES (The Crosses, or "graves.") The name of the Holy City JERUSALEM means in the Semitic "The Abode of Peace," and is an appropriate name for the three towns that have that title, nestling as they do among the trees and in the shadow of great mountains.

LAS POSAS. The church bells toll for those who have gone on before, and as the last solemn notes ring on the air, the people cross themselves and murmur "LAS POSAS" (The Passing Bells.) This was the name of the Mission that was established at San Miguel on July 25, 1797.

LA NATIVIDAD and NACIMIENTO are both in memory of the birth of Christ (The Nativity).

LA PURIFICACION (The Purification) is a sacred day of the Catholic Church. One rancho bears the title LOMAS DE PURIFICACION (Hills of the Purification.)



Emil Kruschke as "Maginnis" *Minn's Calif* - Digitized by Microsoft® The University in Lighter Vein



Mr. Edward Woods
In the Axe and the Pirate's Daughter

Miss Howard .
The University in Lighter Vein



Mr. Levy

Miss Beatrice Snow

In the Axe and the Pirate's Daughter

The University in Lighter Vein

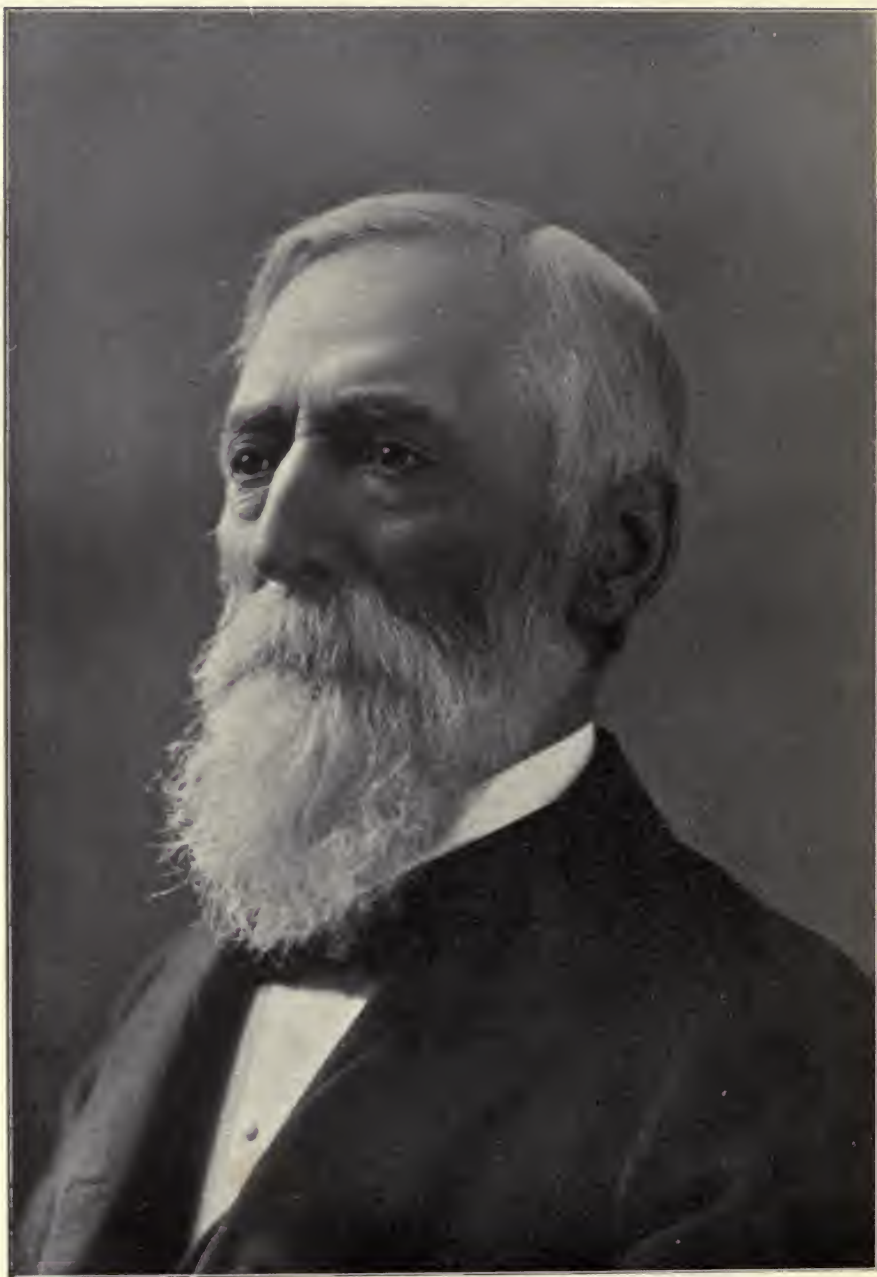


A Piquante Maid

From a Painting by DeLort



Mr. White Whittlesey, Theatrical Star of the month



Walter Van Dyke, Judge of the Supreme Court, State of California

See Early California Journalism.

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Miss LeConte

Miss Howard

"Gus" Keene

"The Jealous Wife"

VEIN AT THE UNIVERSITY

BY OSRA BIRDSALL

THOSE who lament that dramatic art has gone to the bows would find solace in some of the recent productions given by the University of California. They had a dignity and quality not of a piece with the clap-trap offerings of the present-day theatres. Of course, the college folk must have their rollicking farces as a palatable

filling between the layers of heavy productions. But it is the serious "revivals," attempted by the university, that make this year famous in the college histrionic world.

The dramatic Trilogy given in the famous new Grecian amphitheatre, began with a production of "Twelfth Night" by Ben Greet's company of players. Aristophanes' "Birds"



Miss Eduarda Howard

Mr. Mark Daniels

"The Jealous Wife"

was next presented in Greek by the classical students of the University; the fitting climax to this noble Trilogy was Racine's great play "Phedre," under the auspices of the French Department.

To say that the plays with a student cast left nothing to be desired, would smack of cheap flattery. A university is not a school of acting, and it is rarely that one finds there a person with marked histrionic ability. The average young man and woman with the stage bee biting the bonnet, rebels at the idea of four years spent in college that might be spent in carving a career. But in the production of such a play as Aristophanes' "Birds," there is no relative stand-

ard of criticism. You can not people the cast with such people as Nat Goodwin and Gillette, with actors like Mansfield or Sothorn. Only the student fresh in the classics can mouth the prickly gibes and jests of Aristophanes. A "revival" of this sort can only be given by a university.

Of all colleges in the world, Berkeley is best equipped for the presentation of a Greek play. The amphitheatre, in exact duplicate of the ancient Grecian theatre, is a superbly correct setting for such a production. As the "Birds" was written at a period antedating the addition of a stage to the theatre, the platform was hidden by a hedge of greens, and the performance took

place in what was known as the orchestra, a circular section in the front of the stage. The "birds," who constituted the chorus, made their entrance by the paradii at each side of the stage. In their various costumes, they imitated pelicans, blue-jays, owls, roosters, hens, swallows, and various other winged creatures. The immense amphitheatre was crammed with spectators, to most of whom the methods of the ancient Greek theatres were exemplified for the first time. Even to the student of the manners and customs of those times, an optical lesson of this sort

was highly instructive.

The performance of "Phedre" was not so satisfactory, for obvious reasons. A part that is identified with Bernhardt cannot fit amateurish shoulders snugly. Those who measured the performance by the standard of an all-star cast with the "divine Sara," as Phedre, found much to criticise. But sensible-minded persons who realize the limitations of amateurs, were loud in their praises of the performance. It was played with spirit and intelligence.

The more important parts were en-



Joseph Loeb

In the "Junior Farce"

Miss Mary Kennedy

"Gee Wiz! Woman, but you're iggorant"



"Jack" Levy in "The Pair of Papa's"

trusted to students who have "been brought up" on French, those who played minor parts had developed their French accent at the university, and it is a credit to the department that the language was not murdered.

"The Jealous Wife," an old English comedy by George Coleman, was one of the most creditable productions ever given by the University of California. It was produced under the auspices of the Woman's Dramatic Club, "The Mask and Dagger." This was the first venture of the new society, and it can be truthfully said that they established a standard which future members of the "Mask and Dagger" will not find it easy to live up to. "The Jealous Wife" was selected by Professor Charles M. Gayley as a comedy richly illustrating old English wit. A graceful prologue, written by Professor Gayley, and recited by Miss Winifred Osborne, put the au-

dience into the spirit of old English comedy.

"The Jealous Wife" is a comedy that sparkles to the brim in every act, and the modern playwright might well turn to it for inspiration. The characters in the play were excellently handled by a cast that represented the flower of the dramatic talent at the university. Miss Eduarda Howard, who played the jealous wife, has been identified with college theatricals since her Freshman days. She gave a convincing interpretation of a jealous woman, who goes off into gusts of temper when crossed or filled with absurd suspicions of her meek and suffering spouse. The men in the cast were particularly happy in their parts, the blunt "Major Oakley" of Gus Keene, and the mincing dandy, "Lord Trinket," of Mark Daniels, finding particular favor with the audience. The setting for the "Jealous Wife" was pat to the period—the good old days when Davy Garrick lorded the English stage.



A little black-face.



Mr. Kruschke

Miss Sophie Treadwell

Miss Phoebe Binney

Walter De Leon

Among the theatrical productions "that are to laugh," the yearly play given by the Skull and Key Society usually takes the prize for theatrical oddity. Like the Hasty Pudding Nights at Harvard, the men strut the stage in women's clothes, and basso profundos come rumbling from lips painted a la Cupid's bow. This year's play was one of the best ever given by the society. The Skull and Keys is an honor society, interfraternity, which only "bids" in men who have won high distinction in some line of college activity—on the gridiron, at the bat, in the debating society, on the college newspapers, or in track events.

It is traditional that the junior class shall give a play written by some member of that class. The cast is made up entirely of third-year students, and no other dramatic

event excites more interest than the "junior farce." The play always takes a farcical twist. College happenings, "joshes" on the "Profs.," even hits at the "Prexie," punctuate the "plot" of the farce. Last year's production, "The Axe and the Pirate's Daughter," was a screamingly funny satire on the famous Stanford axe. This year's performance reached the risibilities via "A Pair of Papas," which exploded "joshes" like a bunch of Fourth of July firecrackers. The farce was written by Emil Kruschke, and was preceded by a curtain raiser, "A Record Proposal," written by Mark Daniels. Miss Florence Parker and Miss Mary Kennedy in the comedy parts, were delightful, and Joe Loeb, who played opposite Miss Kennedy, was an ideal foil for her clever interpretation of the coy maid.

The Sophomore Minstrel Show made its bow with a mirthful farce, "Of Royal Blood." The success of the production was largely due to Miss Sophie Treadwell's inimitable "Matilda." There are few actresses

on the professional stage who could get more fun out of the part.

Though dramatic art has no place in the university curriculum, it can be seen that it has a warm place in the heart of the college student.

THE MIRACLE OF THE THUNDER GOD

BY C. J. WHITE

IT was a wonderful story, but no doubt true, Sin Shang, for it was told to me by a friend who got it from his friend, who had a relative who came from very near the place.

And it happened this year, indeed only a month ago, and you might investigate the matter yourself, if you still have an unbelieving heart, but I think you have every reason to implicitly trust me, for there is absolutely not one copper cash of interest to me, even if your newspaper does publish the story. Indeed, to the contrary, I would be blamed if the rumor spread abroad that I was giving you any information about the affairs of the Chinese.

It was in the Sunwui district, and not far from the district city, that the affair occurred, and it was in this wise:

Two boys were going to school. One was very rich, and the other was very poor. Each was trying to skip stones into the pond, after the manner of boys. The rich man's son was the less skillful of the two, and became angry with the poor boy, also after the manner of the sons of the rich.

So instead of throwing the next stone into the pond, it somehow flew in the direction of the poor man's son. The poor boy was no more of a saint because of his poverty, and his next throw sent a stone right into the soft spot of the temple of

the rich man's son, and as every one knows, that means the end of life. So the rich man's son died.

Now, the poor boy was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She hastened to the temple to beg the intervention of the gods in behalf of her unfortunate boy, but all in vain did she offer the incense and uenbo—the angry father demanded the life of the frightened child. And the demand was made all the more horrible by the way in which he insisted he should die. He swore, the inhuman wretch did, that the boy should be used as a mattress, as your language calls it; that is, he should be put up in the coffin first, and the dead boy should lie on top of him, instead of resting on the usual roll of blankets, that always must line a coffin. The poor widow groveled on her knees, and vowed she would sell all her fields, few and small though they were; they were all her substance. But to no purpose. "A life for a life, and nothing short of that will satisfy the spirit of my son," said the rich man.

So the coffin was prepared with its strange lining, and the dead reposed upon the living, and the lid was nailed on. The mother, driven to desperation, ran to the house of mourning, and hanged herself in the doorway after the manner of our people, for the least she could do was

to thus haunt the house of the cruel man who had deprived her of the light of life in this world, and through the endless cycles of ages, for with no son to worship her tablet after death, what use was there in a longer life on this earth, for, as I told you before, she was a widow, and there was no chance of her bearing another son. "Marry again, sir, did you say? I think you are surely better acquainted with our custom, Sin Shang, for you are smiling while you speak. A widow of our country cannot marry again. Oh, to be sure, she may 'attach herself' to a man, and call herself his wife, and among the 'Klisyan' sect, which is changing somewhat our honored customs, they do go before their 'muksz' and promise to be faithful to the man, and they may thus be respectable people. But they are not true followers of Chinese custom. A virtuous widow, if she has a son who wishes to be born into a better state, must bear her sorrow, cherish her son, and hope for her salvation through him only.

So now you understand why this poor woman hanged herself. There was nothing else for her to do, and indeed, Sin Shang, you cannot blame her if she thought that she might cause a little uneasiness by using the "door mouth" of the rich man for the deed. Of course, he was not easy in conscience, and this additional trouble of having to propitiate the spirit of the angry mother was another reason for his discomfort being greater.

But the gods had not been as in-

attentive as the poor woman had thought, and indeed they had perhaps given her the inspiration to do the right thing, for as the result proved, there could have been no other way in which they could have so strongly shown their approval, and worked so wondrous a miracle in her behalf.

Now, do not shake your head in doubt, Sin Shang, when I tell you true that at the same moment that the despairing mother gave her life for her son, the gods gave it back to her, and with it her beloved son, and took away the breath of life from the wicked rich man, and that of his own wife, too.

Now, Sin Shang, you cannot ever think how this was done, for you have no Thunder God in this "Golden Mountain" country. I have never heard his voice here, and I have been here for forty years. Yes, it was the Thunder God who took matters into his own hands, and at the same instant, and by virtue of the one loud roaring of his powerful voice, he sent a thunderbolt of his rage, and it burned the string that that woman had tied around her throat, burned open the coffin, so that her son arose from his place under the dead. And then, Sin Shang, the revenge of the Thunder God extended to the old rich man and his wife, for with one blow he struck dead the two, and thus was justice done, and the approval of the gods rested upon it all.

Can you believe this story, Sin Shang? It is quite true in every detail.



THE PEANUT BUTCHER'S STORY

BY EDWARD M. APPLGARTH

WE had just finished a rubber of whist, and were discussing the game. Noticing that the train was taking the curves at what seemed to be a dangerous speed, I asked the peanut butcher as he came through with cigars if it was customary to run so fast on this part of the road.

"There's no fear of our running too fast this trip," he said; "we have the 'Old Man' on the train. He's in that private car on the rear end. Anyway, this ain't fast running. I've been on her when she hit these curves so hard that it threw everything out of the parcel racks."

"Ever had an accident on this part of the road?" I asked.

"Not any smash-ups. Killed a man on this next siding, though, last trip."

The breakman, who was sitting on the seat in front turned and inquired: "How did you come to be on Second Six the night Carter was killed, Campbell?"

The butch sat down before answering.

"I had to double out last trip for Hart. He 'phoned the office he was sick. Fact is, he was at the races and had made a winning."

"How did it happen?" the brakie asked. "I heard Carter was asleep on the track."

"So he was. I got the straight of it from his con. It's a d—— sad story. If you gents will buy some smokes so as to liven up business, I'll tell you about it."

We bought cigars all around, and settled ourselves comfortably in our seats. The butch lit a cigar and began:

"Ed. Carter and his brother Joe broke on freight in this division. They lived with their folks in Wind-

sor in that big red brick house on Race and Tenth street. Last week their sister Ruth married a guy from San Francisco. The bridal couple left that night on No. 3.

Quite a big gang was at the depot to see them off. After No. 3 pulled out, Ed. went home with the rest of his folks, and Joe went up town, where he got good and drunk.

"Joe's a devil-may-care sort of chap, a great one to flirt with the girls. I guess he's been mashed on 'most every good looking girl in Windsor, and on half the ugly ones as well. Anyway, to continue, Joe was pretty full when morning came. About nine o'clock he goes up to call on Mrs. Wilson, whom he'd been paying a good deal of attention to, when Wilson was out on the road. Well, Wilson happened to come in when not expected, and found him there. He was d——d mad, and gave Joe a devil of a licking and threw him out into the gutter. Joe's a little, short fellow, while Wilson is the biggest man on the division. Say, we're slacking up for a flag stop. I'm going to see if any of the section gang want papers."

As soon as we were off again, the butch, relit his cigar and continued: "Ed. Carter wasn't like Joe. Ed. was considered the smartest brakie on the line. He was engaged to a peach of a little girl, Emma Morton, and they were to have been married in the spring. The morning after his sister's wedding, Ed. reported and was sent out on a freight to Kingston.

"The excursion of the Epworth League last week made us awfully busy. All regular trains ran in three or four sections, and we had three or four specials a day as well."

"Ed. no sooner reached Kingston than he was ordered out again on the third section of Six. It was a mean night. A report was posted in the office warning all crews of heavy rains in the hills, to look out for washouts and soft track.

"Ed. was on the rear end. He settled himself comfortably in the smoker of the last sleeper and watched for the different points he knew so as to judge how they were running. Suddenly there were three or four violent jars, then a quick stop.

"Ed. then had to go back flagging. Investigation showed that they had run into a washout. It was twenty-three hours before the wrecking crew had the track clear, and nearly thirty-six before Ed. Carter went off duty in Windsor.

"Joe got over his drunk and reported for duty. He was told to hold himself in readiness to go out any moment. The washout and the soft condition of the track had tied up or delayed all trains. Joe went up town again, had a few drinks, and then went into Loud's saloon, where he met some of the boys, who geyed him about Wilson's having kicked him out into the street. Joe left, swearing vengeance. The next heard of him was that when third section of five had pulled out of Windsor, Joe Carter and Mrs. Wilson had both been aboard, bound for San Francisco.

"After Third Five had left, a delayed rush freight pulled in, and Joe was marked up to go out on her. Not finding him, the next available man was ordered out in his place, and that man was his brother Ed., who had only just come in off of Third No. Six.

"Ed. was not the man to kick, even though he had just come in. He thought he would be able to get some sleep in the caboose anyway.

"Special trains, you know, have no rights. Engine 1299, with her twenty-five freight cars, had not got more than ten miles on her way when she had to take siding to pass No. Six which was coming through in two sections.

The front brakeman opened the switch, and Carter, who had been riding in the caboose, went out to close it after both sections had passed. The first section went by, and Ed. sat down on the end of a tie while waiting for the other section, which was ten minutes behind the first one. He must have gone to sleep.

"Engine 2223 with Second Six came pounding down the track. Suddenly there were several sharp blasts of the whistle, the hiss of the air, the grind of the brakes, a sudden stop.

"We found the cylinder cock had caught him on the side of the head, the projecting part making a small ugly hole. That was the only mark on the body. The force of the blow, however, had broken the cylinder cock off."

We were all silent for a moment when the butch. finished. Then the brakie asked:

"What become of Joe and Mrs. Wilson?"

"Joe heard about it on reaching San Francisco. He left the lady and has not been heard of since."

"And the jury's verdict?" I asked.

"That the deceased, Edward Carter, came to his death by being struck by engine 2223, the deceased being at the time asleep on the line. The engineer and the company were exonerated from all blame."

"Did the company do anything in the matter?"

"Yes; ordered a new cylinder cock on 2223."

COMRADESHIP OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

BY ARMOND

COMRADESHIP, such as exemplified in the greeting a Knight Templar gives to a companion, has in it all the elements of the inner meaning of St. Paul's declaration that "none of us liveth to ourself, and no man dieth to himself." That was the philosophy of the great Christian missionary to the Gentile world. It was the keynote of all his epistles and sermons, and the foundation of his faith. The interdependence of all men, the Brotherhood of man, and the Fatherhood of God, was the basic theme of the scholarly apostle in all his advocacy of the truth of the story of the Resurrection and Ascension of the Lord Christ, which every Knight Templar believes with all his soul. But it was no new doctrine—the interdependence of all life—that St. Paul taught. It was an old belief when Israel's King David conceived the idea of glorifying the "Grand Architect of the Universe," and the "Worshipful Master" of all that lives, by erecting a mighty temple to God and dedicating it to His Holy Name, and the spirit of the incentive which moved David to desire to establish an Altar that should be within the Veils, and about which all save the "Profane" might assemble and meet on the level of a common brotherhood, is the same spirit that sends the Knight Templar out into the storm-bound darkness at "Low Twelve" in answer to the voice of a "Widow's Son."

Yes, in Knights Templarism there is such a thing as "meeting on the level" of a common brotherhood, and "parting on the square" of sincerity and good will. The interlaced triangles mean much more to Templars than the descent of spirit into matter before "God said

let there be light." It is a symbol of oneness on the mountain of Zion where He from the heights beyond "commanded His blessing, even life everlasting." By this symbol every Templar-Mason is assured that Ascension is by the way of the Cross and the Sepulchre, and by it he is also assured that no "worthy and well qualified" ever fails to receive all needed strength to overcome the pangs of the cross of life and the sorrows of the sepulchre of death if he seeks the secrets of immortality and the "promise" in the "Chamber of Reflection." It is never the fault of the "Three Great Lights" if a Templar-Mason is in the darkness of forfeited comradeship. The ties that bind are severed, if severed at all, by the Jubelas, the Jubelos and the Jubelums who have become unworthy by their own acts.

Nevertheless, deep and abiding as are the ties that bind in a common brotherhood, no Templar supposes for a moment that fraternal comradeship contemplates or provides for individual social or mental equality during the hours of "refreshment" in which the activities of individuals are in the world of personal concern. Originally, and yet, too, for that matter, the Templar confraternity included in its membership kings, princes and nobles from every Christian country. It was once, in the long ago, a vast army of warriors divided into eight territorial divisions or provinces, Germany, England and France each being a province. The Temple Bar of London is so-called because originally it was what the "profane" would call "headquarters of the Knights Templar organization of England." Very much as an army of soldiers is constituted to-day was

the organization of the Commanderies of eight hundred years ago, but never was Templarism even remotely identified with Knight Errantry. Then, too, as now, there was comradeship without distinction of social cast, wealth or intellectual acquirements. Then as now, it was the comradeship of warriors, but not companionship of all who marched and fought under a common standard. Modern Templarism includes all professions and occupations, and it maintains a quality and standard of comradeship that draws no line of separation, yet it distinctly recognizes the inequality of man in the channels of citizenship. As Sir Knights, there is but one level. As citizens, there are many levels, and often widely separated. But always and under all circumstances a Knight Templar is a Hospitaller, and always every Zerubbabel knows that though there may be "gold and silver I have none," there are refreshments and encouragement and the glad hand and the warm heart and the "God speed thee" at every critical point in the journey to the Jerusalem of worthy purpose and honest endeavor.

Exactly eight hundred years ago—1104—the order was officially recognized as a body of knights, and so dubbed and created by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, but as a matter of fact, the order had its beginning in 1099, five years before it received official recognition. Naturally, perhaps, after years of campaigning, and the absence of home influences, there was a falling away into degeneracy. So much so, indeed, that very many Knights "prided themselves," says the historian, "upon being rough and rude, seldom using water for washing, shaving and such like purposes, but preferred being filthy and dirty in their persons, so much so that at last the proverb of 'being as drunk and as dirty as a Templar' became quite common." In those

days of hard marches and perilous times, the Templar order had no quartermaster, commissary, medical or pay departments—nor a "board of strategy," for which they devoutly thanked God, no doubt. Each Knight was his own commissary and paymaster, as the people living on the line of their march found out to their sorrow.

Modern Templarism makes some education, at least to know how to read and write, a prerequisite to knighthood. Very many of the great scholars of the world are Templar-Masons; so, too, are all the planes of commerce and handicraft liberally represented. But while some education is a prerequisite accomplishment, the underlying principle is altogether ethical. Templars have been known to possess little moral worth or excellence of character, but they were "true and tried," and "worthy and well qualified" when created Sir Knights, nor is Templarism any way responsible for their degeneracy, for every theme, every symbol and word spoken, from the preparation room of divestment of the Entered Apprentice, is altogether wholesome and well calculated to encourage to press on from good to better and on to best. Templar-Masonry is a system of religio-philosophy, whose centre and circumference is the doctrine of the noble, true and good heart. But neither education nor moral worth were required of applicants for knighthood in the early days of Templarism. In fact, Grand Master de Molay, whose memory is revered by all Templars, could not read or write, and because he could not, and because his heart and mind were so noble that he could not himself be suspicious of wrong-doing in others, was inveigled into signing a paper in which he confessed to have committed all sorts of crimes, including atrocious murders, and worse still, of being guilty of heresy to the Church. When he discovered

how he had been tricked, he rushed to a blazing fire, and thrust his right hand into it, saying: "I do this as a punishment for signing such a false document." He was placed over a slow fire upon an iron grating and left to linger there until "symbolical death" became a reality.

But like the sturdy, brave and honest knight that he was, he made not the slightest sign of suffering, nor did he revile his executioners, and modern Templars see in the heroism and kindly heart of Grand Master de Molay a mighty lesson in forbearance and patience in the spirit of "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do," when secretly or openly assailed for wearing the Red Cross by "cowans," "eavesdroppers," or the "profane." All down the line from 1104 to this day the Order of Knights Templar has not been without De Molays at any time, and many is the widow and many is the orphan and many is the knight that has found the sorrows of helplessness and the burdens of misfortune rolled away, as was the stone of the Sepulchre, by the loving, generous, yet mighty hand of Templarism. Knight Templarism has stood, stands and will stand for that spirit of nobility of character, moral worth and Faith, Hope and Charity which was exem-

plified in the person and life of the Nazarene whose Sepulchre, whose Resurrection, and whose Ascension are the foundation and cope-stones of the heart's mansion.

It is by this standard that Knights Templar should be measured and judged. If some fall short, the fault is not that the principles of Templarism are weak and insufficient, but that they have not been permitted to do their perfect work. A Knight Templar should be the embodiment of high character, moral worth and true manhood in every walk of life in which circumstances have placed him. He must be all that to be a Templar in fact, and if he is not all that, he is a Templar in name only. And, moreover, if he is not all that, the sword he wields will sooner or later turn its sharp point against himself and pierce him to his spiritual death, nor will the stone be rolled away from his sepulchre, nor will he come forth from thence, nor will the glory of Ascension be his. These things all Knights Templar know, and, too, that "under no less a penalty" than that which is due will his offense be atoned. Thus it was written in the unwritten book of Causation, which was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. So mote it be.





The World is A-Wheel Again

BY SYDNEY PELL MAKINSON

MOST to be noted among the features that mark the opening of the present season of out-door sports is the revival of bicycling. So great is the increase in the number of wheels seen in city boulevards and country roads, that the fact of the revival of the general popularity of cycling has forced itself upon public attention and compelled the comment of writers in sports. This revival is particularly noticeable in districts which once made it their greatest fad and punished it to the extreme, only to be the more conspicuous through a very considerable abandonment of it.

Bicycling undoubtedly owed its temporary lapse from temporary popularity to the ill-advised extremity of the devotion of its votaries to it. In these sections of the country, when the wheel reigned more as a craze than a sensibly and moderately pursued pastime, the falling off in its use was the most sudden and most extensive. The sport was conducted with too much whoop and hurrah to last at the high pressure with which it was followed. There was too much riding just for the sake of riding and piling up mileage, whether the wind blew, the rain poured, the sun beat down upon or the icy air froze the limbs of the fanatics. Such strenuous following of bicycling made it a "fad," and as a "fad" the reaction had to come, and did come.

In those sections where wheelmen used their wheels moderately

as a vehicle of gentle exercise, pleasure seeking and every-day use, and among those so pursuing it, bicycling survived. It is to this sensible following of the most beneficial and delightful sports and convenient means of easy locomotion, that the public has once more returned.

Fashion has taken it up again. Those who are tiring of the golfing fad have once more adopted it for their afternoon recreation. More and more is the wheel being used as a means of transportation from home to office, and from office to country club or the scene of favorite outdoor amusements.

Physicians are urging its re-adoption as a method of healthful exercise. Youths are looking to it as a form of athletic competition, as bigger entry lists to race meets than ever before prove. On all hands are the indisputable signs that the bicycle has returned to favor, and will be enjoyed with moderation and common sense, insuring a permanent future for it as the foremost of all outdoor sports.

Clubmen and enthusiasts have joined hands all over the country in promoting veteran runs and other gatherings of wheelmen, which have aroused once more the pride and interest of the old-time users of the wheel. At one of these runs, which took place at Boston recently, there was a turnout of 5,000 riders. Similar meets at Detroit, Buffalo and Indianapolis called forth surprisingly large gatherings in

proof of the ease of revival of an interest once dormant at the worst.

There are many reasons for the present revival of bicycling, apart from a mere reaction and the well-directed efforts of clubs, makers, enthusiasts and the press, to this end. There is twice the mileage of good roads in this country now that there was years ago. The bicycle itself with its two speed gearing and cushion frame presents a vehicle of greater ease and more comfort. Old riders are amazed at the difference between the machines of former times and those of to-day, and once trying them are easily converted to a resumption of the sport, wondering how they could have so neglected it.

The bicycle is indeed back, and seems to have come back this time to stay.

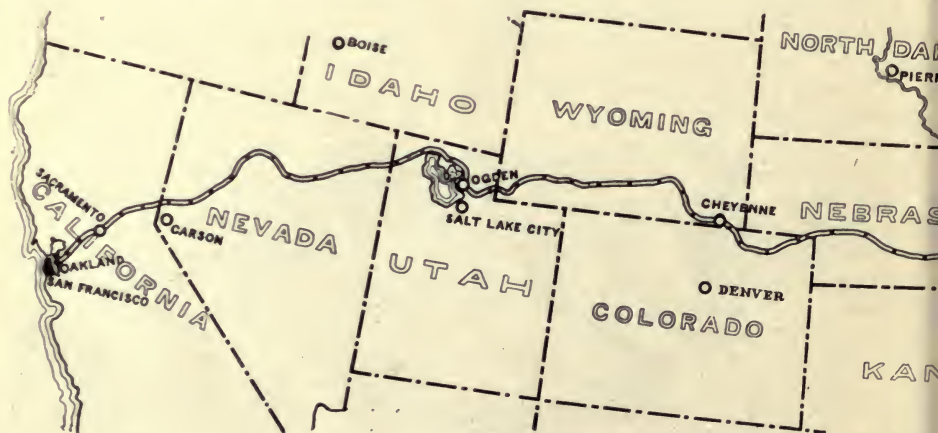
FREIGHT RATES ON AUTOMOBILES.

The National Association of Automobile Manufacturers is preparing for an effort to secure a reduction of the present railroad freight rate on automobiles, and in connection with this work some interesting figures have been compiled. Every automobile shipped by rail is charged for as weighing 6,000 pounds, while in carload lots the weight is rated

at a minimum of 10,000 pounds. It is estimated that 20,000 automobiles will be manufactured during the year 1904, this being considered a very conservative figure. These would make 5,500 carloads, which, handled one way only and charged for at the current minimum rate, would be the equivalent of 55,000,000 pounds. It is calculated that, including new cars shipped from factories, singly or in carload lots, and automobiles shipped from place to place by owners, the railroads of the United States will this year handle the equivalent of 197,500,000 pounds of automobiles, or 98,750 tons. This is equal, at the current rating, to 19,750 carloads, which would make 581 freight trains of average length, or one train nearly 150 miles long.

AUTOMOBILES TAKE TO AIR.

There is reason for great hopefulness among those pedestrians who are especially timid in regard to automobiles, in an unpretentious, unobtrusive little newspaper item which announces that a New Yorker fond of athletics and "motoring," has placed an order with Santos-Dumont for the construction of an elaborate flying machine. The reader will readily perceive what is coming. The speed sportists are going to take to the air where there are no



The Automobile Route from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

policemen, no skittish horses, no railroad tracks or trees or ditches to impede them, and where they may scorch to the extent of their endurance.

This will be a relief for them and for the rest of us. We care not how fast they may run their races; they have our free consent to astonish us to the limit for their ability. We give them the air for their disporting. The only precautions we need take is that due notification be given of an accident in the upper ether which compels their hasty and sometimes headlong descent. In case of collisions or other wrecks, these airmobiles should be provided with automatic and pneumatic trumpets which will emit a loud note of warning by the mere swift passage of air through them as they are coming down. This will enable persons on the earth's surface to seek shelter. Should an airmobile fall on a house-top its structure is scarcely heavy enough to do serious damage, knocking off a chimney perhaps or smashing a skylight.

CALIFORNIA RECORDS.

Great efforts have been made recently, by different auto enthusiasts in Southern California, for records between Los Angeles and Santa

Barbara. Mr. Norman Church (of Los Angeles) was the first to make a record between these two cities. This was done some three weeks ago, when Mr. Church made a trip in six hours and 26 minutes elapsed time. This was considered exceptionally good time and several efforts were made to lower this record. All were in vain however, until Mr. John F. McLain and Mr. Leon T. Shettler made the trip in five hours and 35 minutes. Messrs. McLain and Shettler were much pleased with their record and it was left for Mr. H. T. Lally of San Francisco to smash. This Mr. Lally did, accomplishing the feat in five hours and 21 minutes elapsed time. This beat the record of McLain and Shettler by fourteen minutes. It is believed by Mr. Lally and his friends that this record will remain unbroken for some time to come, if made under the same conditions. Mr. Lally drove a 1904 Winton Touring Car, with a canopy top and four persons in the machine. He attributes the good time made is due to the fact that they were fortunate in not meeting any teams on the mountain grades. No accidents whatsoever occurred during the trip and Mr. Lally believes he has the fastest Winton Car on the Coast.



Map designed by General Nelson A. Miles



OFF FER 'FRISCO TOWN

When S'mantha's packed my satchel,
An' I'm off fer 'Frisco town,
Where the streets 'r black with people
And the walls with dust 're brown;
Where the iron hoof-beats clatter
On the pesky cobblestones,
An' the car bells clang and jangle
An' the cable rasps an' drones,

I kinder stop an' linger,
While I tell 'em all good-bye,
As I gaze out on the medder
An' the broad expanse of sky;
I listen to the songsters
As they're whistlin' in the trees,
An' I feel a benediction
In the gentle murmurin' breeze.

There's a brook that's runnin' yonder
Through my lower pastur' lot,
An' the trees a-growin' near it
Makes a sort o' fairy spot,
Where I sometimes sit a-dreamin'
When the sun is sinkin' low,
An' it touches up the water
With its purty dying glow.

Then I somehow feel so peaceful,
An' it seems so quiet there
That the babble o' the water
Soothes my tired soul like prayer;
An' I feel like all the meanness
I hev borne for many a day,
Is wafted from my bosom
An' is floated far away.

Mebbe there's blessin's scattered
In the city's busy ways,
Mebbe in their stately churches
Is the proper place for praise,
But somehow my religion
Kinder wilts and dwindles down
When S'mantha's packed my satchel
An' I'm off fer 'Frisco town.

THREE NURSES AND A CHICKEN RANCH

A True Story

BY EUGENIA VENEGAS

I MUST say that I fail to see anything comical in the fact that we three nurses managed a chicken ranch for one year, and did so scientifically. Our friends and acquaintances, however, seemed to think it was a huge joke, and at the mere mention of the word chickens they fairly went off into hysterics.

There were those who prophesied it would not last, that we would soon tire of ranch life, and they eagerly waited their chance to say "I told you so."

To us, however, it was no joke, but a serious business, and we would still be living our peaceful bachelor maid life if certain events had not transpired which naturally changed our plans.

You see, it all happened in this way:

When Susan Broderick, Maggie Murphy and I returned from a three years' stay in the Philippines, where we had been on duty as army nurses in the military hospitals, we found that we were not able physically to perform the arduous duties of a private nurse, especially the night work.

Not caring to stay longer in the army service, we decided to take up some other sort of work for a livelihood.

For the benefit of the reader, I will state that whenever a nurse leaves her profession, she invariably does one of two things, namely: opens a little notion store or starts a poultry ranch.

We decided upon the latter of the two as being the best and pleasantest way in which to regain our health. Being Californians, we naturally knew that Chickenville, in

Feather County, was the place in which to locate, since it is the poultry center of the State.

We accordingly set forth one bright morning to call upon the real estate firm of Hamworth & Henry, which had been recommended to us as the most reliable of the numerous firms, dealing in poultry ranches in Chickenville.

The town has a population of five thousand souls. The Chickenville river divides it into east and west Chickenville. The railroad station, race track, and numerous factories are on the east side, the town proper being built on the west bank.

Any one could tell that the place was a poultry center, for hanging from almost every other store on the main street were signs which read: "Poultry Ranches for Sale and Exchange," "Highest Price Paid Here for Eggs and Poultry," "Chickenville Incubators and Brooders for Sale," to say nothing of the numerous other kinds of machinery for hatching and brooding chicks, nor the many varieties of foods, guaranteed to make hens lay continuously the entire year. We finally found the Hamworth & Henry sign, hanging next to that of the Argus, Chickenville's foremost daily.

Both gentlemen were in the office. Mr. Hamworth was a pleasant-faced, elderly man, Mr. Henry being a young and exceedingly handsome fellow.

They seemed surprised when we made known our desire to buy a chicken ranch, especially when we said that we intended to manage it ourselves, but they were quite sure that they had several places which would suit us. After being driven

about the country for the better part of two days, we finally came upon just the place we wanted. It was situated five miles from the town, contained eight acres, and was quite a new place, having been in existence only two years. The house was a four-roomed, hard-finished cottage, and it was to be sold furnished.

On the place there was a feed house containing a milk room and an incubator room, with an incubator of three hundred egg capacity, hen houses, brooder house, barn, well, a new two-seated spring wagon, and all of the necessary tools that go with a farm.

The stock was composed of one cow, one horse, five hundred hens, and three hundred young chicks just hatched.

Now, Susan has what I call Titian hair. Maggie says it is red. At any rate, it is the color that does not go well with a white horse, so Susan told the agent that she did not wish to locate on a place with a horse of that color. Chickenville seemed to have a monopoly on white horses, for on the road, as well as at every ranch where we stopped, we always saw the inevitable milk-white steed.

Mr. Henry told us that he was of the opinion that this particular ranch we were about to inspect could boast a bay horse. As we alighted at the cottage, almost the first object we espied was a big white mare, whose name, we were told, was Mary. Maggie and I shouted with laughter—a mean thing to do, but we could not help it. Susan whispered: "If we take the place we will trade her off, you may be sure."

Well, the place suited us; we bought it and moved in the following week. Susan stayed the last night with the departing owners in order to learn their mode of feeding the chickens and to get an idea of how to care for the incubator, which had been refilled with three

hundred eggs. We decided to take turns at house-keeping, each one to serve one month, as housekeeper. Susan was to be cook the first month, while Susan and Maggie were to be the "hands."

That first month, I am sure, we shall remember to our dying day.

One would have thought that the girls considered each hen a sick patient, so carefully were they tended and fed, so often, and so thoroughly were their houses cleaned and caulked. And the brooder chicks? No incubator baby ever had more attention, I am positive, than did those three hundred screaming bipped. The lamps which supplied heat to the brooders were thoroughly cleaned and refilled each day. Over the warm gravel in their bed were spread their sacks, one set for the day and one for the night. These were washed out daily. Food was carried to them regularly, every two hours, for weeks, while milk, water, gravel and greens were always before them.

The incubator proved to be the greatest trial. The thermometer refused to stay any length of time at the 103 degree mark. It was either too low or too high, and caused Susan no end of anxiety and sleepless nights, she having taken the machine as her particular charge. One night when she stayed out longer than usual, Maggie went to hunt her, and found her sound asleep on a box with her head resting on the machine.

Both girls had been reared on the ranch, but neither one had milked a cow since childhood, and I think that they rather dreaded the first attempt. Blackey was a peaceful old cow, and she quietly stood munching her bran and potatoes during the ordeal. Susan milked two teats and Maggie milked two, while I re-filled Blackey's feed box as occasion demanded. I think that was for the first time.

When the bucket was at last filled

with the sweet, foamy milk, Maggie turned to Susan, and with a deep sigh, said: "Oh, Susan! Thank God we don't have to milk Mary."

The next morning, and in fact for several mornings thereafter, I had to assist the girls at dressing.

A few days after our removal to the ranch Susan had occasion to drive into town for some grain. She decided that Mary was not clean enough to be seen on the road, so with a sponge, a scrubbing brush and some castile soap she and Maggie proceeded to give her a sponge bath. She seemed to enjoy the wash immensely and took a nap or two during the procedure. After

We soon discovered that we were considered quite important personages by the neighbors. The fact that we were trained nurses, and had served in the army in the Philippines, placed us in their highest esteem, but they could not understand how it was that we could contentedly live on a chicken ranch.

Of course, they could not know what peace it was to us to own our very own little home, after having spent years in "bumping" around the world as nurses do. We gradually learned that our neighbors on all four sides were bachelors, and very quiet ones they proved to be. Adjoining the place at the back lived



A visitor in the hen yard



Feeding the hens.

her mane was combed and her tail trimmed, she really presented quite a respectable appearance.

On the return home, and within two miles of the ranch, one of the wheels locked. There was no monkey wrench in the wagon and no grease handy, but Mary pulled the heavily-laden wagon home, despite the fact that the road was deep with sand. Since then, Susan would have no other horse on the place, and all thought of trading Mary off was set aside.

At the extreme end of the ranch was a grove of beautiful oaks, and from that we decided to name the place "The Oaks."

old Mr. Buckley, eighty years of age, and with a cataract growing over each eye. How he managed to take care of chickens was a mystery to us. At our left lived Domingo Parado, a Portuguese, who spoke no English, so we had no acquaintance with him.

At our right lived Chris Schwartz, a German. He deviated from the usual plan of Chickenville ranchers, and instead of raising chickens, he grew grain and potatoes. He said: "Chickens were too noisy and they made him nervous."

During our first week at the ranch we were kept wondering why it was that he would continually walk up

and down his field, alternately clapping his hands and firing off his shot-gun. We finally discovered that he was scaring away the birds from his young grain.

Across the road lived Tony Silva, also a Portuguese, but an American one. He raised asparagus, for the market, and first-class asparagus it was, for we had several generous supplies of it, so could judge of its quality. He told us, however, that he made more money buying and selling calves, and I quite believed him.

Several ladies from the district called upon us, but the first, a native of Ireland, was by far the most interesting.

Mrs. Maloney called, so she said, "because she read in the Argus that three dress-makers, school-teachers, or 'something,' had bought the Murray ranch, and were living there alone, with no man about. She did not believe that three lone wimmen would stay alone, on a ranch, especially at night, so she came to find out for herself. Then she thought that if we were dress-makers we might be able to help her some with her spring sewing."

We informed her that we were neither dress-makers, nor school-teachers, but were "something," and that we were not afraid to stay alone on the ranch at night. Thus assured she poured forth in our unwilling ears all of the gossip of the neighborhood.

The walls of our reception room were hung with Filipino mats, hats and baskets. Suddenly she turned her attention to these, and in great wonderment asked: "What are all iv thim things hanging on the wall? Be they for sale?"

After asking us our age, the price we paid for the ranch, how many eggs the hens laid each day, what we sold them for, and various other personal questions concerning our family and previous abode, she took

her departure, promising to come again soon.

Other ladies called and all were most willing, and in fact eager, to give us pointers on poultry raising. We learned that no two ranchers fed their hens alike, but all agreed upon what we called the "stuffin' plan." That is, they fed the hens all that they could possibly eat, of a variety of foods, some keeping before them all the time, in self-feeding hoppers. They claimed that what extra food the hen ate, aside from the amount necessary to nourish her body, went to aid in the formation of eggs.

We thankfully accepted all suggestions, and were aided quite materially by following some of the good advice given.

The day that the chicks were to hatch was a red letter day at the ranch. The last night we all took turns at sitting up to watch the thermometer. Susan was not quite sure when to add moisture, nor was she positive as to the amount necessary. "Oh, fill the pipes full, if that will hurry the chickens along," was the advice Maggie gave.

Imagine our delight when, during the next twenty-four hours, two hundred little, miserable-looking, wet chicks worked themselves free from the shells despite the fact that we had been of the opinion all along that the birds had been both frozen and roasted several times over, since unruly had been the thermometer.

In two more days the downy balls of white were transferred to their warm brooder, and the incubator was cleaned and closed for all time. We could find no outlet for the water in the pipes, so by suction and a sponge Maggie managed to make them quite dry.

We decided that if we wanted to raise any more chicks we would buy them from ranchers, who made practice of hatching them and selling at the rate of ten dollars per one hundred, minus the cripples. W



Some of the little chicks.

Milking Blackey.

already had as much night duty as we cared for.

Mr. Henry seemed to have considerable business in this vicinity, and he called quite often. Almost every time we happened to look toward the road, we could see him, driving by with a surrey full of people, and pointing out this place to them. He seemed to use us for an advertisement.

We were not, then, in the least surprised, when he one day told us that he had sold several ranches in the neighborhood since we had moved there. We then came to the conclusion that there was some commission due us. Maggie seemed charmed by Mr. Henry's voice. She said she could listen to him talk all day. I was quite sure I couldn't. It was one of those deep kind that comes from the cellar and rattles the attic rafters. We were curious to know what his given name was. Maggie said she felt it was Charles. Susan declared it must be August, because one day when he called he read the German inscription on her stein, and she declared only a German could have read it as he did. We didn't like either of those names, so Maggie and I decided to speak of him as Paul.

In due time we decided to have a vegetable garden. One morning Susan hitched Mary to the plow, and proceeded to prepare the earth for the seed. For some reason the plow seemed to go in the opposite direction from that taken by Mary, which resulted in a furrow resembling Chinese designs. It was then agreed that Susan should guide Mary, while Maggie steered the plow. The start was fairly made when suddenly Maggie seemed to lose control of her feet. She ran a short distance with the plow, and then with shouts of "Whoa, Mary, whoa!" her feet suddenly stood straight up in mid-air, her hands still clutching the plow-handles. It was the prettiest bit of

gymnastics I had ever seen Maggie perform.

Mary lazily looked around to see what the commotion was about, then with a switch of her bob-tail, she closed her eyes and proceeded to take a nap, a habit she has whenever she stands. After several attempts, the plow was finally made to follow Mary, and before many days the seed was planted.

It often became my privilege, shall I say, or duty—it certainly was not a pleasure—to push Mary into town, to carry the eggs to market and to purchase household supplies. I cannot say I drove her. I simply pushed and used the whip so freely that my arm would ache until the next time. She is a good plow horse, but as a roadster—never. And she backs exactly like a carabao.

Paul wanted to exchange her for us, but the girls would not talk about it. I nodded my head vigorously in the affirmative at him from behind their backs, but all to no avail. He could not persuade them to part with her.

One Sunday we were surprised to have Mr. Henry call with two strange gentlemen, whom he said were eager to meet us. He introduced them as Judge Cyrus Noble and Dr. Williams. The three kept bachelor quarters in town. The Judge, a rather portly gentleman, seemed from the first to be very favorably impressed with Susan, and appeared quite delighted when she suggested showing him around the ranch. The doctor, a handsome, though rather quiet young fellow, insisted upon seeing Maggie's vegetable garden, of which she had been telling him.

Thus, Mr. Henry and I were left alone. I was sitting at the piano, and at his request I played "Anona," one of the latest Indian ballads. He sang it in his rich bass voice, and then it was that I changed my mind. I knew that I, too, could listen to him talk every day for all time. Dur-



Doing the chores on Sunday evening.

Treating diphtheria-stricken hens.

ing the conversation which followed I learned that his name really was Paul.

Following this visit there were others, the trio often dropping in to tea, and many were the pleasant drives and strolls we took together when the day's work was ended.

I noticed that Maggie talked less about Paul and more about Doctor Williams, and somehow I was very much pleased that she did. I also noticed that Susan found it necessary to drive into town on business more frequently than was her wont. Upon her return she always casually mentioned having met the Judge.

One day Paul drove to the ranch breathless with excitement. Dr. Williams was very ill with typhoid fever, and his physician said "Only good nursing could save him. Would Maggie take care of him?"

It was while Maggie was on this case that Susan and I had considerable nursing to do at home. One morning after a heavy spring rain, I discovered one of our biggest roosters choking to death. Upon examination we found his throat to be filled with a greyish mucous membrane, and we decided he had diphtheria, and must be killed. One such as he in a flock would infect all, so we chopped off his head. Next we examined all of the hens, a no easy task, let me tell you. To our horror we found fifty of them with the same sore throat and swollen tongue. We could not think of killing all of those valuable birds, so we isolated them in an empty house, which fortunately was enclosed in a yard grown to barley.

We then proceeded to treat them. We took the temperature of several of the worst cases and found it to be 109 degrees Fahrenheit. We then took the temperature of several healthy hens and found it to be 105 degrees Fahrenheit—a difference of four degrees.

We then prepared a 1-1000 solution of bichloride of mercury, with

which we thoroughly swabbed the mouth and throat, using absorbent cotton in a pair of surgical forceps. With the aid of the forceps, we next picked off as much of the mucous membrane as we could, touching the spots with tincture of iodine and tincture of iron, and freely used peroxide of hydrogen.

We continued this treatment for two days in succession, then every other day, until at the end of three weeks, all of those fifty hens were returned to the main yard, cured.

We fed them wheat only during their illness, giving them no soft food whatever. Of course they had plenty of water and greens. We never recovered from our grief for having killed our big rooster.

We knew the cause of the disease was due to damp houses, so we immediately moved all of the buildings to higher land, where the drainage would be better. The houses were built on runners, and to these we harnessed Mary, thus moving them with little trouble. Maggie had previously had several cases of broken legs, and one dislocated hip among the chicks, all of which she set herself and cured. One hen had her leg broken just above the knee. She wrapped it in cotton, put it in splints, and bound it tight with adhesive plaster. She then put the hen in a box small enough to prevent her from moving around. Feed and water were placed within reach, and biddy continued to lay an egg every day during the three weeks of her enforced confinement.

It is remarkable how news travels in the country. Our method of treating diphtheria-stricken hens was written up in the Argus. How that reporter ever found it out we cannot imagine. We learned that there was another daily paper in town, the Recorder, but it did not record much, for the Argus received all the news first. Their reporter was a young woman, and there was

not much that happened, that she did not find out.

Paul advised me once to learn to milk. He said that it would develop my thumb. I thought that my thumb, and in fact my entire hand and arm, were already well developed from the many times I had pushed Mary into town. However, I tried it one day, and joy! at the first trial I could do it, but I could not do anything else for some time. Every article I picked up appeared to have the faculty of getting away from me. I seemed to have a sort of partial paralysis in both hands and arms, which was decidedly uncomfortable. But it was a gala day on which I churned and worked my first roll of butter. I was so puffed with pride that I am quite sure I would not have minded in the least had the Argus reporter written me up then.

When the time came to cut grain Chris was the most unhappy of men. While the hay in adjoining fields was as high as his head, his own barley was only a couple of feet tall. He declared that "during the rainy weather it caught cold," but decided he would have it cut anyway, as he feared it was growing back into the earth.

As the time drew near to our first anniversary, we decided to celebrate by giving a dinner and garden party to about twenty-five of our most intimate friends. That event marked the beginning of the dissolution of our partnership and our home. Of course, our bachelor friends were to be invited, Dr. Williams having regained his health, thanks to Maggie's careful nursing. The rest of the party were to be San Franciscans.

Chris's hay-wagon was hired for the occasion, and we gayly trimmed it with ferns and California poppies. Chris's white mare Daisy, and our Mary, made a perfect team. Chris himself kindly volunteered to drive to the station for our guests, and we

gladly accepted his offer. The house was trimmed in the Elks' colors, Susan being an honorary member of that society, having been presented with a pin of the order in gratitude for services which she rendered during a train wreck which occurred at the time of the Elks' convention in Portland, Oregon. Our three bachelor friends were also members of the Order.

The trees were hung with Japanese lanterns, and a tent, which was to serve as banquet hall was pitched under the oaks. On the festive morn, several hours before train-time, our three friends drove out to see if they could be of any service to us. It was while Paul and I were freezing the ice cream that I answered his oft-repeated question, and said the word which would make it possible for me to always listen to his beautiful voice.

In the fulness of my joy and happiness, I could not help feeling guilty at the thought of breaking my part of the compact, and leaving the girls alone on the ranch. I hoped they would always remember to give Mary the extra pancakes and mush that were left over from breakfast each morning, for she always expected them.

When our city friends arrived, they went into raptures over our little home, and one and all declared that our way was the very best way in which to live. Such a jolly, hilarious time as we had at that dinner! When the ice cream was served, Paul and I announced our surprise, and a genuine one it proved to be.

"Don't think you two are the only pebbles," came from Dr. Williams. "Dr. Greer says that before I can resume my practice I must take an ocean voyage, and as I particularly dislike traveling alone, I have asked Maggie to join me. She has consented, and we start for Japan and the Philippines on our honeymoon trip next week."

Such shouting and clapping of

hands as there was at that unlooked-for announcement.

In the midst of the din rose the clear, slow voice of the Judge. "Good friends," said he, "since Susan's partners have concluded to leave her alone on the ranch, I will tell you that with her consent I shall remain by her side. As soon as we can find a competent man to care for the place we, too, shall take a trip."

That evening we all rode in the hay wagon with our friends to meet the last train. As the last car passed

the station, shouts of "I told you so," "I told you that it would not last," were wafted to us from the rear platform, but we did not care.

On the home drive Paul and I decided to take our trip to the St. Louis Exposition.

* * * *

And now, to all nurses who wish to leave their profession, let me say: Buy a poultry ranch, for poultry raising is a very profitable business and ranch life is by far the most independent and peaceful of all.

A BUSINESS EDUCATION

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

THE successful business man is probably the most stupid of human beings. It is doubtful if any animal is in reality so intrinsically uninteresting as are the vast majority of those who have succeeded in acquiring much wealth and in conducting successfully what is spoken of in awe-struck tones as a "gigantic enterprise." Surely no class has ever shown such supine folly as does this when it begins to deal with matters outside of the sphere of commercial operations. Whenever a business man's government undertakes to manage municipal affairs, we get as a rule an administration which, for its pure folly, suggests, forthwith, government by knaves as an agreeable change, and the vast majority of citizens show their desire for relief by substituting for it a government of the notoriously corrupt, who in spite of their indubitable wickedness are still able to manage the affairs of the city with considerably more success.

In national politics the business

man only intervenes to produce the narrowest and stupidest of all possible policies. Accustomed to a rapidly changing market and to the necessity for immediately realizing his profits; accustomed, moreover, to a point of view which does not comprehend anything beyond the making of money, he cannot grasp the idea of any policy but the most selfish, that is, the one most likely to subserve his immediate selfish interests. The result is that in the field of higher politics and diplomacy the influence of the business man is probably only less mischievous than that of the professional class would be if it had the opportunity to interfere in affairs.

Still, in spite of all its intellectual shortcomings and political ignorance, the business class exerts the supreme influence upon the modern democratic state, chiefly by reason of the fact that it controls the material conditions, and he who can pay the fiddler is always at liberty to call the tune. Its possession of the means of subsistence

gives it control of the avenues of livelihood, and so youth must come hat in hand to the business interests and sue for an opportunity to earn a living. As the free land of the country becomes occupied, and there are no longer vast untouched prairies waiting for the plough, adventurous youth must curb its wandering desires, and seek employment at the hands of him who hath it to bestow, if they would escape the bitterness of want. So competition for employment with business firms grows ever greater, crowds of suitors throng the doors, and the strength and high spirits which should find their employment in wresting wealth from nature, are turned into weapons in a fratricidal contest to decide who shall have the job.

It cannot be asserted with any heartiness that this struggle between young men upon whose upbringing and education much loving care and considerable expense has been laid out, is very edifying; it is too sordid and the ends pursued are too insignificant. No literary genius has as yet grasped the opportunity here presented, but the satirist who could hit commercialism as Cervantes did chivalry, would be just as certain of immortality.

However, there is no use in complaining of facts of which we must make the best if we are to make a living, a task which most of us feel constrained to undertake in spite of the famous dictum that there is no necessity for our doing so. A living has to be won, and that conceded, it is evident that it can only be won with the consent of the business man, who holds the key of the situation, and, such being the case, we must, presumably, begin by placating the business man.

What kind of education does the business man require of our young men? When we try to find out so that we may furnish him with the proper kind of food for "profit-mak-

ing, we discover that he does not know himself. He knows so little of the matter, of his own needs, in fact, that though he feels it right and proper, a duty incumbent upon him that he should call for education, he does not know what he must call for. Read the interviews with numbers of these commercial gentlemen which appear from time to time in the daily press, and the more pretentious magazines, in which they endeavor to state what is the proper equipment for their employees, and their opinions, generally, by the way, inexcusably badly expressed, and quite frequently incomprehensible, very infinitely. To one man, the most useful is he who has never seen a college, who just knows the elementary rules of arithmetic, and has, with difficulty, escaped from the grammar school.

An example of this view of the matter is to be seen in the statement of Mr. M. B. Wallace, the secretary of the Samuel Cupples Wooden Ware Company, St. Louis, who undertook to reply to some queries by Mr. R. T. Crane, who has published the results of his investigations in this subject in a very interesting form. Says this gentleman:

"As a general proposition, I would prefer not to have a college man, unless he was satisfied that it was necessary for him to work, and that he would not become dissatisfied too soon and want to change because he was not getting along fast enough.

"In summing up the whole situation, the college man, to my mind, is only a desirable employee when he is, as few college men are, conscientious, hard working and willing to get down to the bottom and stay there for a sufficient length of time to work his way up."

This is one point of view, the point of view of the person who requires in his employees above all other virtues that of humility. If

such a young man is content to wear poor clothes, has the grace to eschew all descriptions of entertainment, and the self-denial to go regularly without a lunch, the glad gods may be propitious, and he may actually climb, step by step, to the same position of exalted wealth as his employer. In order to do this, however, he must have the additional and necessary business sense, the gift of making money, without which all other gifts are vanity and vexation of spirit. It may be said parenthetically, also, that when nature does bestow that gift, it seldom bestows any other.

The youth of to-day is in the habit of cherishing hopes of accumulating much wealth and acquiring the ownership of a great commercial concern. These hopes are, however, but the afterglow of the warm summer sun of a past generation, which has been long since gathered to its fathers. No such aspirations should uplift the mind of the young man of to-day. He should see spread out before him in one long vista to the little white stone at the end of the avenue, the path of constant service, service which progresses through all grades even up to the magnificent summit, the apex, as it were, management of another man's business, or, rather, management of the business of a group of men combined in a corporation, or the overpowering and all-persuasive trust.

The business man who calls for assistance with a "plain education," is woefully behind the times. He is probably right according to the old standards when everybody had the ambition which was then capable of realization by the industrious, of making and handling money. But the making of money by the individual merchant, after the fashion of the "self-made merchant," whose letters to his son have been so widely appreciated, is an extra sense, not to be created by books or schoolmaster. But as a matter of fact,

the young business man of to-day has about as much chance of getting within sound of the rattling of the counters in the game of commerce as the war correspondent on the Japanese side has of getting near the firing line.

The theory of practical education for business purposes has been destroyed by the logic of events. Such equipment might conceivably be sufficient for the young man who is destined to rise in the service of an individual employer, but is fatally defective under existing conditions of business, where employment takes many and various shapes, from that of simple drudgery, the unskilled laborer of commerce, to the trusted manager, the manipulator of great interests, who handles masses of products as a general handles masses of troops.

It will be noticed that the demand for business education arises from the class of small business men; that is, the class whose capital a few years ago would have been considered ample, and whose business would have been reckoned of sufficient importance, but who, in comparison with the large concerns of to-day, occupy an inferior position, and whose influence is fast diminishing. To satisfy the demands of these gentlemen for cheap labor, the business college was introduced and the teaching of shorthand, type-writing and accounts made a part of the curriculum, even of public school instruction. It is evident, however, that there is a world of difference between turning out a fairly good clerk and equipping a man who can understand all the involved technicalities of modern business. The one simply implies a certain amount of purely mechanical skill; the other, possession of a brain, and a degree of imagination, also.

Well, the business man had his own way, and stamped his ideas upon the educational system of the

country, and having done so, forthwith expressed his discontent with the kind of man that the schools turned out. He discovered that the boasted business training did no more than provide mere routine clerks, and the employer was in need of something more than more or less accurate calculating machines. As a matter of fact, the business community began to feel the pressure of conditions. The old virtues of early rising and late going to bed, of eating the bread of carefulness and of following the maxims of Poor Richard, were not sufficient to sustain the small business man against the new commercialism and the new finance. The business man, feeling his own brains unequal to the strain, began to complain bitterly of the lack of competent and honest assistants, as if any amount of brains or enthusiasm could manipulate a regiment satisfactorily against an army. The business man forgot that he must blame, not his clerks, but his own lack of dollars.

However, he set his ecclesiastical machine to work, and all the pulpits of Little Bethel were vociferous with appeals to the youth to throw off their evil ways, to abandon the cigarette which causes destruction, the glass which cheers, and occasionally inebriates, and the carelessness and lightness of irresponsible youth. An army of the New Model was to be created for the benefit of the business world, a new call to puritanism and the strenuous life was heralded by Mr. Roosevelt, and dinned into our ears by the drum ecclesiastic, which was to turn us wily nily into a nation of prosperous merchants, making profits from each other, served by clerks who were to be, at one and the same time, patterns of abstinence and discreet Napoleons of finance.

But if the business-trained young men have not shown any very marked ability in the world for

which they have been specially trained, the fact remains that the colleges have not, on their part, succeeded in supplying the commercial magnates of the country with just the sort of material which they demand. This is evident from the fact that college men are not in very great demand among business men; in truth, there is a very evident desire on their part to have as little to do with them as possible. And this brings to a very interesting little argument on this subject in which Mr. Crane, of whom I have already spoken, and Dr. Jordan of Stanford University, respectively, maintain opposing sides. Dr. Jordan said: "Of all the business men of the world, those sent out from the American universities are the most alert, the most enlightened, the keenest in mind, the most effective in action. These are our captains of industry, and the young fellows who have worked their way from the streets to the counting room as cash boys, errand boys and apprentices, must continue, a few bright individuals excepted, to plod along in the ranks." To which Mr. Crane comes back with a crushing reply. He says: "What a rhetorical balloon! Not one of the captains, or more accurately speaking, generals, of industry, so far as I have been able to ascertain, has been through college."

Against Dr. Jordan's opinion is ranged that of Andrew Carnegie, who says: "In my own experience, I can say that I have known few young men who were intended for business who were not injured by a collegiate education. Had they gone into active work during the years spent at college they would have been better educated men in every true sense of the term. The fire and energy have been stamped out of them, and how to so manage as to live a life of idleness and not a life of usefulness, has become the chief question with them." We may

omit from consideration the moralizing of the successful and somewhat self-conscious old Scotch philistine, but must pay some respect to his actual experience, from which he draws the further conclusion: "The almost total abstinence of the graduate from high positions in the business world would seem to justify the conclusion that college education as it exists seems almost fatal to success in that domain.

Now, it appears clearly enough from this argument that Dr. Jordan spoke without his book, and that the wish was father to the thought when he praised the colleges for the achievement of a success which they do not appear, at all events, so far, to have attained.

But his critic is nevertheless the worse off of the two in this argument, and drives his team far afield when he says, as he does, in his conclusions upon the subject:

"Many young men receive an erroneous impression regarding the value of a college education, and think, as the president of a Western college once remarked in his address to a graduating class, that upon leaving college they can go out and pick up gold bricks in the street. It is only after they have spent their valuable time in college and have started out to earn a living that they find their higher education is of practically no value to them; that they must commence at the foot of the ladder, which they could have done better seven years before, and would now be earning a reasonable salary.

"In other words, not until then do they learn the truth of this college president's further remark that the bricks referred to are fastened down very tight. I think they will also discover that instead of their college education making them especially skillful in loosening the bricks it has really the opposite effect, and that they are less able to accomplish this task than the man

who did not go to college. Are not the heads of these institutions treating boys unjustly when they allow them to go through college under this misapprehension, and fail to enlighten them upon this subject before they have spent their time and money and are about to go out into the world?"

The upshot of this reasoning is just as wild, and in fact a trifle wilder than that of the President of Stanford University, for whereas the former, in an excess of zeal for his own particular pill, cries out that its merits are unquestionable, and makes claims for it which cannot be substantiated in fact, the other seems to say "Do not go to college, and success in business will be as easy as breathing," a conclusion which, to say the least, seems a little ridiculous. But setting aside the extreme views of the partisans, the critic of Dr. Jordan apparently has no grasp of the subject in its present state, for he says:

"If college men have not been able to demonstrate their worth in the smaller operations of the past, it is absurd to claim that they will be in greater demand in the larger enterprises upon which we are now entering." This is in answer to a statement that "the business of today and the future demands a higher grade of intelligence and a more highly specialized ability than the individual commerce of a generation ago. It therefore demands higher training."

It will be observed that again the President of Stanford spoils his case by overstating, for the new commerce is not a generation, nor, as a matter of fact, quite ten years old, but he has the right idea, an idea which appears to be quite beyond the comprehension of his critic. Under the individual commerce of a few years ago, which has now quite disappeared, as an important factor, or is disappearing so fast that it may be left out of the

calculation, success, in spite of all the claims made by the successful, was not a matter of brain power itself, nor even to any very great degree. Success consisted in the successful putting through of small operations against individual competitors, and was partly due to the gambling spirit which would take chances, partly to an ability to scheme and meet opposition with counter efforts. In all of this it is very evident that there was no quality called for which would give a man who had had special training any advantage. On the contrary, the boy from the street, who had grown accustomed to the petty chicane of business and whose intellectual processes seldom included ethical perception, who was a good fighter, was more than likely to succeed, where the other would fail.

But gradually the scope of business is widening. The successful man of affairs will have not the command of a small body of freebooters which may occasionally make a successful raid and enable its officer to build a church and get his name and picture in the local library, but he will have to manage the well organized and equipped forces of municipal enterprises and great monopolistic combinations. This will call for resources of intellect which only the exceptional untrained man will possess and which are most likely to belong to him who has cultivated and broadened his mind by regular study under competent specialists. How few such there are may be seen by the miserable manner in which the great financiers, so-called, who have been held up to our admiration by per-

fervid Dr. Jordans in miniature, as being the finest in the world, have mismanaged and spoiled those great combinations which commercial and industrial development have rendered necessary, and who, in the case of the shipping trust in particular, made our financial operations the joke of the people from whom we undertook to wrest the mastery of the ocean.

It is clear that the progress of industrial organization will call into being a set of men who are capable of directing it in an orderly and scientific manner. These men will have to be equipped with an amount of intelligence and special skill which cannot be given by mere haphazard acquaintance with the work which they undertake, but which will call for trained minds equally with any of the so-called learned professions. The stenographer or salesman will rise to the management of a great industry as seldom as a Field Marshal will be developed from a private soldier. With the advent of the trust, a great number of useless individual traders, who were of no particular utility to the community, is being wiped out, and with the departure of these successful gentlemen goes a great deal of the intellectual and ethical lumber with which they have loaded the books and the churches. An ethic built on small competition and vehemently insisted upon by a subsidized ministry, as well as an education made according to the narrow notions of the small trader, is bound to go also, and this will not be the least of the benefits conferred upon us by the advent of the great commercial combinations.



LIMA BEANS

A Practical Story by a Practical Man

BY W. A. TENNEY

EACH section of California is peculiarly adapted to some one product. The redwood belt is unequaled in its quality and quantity of lumber. The abrupt headlands and sharp gulches along the sea-coast are unsurpassed for dairying. The broad valleys and rolling prairies of the interior, originally clad with wild oats, are especially suited to grain. Sheltered valleys and hillsides are the natural locations for orchards and vineyards. Select spots in the foothills of Southern California are capable of bearing the best of citrus fruits. Ventura County not only has its dairy lands, its pastures, its grain fields, its citrus groves, but in addition it has a large area pre-eminently the home of the Lima bean.

The location has gained the sobriquet of the "Bean County." Lima beans are its largest commercial product. It is claimed that more Limas are grown in this county than in all the rest of the world combined. The largest bean field in the world is here, comprising 1,500 acres with an average annual yield of 28,000 sacks of 82 pounds each, worth in the aggregate \$60,000. It requires forty tons of seed beans to plant this one field. A hundred men and a hundred horses are employed in the planting and the cultivation of this ranch. With few exceptions, however, the bean farms are in small tracts, cultivated by the owners and their families. These small farms exhibit a degree of thrift and prosperity not generally visible in other parts of California. One man and his boys, with the modern machinery, can cultivate fifty acres. A little extra help may

be needed in harvesting and threshing.

About one-twentieth part of Ventura County, or a tract of between 40,000 and 50,000 acres produced in 1903 approximately 600,000 sacks of Lima beans, worth about \$1,300,000. And this, we are told, comprised three-fourths of the Limas grown in the world.

The question will be raised, why is the product of this choice article of diet limited to so small a territory? Several reasons are manifest. The Lima is of tropical origin. Cultivated in Panama and Honolulu, it is a perennial, and continues to extend its fresh shoots, its blossoms, and new pods, year after year. It seems averse to cease growing till arrested by a lack of moisture or the knife of the harvester, even in California. Again, the Lima is one of the most sensitive growths in the vegetable world. It requires a temperature of little variation. It cannot endure cold. Only a few hours of hot, dry East wind when the blossoms are tender will blight the year's crop. If the seed is planted when the soil is too wet, or if much rain falls after planting, the seed perishes in the hill. It is fastidious, too, about the attention of the cultivator. The soil must be prepared and kept in the very best condition.

The Lima belt in Ventura County is unique in situation, climate and soil. The Pacific coast-line from Alaska to Point Conception follows a southerly course, and is all the way exposed to the chilling summer trade-winds. At Point Conception, the coast turns almost at right angles to the east, and continues so for about seventy miles; thus Ven-



A cluster, Lima beans.



The largest bean field in the world—1,500 acres.

tura County has an eastern and western coast line. At the North, East and West are strong mountain barriers which exclude in the main the unfavorable winds and prevent much variation in temperature. The bean valleys at a small elevation above tide water are open to the south and the sea. Here again nature has furnished another shelter from violent elements. Twenty-five miles from land, to the southwest, is a chain of high islands, which arrest the violence of the waves and the west winds.

This sheltered channel seems less affected by winds and changes of temperature than the most of the land-locked bay of San Francisco. The water, we are told, is at sixty degrees in January, and sixty-six in August. This is the regulator of the climate in the sheltered valleys. It cannot be cold, cannot be hot. The Government record for five years shows an average highest temperature for January to be 80 degrees, and for July 81 degrees; the lowest average for January is 34 degrees, and for July 40 degrees. The mean temperature for January is 52 degrees, for July 64 degrees. Occa-

sionally in summer the thermometer rises to 90 degrees, but only for a few hours, as the ocean is an equalizer. The spots on earth are rare where a temperature can be found at once so mild and so even. A few degrees warmer or colder for a succession of days would blast the Lima between blossom and pod, or in the tender pod. The atmosphere of this locality in summer contains a large amount of humidity. What is here called fog is a high, thin veil over the face of the sun—vapor partially condensed by the cooler upper stratum of the atmosphere. This at once obstructs the heating rays of the sun and arrests the escape of moisture from the ground. This condition of things is essential to the development of the Lima. The Ojai valley, only fifteen miles away, and at an altitude of 800 feet above tide water, having a temperature a little warmer, with no fog, fails to produce Limas even with irrigation. The continual glare of the sun blights the vines. A little too much fog at Half Moon Bay and Pescadero, and parts of San Luis County, mildews the vines, and blasts the crop. The amount of rain at Ven-

tura, and in the bean belt, is comparatively light. The United States Weather Bureau records as the average for ten years ending June, 1903, 11.33 inches. During half of these years it appears that there was no precipitation in June, July, August and September, and only a small amount in May, in some years none at all. Thus the very months when the crop is growing there is ordinarily little or no moisture furnished by rain. From these facts, it is evident that the Lima derives the larger part of the moisture needful to its growth from the humid atmosphere. It is generally conceded that the moisture in the soil is about exhausted in July, yet the beans do not dry up until ripe in September and October. A heavy rain after planting is considered a detriment, as it is liable to rot the seed in the ground or form a crust to prevent or greatly retard the plant in its effort to come up. Late rains also start an undesirable growth of weeds.

After the early rains and the weeds start in winter, the ground is

broken by a three or four-point gang-plow drawn by horses; and it is considered best to harrow thoroughly the same day. Later a drag with a few harrow teeth in it is used to farther pulverize the lumps. If more working is needed after heavy rains, the cultivator is employed. Some years the cultivator alone does the work without the plow.

Last of all, the cyclone is run over the field. This implement is constructed with parallel bars or knives which stir the surface only, to destroy the weeds and loosen the ground without disturbing the moisture below. After the cyclone has passed over, the soil is ready for the seed.

The improved bean planter is arranged for four rows three feet apart and an attachment to mark the spaces for the next four rows. In some places we noticed, the rows were nearly a mile long and almost as straight as a line could be drawn. The planter has a wheel which takes one bean at a time from the hopper and spaces them six inches apart.

The distance can be varied at



Four-point Gang Plowing.



The Cyclone.

pleasure. The bean drops into a tube which opens the ground and covers the seed. All the driver needs to do is to keep the hopper full and see that his team moves in a straight line. The planter easily puts in about twenty-five acres in a day. The planting is done when the

ground is warm, from the 1st to the 20th of May. In almost a week or ten days under favorable conditions, the plant comes in sight. At the most suitable time the cultivators or weed cutters are put to work. They are of different structures, but all are designed to kill the weeds



Four row planter.

and loosen the soil, thus forming a mulch to prevent the escape of moisture.

The harvester is arranged with knives to cut two rows at once, and throw the material into wind-rows; these, again, men with pitchforks pile up to dry.

In due time, a steam thresher is located in a central spot in the field, and the heaps are gathered with teams. The most approved thresher has a straw stacker attached to it. A powerful fan, not connected with the cleaning fan, sends a strong blast up a large pneu-

preferable to barley hay. Butter made from the milk of cows fed on bean straw is very hard.

The Lima has long been relished as a green shell-bean, but it has been only within the last few years of cultivation in this locality that the dry Lima has gained general favor for the table. It is now acknowledged to be the most delicious of the bean family. As its fame extends over the whole world, the demand will increase. The quality of the article and the limited scope of its production will insure it against decrease in price.



Cutting Lima beans.

matic tube, which removes all the straw, chaff and dust. This tube is flexible, not unlike the tail of a lobster. A man stationed at its base can move the nozzle in any direction to build up a stack. If the thresher is stationed near a barn or shed, the tube can be arranged in an upper window so as to fill the barn.

Recently, it has been learned that Lima bean straw is valuable for cow feed. It sells for ten dollars a ton to dairymen, and is considered

Great care has been taken to improve the quality of the Lima seed. Mr. Henry Lewis, one of the earliest growers, has from year to year gathered the earliest and fairest pods from the best vines, and from these has selected the largest and plumpest seed. Other successful cultivators, especially at Oxnard, have all the seed carefully picked over by hand, planting only the most perfect specimens. The Lima of to-day is much superior to the product of twenty-five years ago.

A few well-attested facts will show the profit of this kind of fostering. On the celebrated Dixie Thompson, the largest bean ranch in the world (1,500 acres), the average net gain per acre is \$35. Mr. Downing told the writer that the net gain of his farm per acre was \$70, or the gross yield was about \$84 per acre.

Ventura County.

Frank Petit.—Three miles south-east of Oxnard; has a ranch of 215 acres, which has been under cultivation 25 years, and is producing

Marion Cannon.—Ex-Congressman, San Buena Ventura; owns a farm the soil of which is from 60 to 70 feet deep. He sold his Lima bean crop of 1899, from 100 acres, for \$4.60 per cental, or \$7,200. On 40 acres in that year he raised 1,035 sacks of beans, averaging 78 pounds to the sack, which he sold at \$4.60 a cental, or \$4,034.20. This land has been planted successively to Lima beans for twenty years, and shows no signs of diminution of productive power. With fifteen inches of rainfall, which is nearly normal, this land has repeatedly



Piling beans to dry.

better crops every year without fertilizers. He has grown beans ten years. He calculates the cost of production at one cent a pound, and regards all he receives in excess of that amount as clear profit. He says 1,500 pounds is a fair average yield per acre, but he has grown as high as 3,000 pounds to the acre. A good price for the product is three cents. Mr. Petit says that with beans selling at the average price, it is better to own land at \$250 an acre than to lend money at ten per cent.

produced 2,000 to 2,500 pounds of beans. Fertilizers are not used. Mr. Cannon says it is as profitable to grow Lima beans on land valued at \$150 to \$200 an acre as to sell the land at these prices and loan the proceeds at ten per cent per annum.

Henry Neal.—Five miles east of Ventura; began by renting land, on which he planted Lima beans. In 1898 he cleared \$6,000 and bought his first land, paying \$9,000 for 67 acres, half the purchase price down. In 1899 she finished paying for his

land. In 1900 he farmed his home place and rented 190 acres, giving a third of the crop in payment. The year's operations netted Mr. Neal \$10,000.

California Industries.

The aggregate figures are, of course, in round figures, or the nearest approximate amounts. Many persons cultivate bean farms on shares, but we heard of no bean land offered for sale because the branches of business are scarce where so good an income could be secured for the capital invested. It

be congratulated on their good fortune. With some kinds of farming there is connected constant and hard manual labor. It is not so here. Nearly all of the heavy work is done with machinery drawn by horses. The cultivator occupies a seat and handles the lines. He has little hard work except to change the brake at the end of the furrow or rows. Then, again, there are more intervals of leisure than in most occupations.

Between the season for threshing and the ordinary time for plowing is several months; and between



The Thresher and the Stacker.

is a general testimony that the soil is not exhausted by the continual production of Lima beans. Different farmers tell us that after twenty years of cultivation the later crops have been larger than those of the earlier years.

The machinery used in the production of Lima beans is manufactured in Ventura, and the most of it was here invented. It is special in its construction.

The Lima bean producers are to

plowing and planting are many vacant days. After the last cultivating to the harvest are a series of weeks. Verily, the machines and the harnessing of the forces of nature and brutes has greatly mitigated the primal curse pronounced upon the tiller of the soil. The farmers and their sons here have more chance for mental improvement than many farmers elsewhere, or persons engaged in other occupations.

TWENTIETH CENTURY PROBLEMS

BY H. L. CHAMBERLAIN

THE problems that present themselves for a solution at the opening of the present century are not only multitudinous, but they promise to be of vast and far-reaching importance to this and all future generations. Scientists tell us the discovery of any notable result in the world of physics seems to open up so many branching avenues promising further marvelous results that the mind is almost bewildered by the prospect.

In the political world, who can foresee the mighty changes that shall be wrought out before the present conflict now raging in the Far East shall be ended, and the inevitable complications growing out of it shall permit an enduring peace. This has been a constantly impending conflict for many years. An oppressed world has been waiting for this very day of opportunity, hence the words following of fifteen years ago by the present writer are quite appropriate for to-day.

That we are living in peculiar and even momentous times no one will for a moment dispute. They are times which find no parallel in any age of the world's history of which we know. As the telegraph and the press bring to us daily and even hourly the quick-beating pulsations of the world, they seem to tell us that the moral and political forces of the earth are putting themselves in array for a struggle of such mighty proportions that old earth herself promises to "reel to and fro like a drunken man," under the heavy tread of men, angels and demons, combatants for victory or death.

The exuberant exclamation of the soldier of Napoleon's army crossing the Alps seems likely to be real-

ized. Looking back from a lofty height whence he could see the immense army filing and defiling up the mountain sides, surrounded on every hand by lofty peaks and overhanging crags, he could contain himself no longer, but stepping aside from his comrades, he shouted: "Attention the Universe! Wheel by Kingdoms!" What was thus spoken in ecstatic rapture seems ready to be fulfilled, as we behold in the Old World the marshaling of forces never before dreamed of for numbers and gigantic armaments, and hear the low rumbling of armies taking their places for the last great conflict of the ages. * * * Ten millions of men (by recent estimates) taken from the active fields of productive industry, and ready at thirty days' notice to take the field, is a sight never before witnessed and a burden which the nations cannot long endure without bankruptcy. Far truer to-day than when written in 1888. As far back as 1874, Disraeli, Prime Minister of England, said: "The great crisis of the world is nearer than many suppose."

Until within very recent years it was universally believed the immediate theatre of this ever-impending conflict would be in European Turkey for the possession of Constantinople and control of the Bosphorus. A far deeper design than this, however, is in the policy of Russia, which she will seek to accomplish at the proper time—the acquisition of Palestine and Syria, Jerusalem and the "holy places"—not only for the purpose of touching England at a vital point, but for the hope of unifying the ninety-five millions of the Greek Church under the domination of the Czar as its supreme head. Here Russia's forces could be easily available

for her own aggrandisement, as usual. But England has a mortgage on Palestine for moneys loaned the Turk, and she will never release her claim save by foreclosure of mortgage by default. We have a strong conviction, therefore, that the final struggle for supremacy will be fought out on the soil of Palestine, perhaps on the great plain of Esdraelon, where the fate of so many empires have been decided.

But an inscrutable Providence, working through human instrumentalities, has transferred the seat of war, for a time and a purpose, to the Far East, where the ponderous Northern Bear finds himself six thousand miles away from his base of supplies and least prepared of all the kingdoms for his conflict in defense of arbitrary and unrighteous acquisition of territory. His adversary, on the contrary, is virtually on his own ground, thoroughly prepared in every respect for a struggle to a finish for life or death, and the result ought not to be in doubt. Japan will be victorious throughout the war, meeting with no serious disaster that will cripple her, or deprive her of final results—the integrity of Korea and the complete military evacuation of Manchuria—according to treaty stipulations.

But the real problem to be solved by this war does not rest in the loss or gain of Manchuria, vital as that may be to the parties to the struggle. It is, however, a most important factor, since it will engage the utmost resources of Russia to save herself from being a spectacle of ponderous inefficiency. Her pride will not brook interference, hence the struggle will doubtless be a prolonged one. While Russia is thus mightily engaged, far removed from her base of supplies, waiting peoples are watching for the opportune moment to right their wrongs and make a dash for larger liberty and a Government better adapted to the needs of the people and the civ-

ilization of the Twentieth Century.

Russia still adheres to the title of the Roman Caesars, and the old, obsolete Julian as against the correct Gregorian calendar adopted by all other European kingdoms, save the Mohammedan. She seems to be infatuated with the delusive medieval idea of a world dominating empire and church under one civil and ecclesiastical head. As that delusion crumbled and fell, so will be the end of this later one.

Herein lies the principle involved and the problem to be solved, hence all correct conclusions respecting this war and all other conflicts that may grow out of it, must be based upon this issue—liberty for the people in freedom of thought and larger intelligence. Towards this supreme end the history of the world shows sure and steady development. The Supreme Ruler of this world's affairs is working for the best and highest interests of the people as against the selfish, sordid and grasping efforts of the few claiming to rule by divine right.

Thus we conclude that the real problem for Europe is whether Imperialism as represented by Russia shall dominate the world, or Republicanism, as held by Saxon and cognate races. It is currently reported the Will of Peter the Great gives this incentive for his successors; if Russia does not become dominant in the affairs of the world, England will. Was it a knowledge of this Will that led Napoleon at St. Helena to say, as reported: "In fifty years Europe will either be Cossack or Republican." If we take the revolutions of 1848 throughout Europe as a point of departure from the old regime, and beginning of Democracy, he was quite correct in his forecast, for what has been accomplished thus far gives promise of still larger victories in the future.

Herein, doubtless, lies the secret of Russia's enormous and unscrupulous acquisitions of territory in Cen-

tral and Eastern Asia. Failing to get what she hoped for in Asia Minor in the Russo-Turkish war of 1874, she bides her time for another effort. Thus Russia and England will inevitably be drawn into conflict; the result ought easily to be foreseen, especially by those who recognize the mission of the Saxon race. It was in fulfillment of this mission that this Government espoused the cause of Cuba against a tyrannous and unscrupulous kingdom, saying "Hands off!" and let the oppressed go free. It matters little what may be the title of the man on the throne, whether King or President, if the people have a representative voice in Government that is republicanism; where the people have no voice and one man's word is law, whether in State or Church, that is imperialism, and doomed sooner or later to overthrow.

By this immutable, divine law, Russia will find at the opportune moment of defeat and disaster in the Far East her worst enemies—rather her best friends—within her own borders, ready, with those in exile already organized and plotting, to demand a thorough change in Government from Imperialism to Democracy, and history points to sure results in their favor. Poland, with her five millions of people robbed of nationality, stands ready to demand reinstatement to her former place among the nations, or at least a representative voice in national councils. Finland also will have her opportunity to recover what she has been forcibly deprived of within the last few years.

But Russia is not the only country or kingdom to be with her dependencies affected by this war, for it is but the beginning of other wars, all resulting in a general enlargement of the liberties of the people, righting of wrongs and the settlement of boundaries on racial lines rather than, as heretofore, by the arbitrament of war. That para-

site of Europe, "the unspeakable Turk," has by the application of the principle laid down, been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." Bulgaria stands ready with an army of 260,000 robust men thoroughly equipped and trained to declare war against her at the opportune moment of Russia's helpless entanglement in the Far East, for her extinction as a factor in European affairs. The oracles of God say she shall be dried up like a river deprived of its streams; this process has been going on since Greece became free in 1826. The London Times said years ago: "Turkey is dying of dry rot." In either case, it is time she ceased to be a part of Europe and a blot on the map.

Bulgaria's victory will, with possibly the help of Austria, open the way for the creation of a Slav Confederacy of all the Balkan States, including Macedonia. It is among the strong probabilities that a coalition may be made with Austria for a powerful and united Slavic Kingdom, extending to the Bosphorus and the Archipelago. In the Russo-Turkish war both Russia and Germany hinted to Austria that she could help herself to Turkey if she desired, but she did not take the hint. At last she was told outright by Bismarck to take from Turkey what she chose. Austria did not choose, for fear, doubtless, that such unwonted generosity might call for a like reciprocal gift, *nolens volens*, of the German half of her own kingdom that Germany may unite all Teutons under one Government and one flag. This would satisfy, also, her strong desire for a southern port at Trieste on the Adriatic. The troubles between Teutons and Hungarians in Austria of recent years point to this certain result in the not distant future.

By whatever means, therefore, Turkey may be wiped off the map of Europe, whether by open warfare or by the slow process of drying up,

we may be sure of this, that all peoples connected intimately or remotely with these world conflicts will be brought into larger liberty and better opportunity for developing the best there is in them. Boundaries being settled on racial and natural lines, there will be neither reason nor excuse for war, and arbitration

may be accepted as the best way of settling all minor disputes and causes of friction. Any nation refusing the International Tribunal for the luxury of war, may find "moral suasion," backed by the dictum of the dominant powers, all-sufficient to keep the peace of the world undisturbed for ages to come.

The Greatest Good to the Greatest Number

BY GUY RAYMOND HALIFAX

IT is singular that men of education, of wide public experience, of much ability in other directions, so completely ignore the lessons of history, the truths of psychology, and the results of experience, as we constantly see is the case when there is a debate on some great public question in Congress, or a discussion in the press, or on the rostrum, of an important national policy. It seems as though the best educated men say the most foolish things, and Massachusetts, which prides herself on her high standard of education, produces the most pronounced types of these erratic and irrational talkers and writers.

It is curious, too, to see thoroughly religious and devoted people, who have an absolute faith in the Bible and its story, who never seem able to apply the truths it teaches to our times and current events. They never seem to be able to grasp the idea that God made the world for all mankind, not for a race or nationality; that whether we accept the Mosaic Cosmogony, or prefer the theory of evolution, the greatest good to the greatest number of mankind irrespective of their race, irrespective of their color, irrespective of their nationality, is the object

to be sought and aim to be attained. If we accept Biblical dictation that man is to live by the sweat of his brow, then those races which will not work, which will not improve themselves and the general condition of mankind, must go. They have refused to obey the Divine mandate, and must pay the penalty.

If, on the other hand, we accept the theory of the survival of the fittest, we reach the same conclusion. The races that will not work, that will not labor to better themselves, are clearly not "the fittest," and must pass away.

If the brown man is going and the red man is gone, it is because, judged by the standard of Moses or Darwin, they are not fitted to remain. They would not live by the sweat of their brow, they are not the fittest who alone are to survive.

It is marvelous how any Christian man or woman can believe that God intended the most fertile lands on face of the globe to remain idle; that these lands should be used as a hunting ground by a few lazy, superstitious, cruel savages, rather than that they should become the home of hundreds of thousands of peaceable, happy, industrious, orderly human beings.

Is not the condition of the two

Dakotas to-day, for instance, infinitely better, from even a Christian sense, than when they were the hunting ground of the murderous Sioux? There are the peaceable homes where womanhood is respected and childhood taught to love its Maker, in the place of the tepees inhabited by lazy men, slave women and neglected children. It is nonsense to say the Indian has been wronged and persecuted and cheated out of his land. This Government has done far more for the Indian than it has done for the white man. It has made tremendous efforts to educate him, but he was too lazy to learn. It has clothed and fed him and his children. When has it done that for the white man or his child?

The land was not his; he did not make it, neither did he improve it. God made it for all mankind, and it of right belongs to the man, white, red or black, who uses it for his own welfare and that of humanity.

There never has been a time in the history of the country that the Government would not have given the Indians farms, houses, homes, civil and political rights. What have they ever done to acquire them? They have refused to work, refused to be educated, refused to improve, and by the eternal mandate, by the law of the survival of the fittest, they are rapidly passing away.

So far as the relative cruelty of the two races is concerned, the Indian has killed more whites than the whites have Indians. We are in the habit of accusing the Spaniards of cruelty, but let us be honest: Where the Anglo-Saxon settled the Indian has disappeared; where the Spaniards settled he or his half-breed descendants still occupy the land. Judged by results, are the nations which have Indian rulers, in the nations in which he is not even a citizen, the most cruel in their treatment of him. He has survived in Spanish countries because the

Latin race is less strenuous, less active, and consequently less anxious to utilize the opportunities offered. That is why these nations are passing away as great powers, and the more active Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon races are taking their places. It is with the white a case of the survival of the fittest, of living by the sweat of your brow. That is why the English language, which was spoken by 12.7 per cent of the white race a hundred years ago is spoken by 30 per cent to-day; that is why those who speak French are only 12.7 per cent to-day, while at the time of the Louisiana purchase they numbered 19.4 per cent of the white race; that is why Spanish has fallen from 16.2 per cent in 1801 to 10 per cent in 1901; why Portuguese has fallen from 4.7 per cent to 3.2 per cent, and Italian from 9.3 per cent to 8.3 per cent; while German has held its own and English has increased 250 per cent. It is the survival of the fittest, the workers, of those who live by the sweat of their brow.

If we accept the great, broad idea that the world was intended by its nature for all mankind, not for a few thousand or a few million people, many international problems take on a different aspect. Thus, for instance, if, as some say, the Filipino will not work, will not utilize the resources of the country that God has given him, is it right that all the rest of humanity is to suffer by his selfishness and laziness? No! Let him stand aside, that all may benefit by the natural resources of his country. Should the millions of Europe be forced to live in squalor and misery because the African savage or American Indian prefers hunting and slave trading to farming and commerce? Even Hoar would hardly claim that. Let him work if he wants to live, and let the plains and valleys of Africa and South America be settled by thousands of industrious, peaceful Christians, instead of by a few hundred

nomads intent on destroying their own race.

If the sentimentalists who always arise when a great international question arises were allowed to have their way, the white race would be cooped up in a corner of the world; progress would be stopped; murder, slavery and barbarism would rule over the major part of the earth's surface. If Aguinaldo is the equal, for instance, of Washington, then the centuries of struggle for liberty, freedom and enlightenment were wasted, and a race which never knew liberty since humanity began, is the equal in its adaptability for freedom with a race that struggled for it before the Christian era; who fought to maintain it against the Caesars, and who have labored to extend it ever since! Such a proposition is a self-evident absurdity, and it is extraordinary that any sensible, educated man should ever have conceived it.

The same principle applies to the Panama Canal affair. Without discussing what the Government did or did not do to aid the revolutionists, it is clear that the canal is of world-wide importance, and no nation, no people, should be allowed for a moment to stand in the way of a project which makes so much toward the advancement of humanity and civilization. In smaller matters we recognize "the Right of Eminent Domain." We recognize that if the cranky land-owner will not sell his land, a great continental railroad of international importance to thousands should not be stopped thereby from building its line, and we grant the railroad the right to condemn a right of way through the land of the obstructionist. Why not apply that principle to international matters? Why not allow nations to condemn rights of way when there is evident justice in their

demands? Let us go before The Hague tribunal if needs be, and by the Right of Eminent Domain, not of a state or a nation, but of all mankind, and in the name of humanity, let us go ahead.

I do not advocate the killing of the individual, nor the seizing of property, private, public, State, or national, without due compensation, but I believe in giving to the Indian, negro or Australian aborigines the opportunity to labor and the saying to them you must obey God's law, the law of nature; you must work or starve. I believe in saying to nations, as we do to individuals, you must not stand in the way of progress, and the greatest good to the greatest number.

The brown man has practically gone because he would not work, and made no progress in civilization; the red man is gone for the same reasons; the African in Africa is following suit, and if the yellow man is equally opposed to progress and civilization he will have to go. The negro in America is maintaining his position because he has accepted the unavoidable decree, and labors. The Japanese has succeeded because he has accepted civilization. Those races which will not join the ranks of the fittest will go, and should go, that their places may be taken by the industrious, active and civilized. When, as some day there will be, there is only one race, then we shall have one language, one Government, one people. Those who endeavor to oppose this ultimate end are but striving to dam up the river with their hands. They are flying in the face of the Almighty decree, "Thou shalt live by the sweat of thy brow." The fittest alone shall survive; and, as is fitting, the enemies of progress and their efforts are to be futile and their memory forgotten.

BELFRY AND BELLS

BY FRANK M. DAMON

Excerpts from the address delivered by Mr. Frank M. Damon on the dedication of El Campanil and its Chime of Bells.

(It is to be regretted that lack of space does not allow the reproduction in full of Mr. Damon's remarkable essay.—Editorial Note.)

TO tell the story of the Bells would be to tell the story of the Race. After the human voice no sound has greater power to stir the heart and arouse its deepest emotions than the musical note of the bell. Indeed, it has been said, "So great is the power of bells to create emotion, that we doubt whether even the voice of a mother would so immediately subdue to tenderness the worst criminal in Norfolk Island as the sudden sound of the peal of his native village bell. Not remonstrative in its tone, to stir the pride—not complaining, to wound anew the harassed spirit—but by its very unaltered sweetness and irresistible revocations, utterly overpowering to his guilt-laden heart." Napoleon, amid the grandeur and glory and almost more than imperial triumph, would pause to listen at times to the sound of the village bell of Brienne, which brought back to him the memories of earlier and care-free years. All history in its grandest and most heroic moods, as well as in its periods of peace and calm, is melodious with vibrant harmonies of this aerial music. Out of the dim and misty morning of primitive record comes to us the bell-like "rhythmic ring" of the hammer of Tubal-Cain, "artificer in brass and iron," on the earliest anvils. Legends tell us that Jubal, "sire of harmony" and "Father of all such as handle the harp and organ," moved by the "power in metal shape which made

strange bliss," caught thus "the first suggestion of his art" and sang to men the "wonder which his soul had found."

"He 'watched the hammer, till his eyes

No longer following its fall or rise
Seemed glad with something they
could not see

But only listened to; some melody
Wherein dumb longings inward
speech had found,

Won from the common store of
sound."

Whether rightly or wrongly, we here discover the genesis of the Bell. We know that man in earliest days listened and marched ever onward to the music of the Bells, rudely fashioned in that primal time, growing with the years into instruments fitted to voice "full throated" and majestic harmonies. It is a far leap from the dull jangle of the rude bell of the Pueblo Indian, "made out of the horn of a Rocky Mountain sheep, the clapper consisting of a small stone fastened to the end of a strip of rawhide," to the glorious music wafted from some old-world cathedral tower. But one principle underlies them both: to the man in Arizona, as to his distant brother in Flanders, is dear, he knows not why, the "winged fugue of echoes vanishing."

Through the classic pages of Greek and Roman literature echoes the melody of the bells. But to Christianity we owe the full and final coronation of the Bell. Hushed through those early years of persecution when the followers of the Nazarene, with muffled step and whispered message told of the place of prayer and praise, it slowly emerged into full acceptance as the "herald of the church." Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in the year 400 A.

D., is sometimes credited with having introduced the use of the bell. It is more probable, however, that this honorable distinction belongs to Pope Sabianus, who entered upon his Pontificate in 604 A. D. Here and there come to us notices of the use of bells in those early centuries. Hence, as an authority on this subject has said, "For fully a thousand years we may feel certain that Christendom and England, as a part of it, has heard the far-reaching tone of the bells ring out, now gladly, now sadly, across the broad acres of field and woodland, and over the busy hum of the bustling town. And in all that time there has been scarce an event of interest in the life of nations or of districts, not many, even, in the lives of private individuals, in which the tones of the bells have not mingled with the emotions that were aroused thereby."

To-day we feel an interest not only in the bells, but in the home that they here have found, the building which enshrines them. Classic architecture had no suggestion of such hiding places for this sonorous orchestra. From the rude frame, reared in the open, on which the bells were swung, the play of wind and weather, to the exquisite, soaring beauty of the finished Campanile, is an evolution which advanced with the spirit of Christian art. The tower connected with the main edifice, now enclosing the bells, was formerly only a "lantern" used for lighting the church below. In Italy we find the most perfect examples of the Campanile or detached bell tower, as at Ravenna, Padua, Bologna, Sienna, and Pisa. The tallest is that of Cremona, nearly four hundred feet high. All the civilized world suffered in the fall, in very recent times, of the splendid Campanile of St. Mark's, in Venice.

In Spain, the traveler views with delight the lofty upward flight of the "Giralda," the work of "Guever the Moor" at Seville. But most famous

of all is that glorious creation of Giotto in Florence.

"In the old Tuscan town stands
Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence, blossoming in
stone—

A vision, a delight and a desire—
The builder's perfect and centennial
flower,

That in the night of ages bloomed
alone,

But wanting still the glory of the
spire."

First, some chance tree by the wayside, outlined against the cloudless blue of this Western sky, became the Campanile of the new faith. Then as the churches grew, the bells found, high up in strong, quaint arches and picturesque nooks a home, and brought new music to the land, which was not to cease. Some of these were bells of high degree, which rang with reason, with a fine, pure tone, for we are told that:

"When the red, molten metals hotly
glowed,

Ready those ancient Mission bells
to cast,

Matrons and maids of Old Castile
stood by

And threw therein the relics of
the past—

Vases of silver, whence their Span-
ish sires

Quaffed the red wine; the chains
and rings of gold;

And thus, with gifts and prayers,
the Mission Bells

Were cast, and christened all for
saints of old."

With peculiar emphasis do these bells with their suggestive names tell us of character-building, and stimulate us to press forward to perfect ourselves in that finest of all fine arts, right living. If, as the hours pass, Faith and Peace and Joy and Hope shall find a constant wel-

come in the hearts of all, then indeed the days here spent will be filled with richest gain. With Love to lead the train of these Graces of the Spirit there will here grow and ripen lives which shall "make undying music in the world."

One of our American poets, as if moved by some subtle spirit of sympathetic prophecy, might seem to have anticipated our own chime in the following lines:

"Had I the power
To cast a bell that should from some
grand tower,
At the first Christmas hour,
Outring
And fling
A jubilant message wide,
The forged metals should be thus
allied:—
No iron Pride,
But soft Humility and rich-veined
Hope
Cleft from a sunny slope;
And there should be
White Charity,
And silvery Love, that knows not
Doubt or Fear,
To make the peal more clear;
And then to firmly fix the fine alloy,
There should be Joy!"

The bells proclaim a creed of Universal Brotherhood. They lead the chorus of a grand Democracy. On rich and poor, on learned and unlettered, on man and woman, falls alike the sweetness of their measured cadence. Whether it issue from Oriental pagoda or from Gothic spire or the white tower of the New England meeting house, it tells us of one All-Father, and bids us heed the precept of the golden rule. It tells that in proportion to our gifts and opportunities should be our efforts in behalf of others. Noblesse oblige. Take and impart the Light. We find our lives in losing them.

An Oriental legend tells us that a maker of bells had brought, with skill and cunning knowledge, his

materials together for a bell which should ring with surpassing beauty. That, however, it should possess a tone that should be of the requisite purity it was necessary that with these should be fused a human life. Filled with love and filial devotion, the artist's daughter leaps into the boiling cauldron, and thus is secured the note which no other blend could have produced. That a new note of sweetness may sound in the great Bell of Humanity, who among us will give her life?

These bells, themselves a noble gift, evermore shall speak to those in the great world without of the splendid possibilities which here await their help and beneficence. This tower, reared by the genius of a woman's brain, instinct with her creative spirit, as an inspiration to other women to all high and lofty achievement, shall not only tell of the generosity of those whose gift has made it possible, but shall call to others to join, with righteous zeal to open new vistas of opportunity before the student band here gathered and those who shall follow. On the splendid foundation here laid with noblest self-sacrifice and whole-hearted devotion should grow a great and commanding Woman's College, whose influence should permeate all this far Western land, touched with blessing the islands in the embrace of the great ocean and find a welcome in those vast lands on its farther verge. To-day is the day of grandest opportunity.

From this vantage ground in this Golden Land these chimes ring out a greeting to all schools where woman finds an inspiration to the highest life and thought. Across the wide stretch of mountain and prairie they will blend their notes with those of the bells in the tower of the great University by the Lakes, soon to be hung in memory of one of the noblest leaders of woman's aspirations in these later days. Floating onward from this Belfredus, this

home of the "Bell of Peace," they will bring the greetings of the West to the East, and to their sisters in those old historic lands beyond the sea. Tenderly and gratefully, through all coming years, will they chime on in loyal remembrance of all those who have by tongue or pen, by generous gift or noble deed, helped woman on her upward way. To that noble company they summon each of us.

Let it be with willing heart and glad resolve that we listen to this message of the bells:

Awake! Awake!
All living things that be,
In nest or fold!—
Awake to toil!

In wood, and rock-ribbed hill,
In loamy mead,
What golden largess lies!
Awake to strife, and far-resounding deed
In love's sweet quest, or honor's high emprise,
With trumpets blown, and clash of steel with steel!

Awake to care,
And triumph's frequent foil!
But still pursue! O hand with strength to take—
O dauntless heart to suffer and to dare

O swerveless will,
To bend or else to break—
To life, to love, to conquest, and to spoil,

Awake! Awake!"



San Francisco, the City by the Golden Gate

The History, Origin and Meaning of Some California Towns and Places

(Continued.)

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BY G. E. BAILEY, E. M., Ph. D.

PROVIDENCE CITY is a name that does not come through Spanish sources, but is the name given originally to HAYDEN HILL by the Reverend Harvey Haskins, when he found a mine there in 1870; the town being named from the hill.

SANTOS (Saints), TODOS SANTOS (All Saints) are common titles for ranches and early settlements; but many of these names have been changed by the American settlers.

SACRAMENTO. Moraga first gave the name JESUS MARIA (Jesus, Mary) to the main river now called the SACRAMENTO (The Sacrament), giving that name to the branch. Later on the main river became known as the Sacramento, and the branch as Feather River. The future capital of the State was known at first simply as the EM-BARCADERO, or 'landing place,' where the miners left the boat to go to New Helvetia, as Sutter called his Fort. Both county and county seat take their name from the river. SACRAMENTO COUNTY was organized in 1850, and has an area of 1,007 square miles. The city became the capital of the State in 1854.

TRINIDAD, TRINITY. TRINIDAD and the translation "TRINITY" originate from the discovery of Trinidad Bay, by Captain Bruno Heceta, on June 11, 1775, a date that happened to be "Trinity Sunday." The Spanish charts of the bay were misleading, and Major Reading and others thought that the river he named Trinity emptied into this bay. TRINITY COUNTY was named for the river. It was organized in 1850, and has an area of 3,276 square miles. The county seat is WEAVERVILLE, named for George Weaver.

LOS VERBAS (The Words), a colloquial name for the Bible, is the name of a town.

LOS VIRGENES (The Virgins) is a general title for Nuns, but is borne by towns and ranchos.

THE INFLUENCE OF TOPOGRAPHY.

19. The influence of Mother Nature was felt by the common people, and as soon as they

left the Missions and began settling on the lands, they began to give natural names to their surroundings.

The most natural reason for naming a place so-and-so is to express the most striking features of the situation, to impress this upon the memory, and to convey it to other persons. The most obvious characteristics of any place, whether mountain, stream or valley, would be its size and shape—its relative situation high or low—its color, the kind of rock or soil, the climate it enjoys, the fruits and flowers, and the animals in the vicinity.

WATER. (AGUA.)

The importance of water was appreciated from the very first by the Spaniards, landing in what was then a desert, and every spring was sought out and given a name. Later on, when pueblos grew around the water supply, the place was known by the old name of the spring. In some instances the modern town is known by the translation of the old Spanish name. AGUA ALTA (high water) springs, received their name because they were high enough up in the hills to make it difficult in those days to carry water from them. In the desert land that they called TIERRA SECA, or "Dry Country," the early settlers were often thankful to find water enough for the house use; and one instance of this kind is recalled by the name of the town, now in the midst of an irrigated Eden, that bears the name of AGUA MANSA (house water.) Even a small supply was something to be thankful for, as the names LAS AGUITES (the little waters), and LAS CIENEGITAS (the little springs) testify. The earthen water jar that the Mexican women carry on their heads is called an "OJO," which means, literally, an "Eye," or in irrigation, "a stream as big as your eye." "An ojo of water" was a supply of water sufficient for the household demands, as carried in with the earthen jars. An old rancho, now covered by the city homes of thousands, was once known as the OJO DE AGUA DE FIGUEROA (the ojo water of Figueroa.)

Another rancho in Santa Cruz County has the name MESA DE OJO DE AGUA (table land of the ojo of water); a neighboring rancho rejoices in thrice as much, and has the name of TRES OJOS DE AGUA (three ojos of water), but the owner of a rancho in a northern county was not so fortunate, his water supply being both scant and of poor quality, for he has given it the name OJO DE AGUA DE LA COCHE (ojo of water, fit for pigs), coche being Mexican colloquial for pigs.

California is famous for its WARM SPRINGS, HOT SPRINGS and GEYSERS, and the Spanish form of the names, AGUA CALIENTES, or OJO CALIENTE (hot spring) are common on springs, ranchos and towns.

Happy was the man who could find a glen where a brook made music among the ferns, or leaped from ledges into the pool below. Such a place was found on the rancho that was baptized AGUA CAYENDO, or "Falling Water."

AGUA DULCE (sweet water) has been translated into SWEETWATER, and is now the name of a town and district famous for its olive and citrus fruits.

CLEARWATER is appreciated in every clime, and nowhere more than in the town where it comes gushing forth from the numerous artesian wells that have made a garden out of the desert. The AGUA RICA Springs means the "Delicious Water" Springs, a truth confirmed by all who drink of them. In our semi-tropic land a drink of good, cold water, fresh from a spring, is something that all enjoy and talk about, and it is but natural that a town should proudly bear the title AGUI FRIA (cold water), or a rancho that of AGUAS FRIAS (cold waters); or another rancho that of AGUAJE DE CENTINELA (sentry flowing spring.) SPRING VALLEY is the name of several towns located in valleys noted for the abundance of springs. SULPHUR SPRINGS are sought for now as the nucleus around which to build a health resort and incidentally a fortune for the owner; but in the days of old, the Spaniard scorned this class of waters, and impatiently called them all AGUA HEDIONDA, or "stinking water." This name still clings to town and rancho, and certainly sounds better in the original than when translated. When Fremont was homeward bound across the Mohave desert he followed to the Nevada line a stream that was but little more than an artery of salt winding through the sands, and he called it the AMARGOSSA, or "bit-ter" river. This remarkable stream rises in Nevada, and comes into California with its waters saturated with borax, salt and soda, which it carries to its sink, which is known as Death Valley. BITTER and BITTERWATER are the names of towns that have strong mineral springs near them.

20. ARROYO. CREEK. The creeks seem to

have been named for some local peculiarity, or for some incident that occurred near them. The ARROYO CHICO rancho means "little creek" rancho; ARROYO DE ALAMEDA Rancho is the "Cottonwood Creek" rancho—for the trees along its banks; ARROYO DE LA LAGUNA is the "creek that flows from the lake;" ARROYO DEL RODEO is the rancho on "Round-up Creek," where the cattle were gathered for branding every year; and ARROYO GRANDE is town and rancho on the "Big Creek" that comes from the Santa Lucia mountains.

It has been said of California that "the bottoms of the rivers are on top," and that it seems strange when driving over a dry bed of sand to hear that you are driving over a river; but such is the fact, for the life-giving waters are there ready to come forth when one opens the way with well or ditch to tap the underflow. ARROYO SECO means "dry creek," as RIO SECO means "dry river," but that does not mean that the ranchos or towns that have these names are without a water supply; it simply means that wise nature has covered the precious waters with a sand cloak that protects them from being wasted by the summer sun.

SPRINGS.

AZULE SPRINGS (Blue Springs) have been tinted with one of Nature's mysterious dyes until they seem to carry a bit of the skies in solution.

THE DESERT—from the Latin "desertum," meaning abandoned—have springs here and there hid in the shadow of some great rock in the weary land. Some have been dug by travelers and are known as DESERT WELLS; some have been cleaned out, and the precious water supply protected by such means as the traveler possesses, and received their names accordingly, as BARREL SPRING, or BOX SPRING, which served also to mark the locality. The BIG PALM SPRINGS are where huge desert palms, or giant yuccas (*cereus giganteus*) grow.

BUCKHORN SPRINGS were marked for years by antlers fastened to a board, so that they could be seen for a long distance over the burning sands. The EL PASO WELLS are near the summit of a pass through the foothills; INDIAN SPRINGS were a favorite resort of the aborigines hunting the chuckawalla—a huge desert lizard; and the blackened cone of an extinct VOLCANO marks the site of a spring in the desert, and gives a town a name in the mountain country.

21. LAKES. LAGUNA. The mountains of California rival Switzerland in the grandeur and beauty of her lakes; while the deserts can show a greater variety of strange and valuable lakes than any other region in the world. LAGUNA or LA LAGUNA (the lake), or LAGUNITA (little lake), are very common names for towns as well as

ranchos, and are as common as LAKE, LAGOON and LITTLE LAKE, the English equivalents. It is impossible to give a list of the lakes with English names, and it is not necessary, as most of their meanings are evident to all; but some of those with foreign names are worth translating. LAGUNA DE LOS CALABASAS (Pumpkin Lake), is the name of a rancho that may be the place where all the stories of California pumpkins had their origin. One wonders if the owner raised any that weighed less than a ton apiece; or if they grew so fast that when he planted the seeds he had to run to keep the vines from catching and smothering him. The LAGUNA DE LOS PALOS COLORADOS (the lake of the redwoods), still slumbers beneath the shade of the giants of the forest, as it did centuries ago. LAGUNA DEL REY (Lake of the King) tells a story of remembrance and loyalty to the Viceroy who opened this land to settlement. LAGUNO SECO, or LA LAGUNA SECA (the dry lake) is a name that is very common on the Mohave and Colorado deserts, and not unknown in other parts of the State. On the desert are "dry lakes" that are the pools or lowest depressions in what was once the bed of a great ocean. They have no outlet, and in them has concentrated for ages the saline minerals in the soil of the deserts. To-day they look like fields of snow in the distance, from the deposits of salt, sodas or borax that fill them; a source of wealth to the State that is just beginning to be appreciated. LAKE COUNTY, a region crowded with charming lakes was organized in 1861, and has an area of 1,332 square miles. The county seat is LAKEPORT, once known as FORBESTOWN, as it was built on the farm of Mr. Forbes. LAKE PUNTO is one of the mixed titles that are becoming only too common; why not say Lake Point, or Laguno Punto? LAKE TARTARUS is a lake of boiling mud, capable of inflicting sufferings as great as those of the mythological person whose name it bears.

LAND. (ACAMPO.) (MESA.) (LLANO.) (VALLE.)

22. Next in importance to the water supply was the question of land of good quality, and level enough to cultivate readily. As the Spaniards spread out from the pueblos they sought the valleys and plains, and these are full of homelike names such as ACAMPO (the pasture lands), or simply ALMANSA (the plain), or EL CAMPO, which has the same meaning; while CANADA LORGA O' VERDE (large, or green valley), is more pretentious. EL MONTE is a favorite name, and means primarily "a mountain," but it is used almost as often in its secondary sense of "a wooded place." MESA, LA MESA, or as it has been Americanized LAMESA, means a "table land;" LLANO and LLANADO mean the same

"a tract of level ground." LLANO DE BUENA VISTA is the "Plain with a good view;" while LLANO SECO is the "dry plain" that needs irrigating. PAMPA, meaning "plain" in the sense that we speak of "the plains of Nebraska," is not often found. VALLE (valley), VALLECITO (little valley), and VALLE VISTA (valley view), are almost as common as our own name, VALLEY. VEGA and the diminutive form VEGALA, meaning "a level tract of fruitful land," are both common.

MOUNTAINS. SIERRA. HEIGHT.

23. In a region composed almost wholly of mountain ridges, with intervening valleys and canyons of all kinds, it is but natural that there should arise a descriptive nomenclature of corresponding variety. What is more appropriate than SIERRA to mark the prominent feature of jagged ranges elevated above the normal height, and showing a sky line of ragged peaks, rough as the edges of a great saw, for "sierra" is from the Latin word meaning "saw," and may be translated "serrated," or "saw-toothed." Add to this the fact that their towering pinnacles are covered with snow the year around, and one has the only name that could well be applied to them, and that is NEVADA, or "snowy." Topographical names are generally natural, containing a condensed description, or rude verbal picture, of the object, as SUMMIT, FERNDAL or BIG MOUNT. GLEN serves as a description of almost all varieties of narrow valley; while DALE means simply a flat stretch of land at the bottom of the hills.

ALPINE COUNTY is the appropriate name of a region that lies in the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, an area of 575 square miles of scenery that is not surpassed by any that tourists rush to abroad. Markleville is the county seat of this county, which was organized in 1863. Towns in several counties have the name ALPINE, signifying their elevation or cool climate.

ALTO, ALTA.

It is a recommendation sometimes to be high up in this world, so we find many towns with the names ALTO, or ALTA (high); ALTAVILLE (high town), and ALTMONT or ALTAMONT (high mountain.)

ALTURAS means "the heights," or "the heavens," and is the name of the county seat of Modoc County.

APEX, BACKBONE. One town located on the top of a mountain has the name APEX; while a rancho similarly situated is known as the BACKBONE HOUSE.

CRESTON. Several towns at "the highest point" of the region have the name CRESTON, or "on the crest;" but CRESCENT CITY, the county seat of Del Norte County refers to the curved shape of the land it stands on.

SUMMIT. The word SUMMIT is used alone, or in combinations like SUMMIT-VILLE, by over twenty towns, on account of their position, or elevation; and the word DIVIDE is used almost as frequently.

SIERRA (Latin "serra," a "saw") is a common name for rancho and town. SIERRA COUNTY was named for the SIERRA NEVADA Mountains (snowy saw toothed range), and was organized in 1854. Its area is 910 square miles, and the county seat is DOWNEVILLE.

SIZE. BIG. LITTLE. DEEP.

24 Next in importance to height comes size, and the big things of course lead all the rest. The farmers have their BIG MEADOWS; the miners have innumerable BIG BARS, around which camps and towns have sprung up, and retained the old name; while the BIG FLATS, or wide places where the canyon walls have opened out and given a valley, are claimed by both miner and farmer.

LONG BAR is another favorite with the miner; and it was at a place bearing this name in El Dorado County that John C. Heenan lived, the one who was known later as the "Benicia Boy," and who fought Sayers in England.

The Spaniards felt the influence of their surroundings, after going beyond the immediate influence of the Missions, and have left many names indicative of this fact; such as LA HONDA (the deep); LA GRANDE (the grand); LOS HUECOS (the hollows); MESA (elevated table land); MESA GRANDE (big table land); CERRO (a hill); and CERRILLOS and CERRITOS (little hills.) CERRO GORDO is a "fat hill" or one "large around;" a name given to a mountain near Owens Lake by J. C. Fremont, on his homeward trip in 1844. CERRO DE LAS POSAS is the "hill of the seat," for one would wish to sit down and rest many times before reaching the top. CERRO ROMUALDO is a hill bearing the name of the owner of the rancho it is on. Side by side, and contrasting sharply with the great, is ever the small, and this holds true of names as well as all else, for one finds the diminutives scattered everywhere. CHIQUITA is the name of town, lake and peak, and means "very small;" CRESCITO is "little summits;" LOS PENASQUITOS means "the small cliffs;" LOS VALLECITOS, "the little valleys;" and MONTECITO the "little mountain."

LOCATION.

25. Next in importance to size is that of position, or location, that has some marked peculiarity, such as LOMO, which means "a hill rising from the midst of a plain;" or LOMA ALTA, "a high hill rising from the midst of level ground. LOMA LINDA was the "boundary hill" that marked the corner of a great land grant; while LOMA

PRIETA was the "dark hill;" and LOMA VISTO the "lookout hill," which they climbed for the view, or else to see if enemies were coming. LOMITAS means "small hills in a plain," as does LOMERIAS, but MUERTAS means "graves," the "little hills of the dead."

GLEN in the original Anglo-Saxon is a diminutive term meaning "small valley," and is used in that sense to-day. GLEN COUNTY, a district that is noted for the number and beauty of its mountain nooks, was organized in 1891, and has an area of 1,248 square miles. The county seat is named WILLOWS. The weary immigrants, with animals gaunt from the great deserts, were delighted with the mining district they found in the midst of a great grassy valley, and the name GRASS VALLEY will remain as long as the State does.

The sharp contrast between the open valleys and the narrow canyons where everything was shut in and boxed up by precipitous walls, led to the name EL CAJON (literally "the box"), a term applied in general to many mountain canyons. MEER (sea), and DELMAR (at the sea), are titles borne by places within the sound of the surf.

COLOR.

25. Color plays an important part in furnishing names, and the greatest favorite seems to be BLUE, for there are towns, bluffs, canyons, mines, gulches, ravines and creeks with this name. Many of them owe their name to the blue cement gravels that filled the ancient river channels, and were so rich in gold that the miners eagerly sought for a BLUE LEAD or BLUE CEMENT mine. GREEN BRAE is the "green glen;" LA BARRANCA COLORADO is the "red canyon," the term barranca being applied to canyons that are especially deep, or hard to get down into and out of. There is a range of mountains on the Mohave desert where the rocks are colored red, brown, green, yellow and black and so mottled that the miners gave it the name of the CALICO RANGE.

BLUE RIDGE and BLUE ROCK received their names from the blue shales in their neighborhood.

NEVADA COUNTY (snowy county) takes its name from the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada. It was organized in 1850, and has an area of 958 square miles. Nevada City is the county seat. The snow white foam of the waters gave the name to NEVADA FALLS.

PIEDRA (stone) and PIEDRA BLANCA (white stone), are the names of towns and ranchos; and PINTADA means the "spotted mountain."

RED. The Jura-Trias rocks that cover large areas in the State are noted for their brilliant red strata, and for the red soils

in their vicinity, and from this comes such names as RED ROCK, RED BLUFF, RED CAP, REDLANDS, and RUBIO CANYON—from "rubis," red. Brown does not seem to be a favorite, as we have only the SIERRA MORENA, or "Brown saw-toothed range."

VERDI, VERDE. Green appears a number of times as VERDI, VERDE or VERNAL, or in combination as VERDMONT (green mountain.) VERNAL FALLS, in the Yosemite, shows a strong green tinge where the water plunges over the brink, and the name serves also to distinguish it from a very WHITE FALL a mile above. The Indians called Vernal Fall "a shower of crystals," or PI-WY-ACK.

LOCAL PECULIARITIES.

27. If there is nothing to especially distinguish a place in size or color, its name is apt to be due to some other noticeable feature, or to some incident that occurred there. One does not have to go abroad to see as fine views of scenery as can be found in the world. California is noted for such places, and the name BUENA VISTA (good view) is found in most of the counties ANACAPA ISLAND is "Cape Ann Island," a name that brings up the origin of the word "cape." "Capa" means primarily a "cloak," and was given to places where the winds blow so that a cloak is troublesome.

ARCH BEACH receives its name from the natural arches in the cliffs along the ocean.

ARROWHEAD is named for the peculiar "arrow mark" on the side of the San Bernardino range, north of the city. This arrow is 1,115 feet long, and 396 feet wide, and the shape of a perfect stone arrowhead. The land covered by this freak of nature is disintegrated quartz and light gray granite, which contrast sharply with the surrounding slate. As the arrow is bare of all vegetation it shows up clearly against the dark shrubbery surrounding it.

BALD. Bare-topped peaks are known the world over as BALD HILL or BALD Mountain, and California has a score or more of such names.

BUTTE. The French-Canadian hunters of the Hudson Bay Fur Company made excursions as far south as the Sacramento, and have left remembrances in the northern part of the State in the form of names. They gave the name to the noticeable peaks near Marysville, calling them the BUTTES—a small hill—a name that has been given since to both city and valley. BUTTE COUNTY takes its name from the three buttes, and was organized in 1850. Its area is 1,764 square miles, and its county seat is OROVILLE—Oro-ville, "gold city."

BALLENA. CAMEL. Mountains often have a curious resemblance to some ani-

mal or object, hence we have BALLENA Mountain, Whale Mountain; CAMEL MOUND, CAMEL PEAK and BONAPARTS HAT PEAK.

CASTLE. CONE. Nature has sculptured many a peak and pinnacle into a rude image of a CASTLE, and the name in many combinations is almost as common as Bald. CONE MT. is a volcanic cone, once an active volcano.

DOUBLE BUTTE, DOUBLE HEAD, TWIN PEAKS, all speak of crests with two summits. HALF DOME is a rounded granite knob on the walls of Yosemite Valley that does not equal the height of its neighbors by more than half. The Indians say that it is 'TIS-SA-ACK, the squaw who was turned to stone for quarrelling with her husband.

MEDANOS and LOS MEDANOS is the Spanish for "sand dunes" so common along the coast and in the desert; while MEGANOS and LOS MEGANOS are the Mexican colloquial forms with the same meaning.

MONTE RIO is the "River Mountain;" MONTICELLO is the "round mountain;" and MONTERRATE is the "serrated or saw-tooth mountain."

PILOT. The first travelers over new trails generally find some isolated, or especially noticeable peak, that will serve as a guide in directing others over the route, and the peak soon receives the name PILOT PEAK, PILOT HILL, or PILOT KNOB, names that are inherited by towns that spring up in their vicinity.

PUNTE. POINT. This has also been the origin of such names as POINT ARENA (Sand Point); POINT LOMA (Hillock Point); POINT DELGADA (Sharp Point); PUNTE ARENAS (Sand Point); POINT SAL (Salt Point); POINT SUR (south point); and PUNTA GORDA (Fat Point.) POINT REYES was known first by the name PUNTA DE LOS REYES, or "Kings Point," for the Viceroy of Mexico.

REDONDO (round) is due to the curved shape of the beach there.

POSITION.

28. BASE. BOCA. BOLSA. The position of a town often determines its name. It may be on the BASE LINE of the U. S. land surveys of that region, or in the BASIN or bowl of a plain. It may be on the edge of a BAY, or at the BEND of a stream. If it is at the mouth of a stream, the entrance to a canyon or valley, its name may be BOCA (mouth), as BOCA DE LA PLAYA (opening to the shore); or BOCA DE SANTA MONICA (mouth of the Santa Monica. BOLSA means literally "a pocket" or "purse," but is used by the Mexicans to denote "a rich place in a mine" or even a "rich spot or position in a valley;" or the purse from which they expect to extract

money. BOLSA CHICA is a little pocket. BOLSA DE CHAMISAL is the purse of chamisal. BOLSA DE LOS ESCORPINES, the "pocket of the scorpions;" BOLSA DEL PAJARO, the "pocket on Bird" river; BOLSA DEL POTRERO Y MORO COJO, the pocket of the pasture and the lame negro, and BOLSA NUEVO Y MORO COJO, the "new pocket and the lame negro."

BRIDGE. In the early days bridges were few and far between, and a town generally grew up near them, hence such names as BRIDGEVILLE, BRIDGETON and BRIDGEPORT. PUNTE or LA PUENTE, (the bridge) was used by the Spaniards in the same way.

29. BANK. RIVER RIO. A river's bank is always a favorite position for a new settlement, and RIVERSIDE is a common name. RIVERSIDE COUNTY was organized in 1893, and has an area of 7,008 square miles, the county seat having the same name. Where we say BOULDER CREEK, the Spaniards said RIO DE LAS PIEDRAS, the "river of stones;" or RIO CANADA for CANYON creek. Some hunting party must have found game scarce, in the days when game was usually plentiful, for one stream is named RIO CARNELO (river of little meat); but we do not know just why another stream was called RIO BRAVO, ("the brave river.")

BEACH. AT THE. All are favored who live near the sound of the surf, and enjoy old OCEANO (the ocean.) The first place in the State to be called LA PLAYA (the shore) was the Portuguese fishing village between old San Diego and the entrance to the bay. This was the landing place (embarcadero) for old San Diego that is described by Dana in "Two Years Before the Mast." DEL MAR means "at the sea;" as DEL MONTE means "at the mountain," while CALLEGUAS means "a narrow pass between mountains." PIEDMONT is at "the foot of the mountain;" DEL PASO is "at the pass"; and LOS JUNTOS is but one of a score of JUNCTIONS with English or Spanish names.

30. CENTER. When long roads are traveled the HALFWAY house is an important point, that may eventually become a MIDWAY, MIDLAND, MIDDLE, CENTERVILLE, or MEDIA (middle.)

CONTRA COSTA. When San Francisco was started, what was more natural than to call the land across the bay CONTRA COSTA, or "opposite Coast." CONTRA COSTA COUNTY was organized in 1850, and has an area of 750 square miles. The county

seat is MARTINEZ, named for that well-known Spanish family.

CORNER. RINCON. As a country settles, the place where two roads meet is soon known as the "corner" or the "cross roads," which is expressed by the Spanish word RINCON, a title that is most common among the older names. Some of the more interesting ones are RINCON DE LOS BUEYES (oxen corner); RINCON DE LA BREA (corner where the asphaltum outcrops); RINCONADA DEL ARROYO DE SAN FRANCISQUITO (little cornering of little St. Francis Creek); RINCON DE LOS CARNEROS (sheep corner); RINCON DEL DIABLO (the corner of the devil); RINCON DE LOS ESTEROS (corner of the estuaries); RINCONADA DE LOS GATOS (where the cats were cornered), an incident worth seeing, as the wild-cat puts up a good fight; RINCON DE MASALACON, ("the corner of the big house"); RINCON DE LA PUENTE DEL MONTE, the "corner at the mountain bridge"; and RINCON DE LAS SALINAS Y POTRERO VIEJO, the "corner of the salt pits and the old pasture." LA ROCHA is located at "the bluff," and EL SUR at "the south."

DEL NORTE COUNTY is located "at the north" west corner of the State. It was organized in 1856, and has an area of 1,546 square miles. The county seat is Crescent City.

MANCHA was once a "place covered with weeds," but no one would think of that today.

SULPHUR creeks and springs abound, named for that mineral water.

SOILS.

32. Even the character of the soil may give a certain class of names. The prevailing style of houses before the invasion of the Americans was the "adobe" house, made of adobe bricks, the same as those used in Egypt in the days of Moses. To make them, clay is mixed with straw or tough grass, and the mass thoroughly kneaded, then rudely moulded and sun baked. The size is 30 by 16 by 4 inches, the weight being about 50 pounds each. The clay soils that make good bricks are known as ADOBE soils, a name that has been adopted by several towns in regions where that kind of soil prevails. ASH HILL is in a district covered with ancient volcanic ashes; ATASCADERO is on "boggy ground;" and CIE-NEGA SECO (dry marsh.) LAVA soils are not uncommon, any more than "mud"-POSO-flats are; or "dry camps"—CAMPO SECO. There are locations, too, that are CALIENTE (hot); SECO (dry); or TERMO (warm.)

PALO ALTO

A Compilation by the Editor

THE upper part of Santa Clara County, in California, the first met in traveling from San Francisco south, is largely a residence section. Palo Alto, the first town in line, is on the very border, the great sequoia that gives the name of Palo Alto (tall tree) marking the county line. Eleven years ago, when Stanford University was

from a settlement to an incorporated city, teeming with active life. The city has an excellent water supply, electric light and power at moderate rates, all owned by the municipality. A perfect sewer system has been laid, reaching all parts of the city and discharging far into the bay. Besides, high and grammar public schools, there are many prepara-



Residence of T. H. Goodman, Palo Alto.

first bounded, Palo Alto was but a flag station of the Southern Pacific. With the university came a sudden growth; students and their families and people who wish to live near a university, were among the first settlers. But the attractions of the place as a residence section soon became known; moreover, the prohibition clause placed in the deed of foundation proved a strong drawing card. In consequence, eleven years have witnessed a growth from nothing to nearly 5,000.

tory schools. There are no better institutions of learning anywhere. The teachers are efficient, enthusiastic and conscientious. Nearly every religious denomination is represented in the city, and along with an unusual religious zeal goes broad-mindedness and the spirit of true Christian helpfulness.

It is warmed by sunny rays that are tempered by gentle breezes wafted from the surface of the great and slumbering Pacific Ocean, but three miles away, on one hand, the

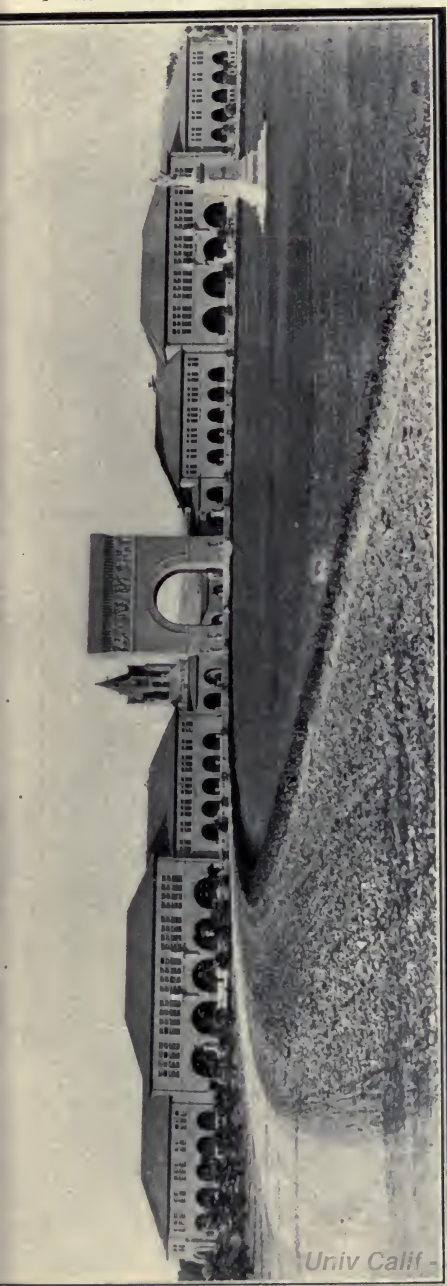
university a mile on the other. It is two or three miles to the first dip of the dun foothills, and ten by trail to the very summit of the picturesque Santa Cruz Mountains. Palo Alto is surrounded by pictur-

esque and inspiring scenery, traversed by broad, smooth avenues embowered by the arching branches of magnificent oak trees. ALL enjoy these gifts of nature. The cottage of the man of small competence is transformed into the rich abode as is the mansion of the millionaire by the entwining of the same rose and varying shades of evergreen that make the town one broad, expansive park.

Few California residence towns are growing more rapidly. The main factor of this growth is the coming of people who like the town for residences. ESPECIALLY IS THIS TRUE OF PEOPLE WITH BUSINESS IN SAN FRANCISCO. AMPLE TRAIN ACCOMMODATIONS, A TEMPERANCE TOWN, A BEAUTIFUL CLIMATE AND SURROUNDINGS, A GREAT UNIVERSITY CLOSE AT HAND, SOME OF THE BEST PREPARATORY SCHOOLS IN THE STATE, A SPLENDID LOCAL EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM GIVE AN ATMOSPHERE DIFFICULT TO FIND ELSEWHERE.

The average time of train service is one hour, and the time-tables are arranged with a special view to the needs of business men going back and forth every day. In a very short time, Palo Alto will be connected with San Francisco by a rapid electric car service.

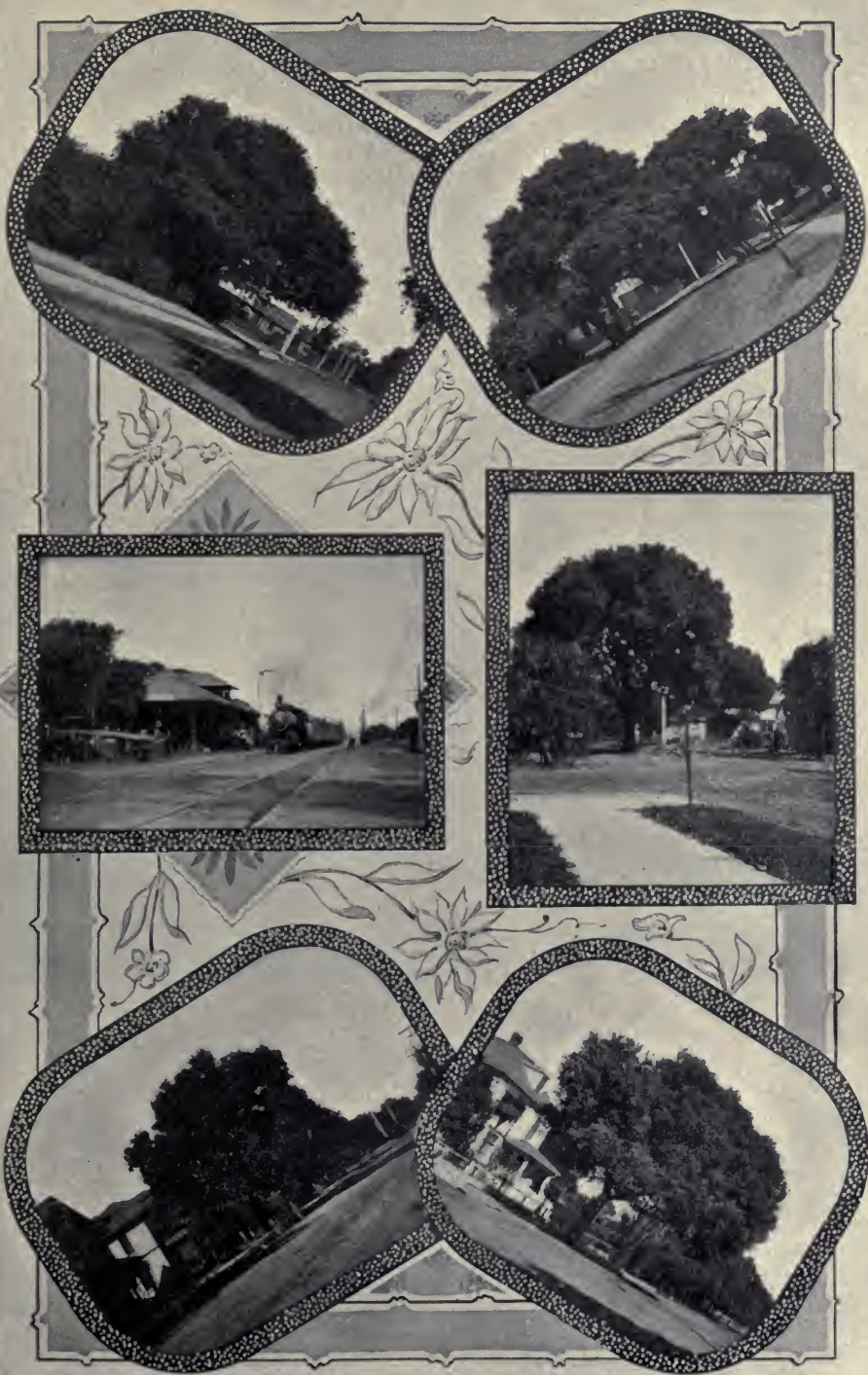
The above advantages have brought to Palo Alto a population of nearly five thousand people during the eleven years of its existence. But a new era of development is at hand, and it is confidently expected a growth to fifteen thousand population during the next decade. The new Bay Shore Line of the Southern Pacific Railroad will bring Palo Alto within less than forty minutes' ride of San Francisco. This fast transit means that a great many more people from overcrowded San Francisco will seek homes on the



Natural Sciences

STANFORD UNIVERSITY—Library, Assembly Hall, Memorial Church, Memorial Arch





peninsula, and Palo Alto will get the "cream" of this business; for no other town on the peninsula seems to have as great inducements to offer homeseekers. All this means that real estate values will bound upward with astounding strides.

The educational facilities are of the best, from primary schools to graduate departments in the university. The grammar and High Schools are the pride of the city, and there is a general agreement to spare no expense upon them to make the place absolutely unique

streets and avenues which are named for noted authors or characters famous in literature. There are but few exceptions to this plan, one of which is Palo Alto boulevard, following the meanderings of San Francisquito creek, which borders two sides of the town, and forming a particularly beautiful drive.

These elements of popularity which have been enumerated, have induced the location here of many people, and unlike the earlier settlers, these are not confined to such as are affiliated with the university.



Residence of Dr. Chas. W. Decker, Palo Alto

as a place of education for the youth of all ages. It is an ideal place for modest homes of from fifteen hundred to ten thousand dollars each. The lots are fifty by one hundred to two hundred feet deep. Of one hundred and twenty-five houses built during the last year, the average cost was \$3,000. This fixes the substantial character of the town. The tendency to vulgar display is absent, and by many this will be esteemed most highly.

Palo Alto is laid out parallel with the Southern Pacific Railroad, with

Many come because they find Palo Alto an ideal place for a home. The character of the population is moral and intellectual in a marked degree, the climate is as nearly perfect as can be found, and wholly healthful, and the influences are elevating. Among those who are making homes in Palo Alto are many San Francisco people who find the home life far preferable to that of the city.

Yet in addition to these elements of growth, Palo Alto is essentially "the town of Leland Stanford Junior University," and as such it will gain



John Dudfield

Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes Melzer

UNARTISTIC HOMES OF PALO ALTO

E. P. Gamble

J. J. Morris

and maintain its great prominence.

It is this stable assurance of its future prosperity that is constantly augmenting the growth of the town, and which is increasing its population by one-third each year. Palo

Alto, of course, shares in the new era of development of the entire Santa Clara Valley, but beyond this are its own special attractions which are fast becoming so widely appreciated.

THE CHURCHES OF PALO ALTO

THE population of Palo Alto and the University is not only notably moral, but is possessed of a marked religious tendency. The evidence of its moral standing is found in the prohibition of saloons and the absence of these debasing classes and practices which exist in many towns. The interest in affairs religious is shown in the number of church organizations, each with a large and active membership. In addition to the Memorial church on the campus, there are in the town five church buildings, and other societies are arranging to erect edifices for worship. A sketch of the several churches is appended:

Presbyterian Church.

This society was organized in the early days of 1892, and was the first to hold regular religious services in Palo Alto. Its first church building was built on Hamilton avenue, but in 1896 was moved to its present fine location at the corner of University avenue and Waverly street. The regular services have a large attendance and the auxilliary societies sustain an active interest in church and philanthropic work. The church building is artistic, as may be seen from the half-tone view of it, and its

setting of palms and climbing vines adds to its charm.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

This society, organized in 1892, had its first pastor appointed in 1894. Its commodious church building is located on Hamilton avenue and Webster street. It has a large and earnest membership, and its services are well attended. Bishop Taylor, the missionary bishop of the Methodist Church, passed his last days in Palo Alto.

Christian Church.

While numbered among the younger church organizations, the Christian society is well represented in its membership, and is especially active in good works. It has no building, but holds regular services, and has the plans prepared and most of the funds in hand to build a handsome edifice, which work will be accomplished during the year 1903.

All Saints—Episcopal.

All Saints Episcopal Church is also one of the earlier religious organizations, having begun to hold services in January, 1893. The building is at the corner of Waverly street and Hamilton avenue, and the large grounds are parked in a beautiful manner. The church is pros-



All Saints Episcopal
Stanford Memorial Church
First Baptist

PALO ALTO CHURCHES

Christian Church
St. Thomas, Catholic
Presbyterian Church

perous and has in hand plans for a larger edifice to accommodate its growing number of communicants and attendants, and also designs to build soon a parsonage and a parish house.

Congregational Church.

The Congregational Society also designs to build a church during the year. Its organization was effected about three years ago, since which time there has been a pastor in charge and regular services have been held. This church already has a fair-sized and representative membership and the life of the society is sustained by earnest and active workers for the cause of the right.

First Baptist Church.

The First Baptist Church of Palo Alto, instituted at a later date than those mentioned, has a very handsome church home, located at the corner of Hamilton avenue and Bryant street. The society is progressive and numbers a large membership, and its young people take a marked interest in the various church societies and, like the other churches, offer much to interest all—more especially students, in the line of meetings, socials and entertainments.

St. Thomas—Roman Catholic.

During 1902 St. Thomas Aquinas church was erected. It is the largest and most elaborately finished church building in town. The parish includes Menlo Park and the Portola valley, each with a church, and the pastor in charge has two assistants. St. Thomas church is at the corner of Waverly street and Homer avenue, and on a portion of the site a parsonage is at once to be built. This vicinity is a center of Catholic interest, there being four churches within a small area, and also the great college, St. Patrick's Theological Seminary, and the Sacred Heart Academy, a large institution for the education of girls.

NO SALOONS.

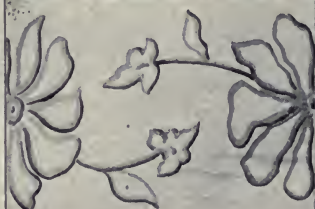
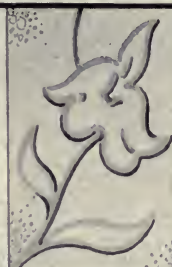
The founders of Palo Alto had the wisdom and foresight to provide against the saloon evil ever securing a foothold here. The following clause appears in the title deed to every lot in town: "Provided always, and this indenture is made upon this condition, that the said party of the second part, his heirs or assigns, shall not at any time manufacture or sell, to be used as a beverage, any intoxicating liquor, or permit the same to be done on the premises hereby conveyed," and for the violation of this clause it is stipulated that the property shall revert to the original owner.

TEMPERATURE AND RAIN-FALL.

Most Eastern people have an indefinite idea of what California climate is really like, and fancy that the rainy season means a period of continued precipitation during the winter months. Again, they have no clear conception of the mildness of the winter or of the balminess of the summer. The subjoined statistics will help to a clearer understanding in these respects. The temperature table gives the average for the months named, yet it should be borne in mind that the lowest temperature rarely shows the freezing point and is seldom lower than 26 degrees above zero. Only maximum records have been kept for the summer months, but the average daily maximum temperature is about 80 degrees, while the highest point reached, and that on but few days, is in the 90's.

Average maximum and minimum temperature for the winter months for the years from 1896 to 1902:

| .. | Average Maximum | | | Average Minimum | | |
|----------|-----------------|------|------|-----------------|------|------|
| | Dec. | Jan. | Feb. | Dec. | Jan. | Feb. |
| 1896-7.. | 60 | 55 | 57 | 41 | 38 | 41 |
| 1897-8.. | 58 | 54 | 61 | 36 | 33 | 42 |
| 1898-9.. | 57 | 56 | 62 | 35 | 42 | 38 |





Mrs. Marion Hall Fowler

Sylvester Strong

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft®
ARTISTIC HOMES OF PALO ALTO

E. Braunschweiler

W. F. Hyde

| | | | | | | |
|----------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1899-0.. | 57 | 57 | 61 | 39 | 44 | 41 |
| 1900-1.. | 57 | 56 | 59 | 40 | 41 | 43 |
| 1901-2.. | 59 | 54 | 60 | 37 | 36 | 46 |

m., 72; lowest temperature for the night, 59.

A record of the rainfall in Palo Alto during seven years:

Maximum and minimum temperature for the years 1897-1902:

| | Maximum | Minimum | To Jan. 1 | For Season |
|------|---------|---------|--------------|-------------|
| 1897 | 94½ | 26 | 1896-7 | 10.82 20.23 |
| 1898 | 96 | 25 | 1897-8 | 4.32 9.04 |
| 1899 | 94½ | 25 | 1898-9 | 4.06 13.99 |
| 1900 | 97 | 27 | 1899-0 | 7.30 13.91 |
| 1901 | 97½ | 24 | 1900-1 | 8.00 18.42 |
| 1902 | 93 | 28 | 1901-2 | 2.83 14.08 |
| | | | 1902-3 | 3.23 |

The warmest evening recorded during the six years was June 24, 1898: maximum thermometer for the day, 96; temperature at 10 p.

Two or three times during the past ten years thunder has been heard in the distance, but only once near by on November 7, 1900.



The Bank of Palo Alto

One of the leading financial Institutions of Santa Clara Valley



Palo Alto Academy

PALO ALTO ACADEMY

A Modern Preparatory School

BY HENRY BAILEY SARGEANT

PRESIDENT John Merle Coulter, of the Indiana University, once said that: "The largest, the overwhelming factor in a practical education is the teacher. * * * So much would I let this principle govern that I would select a great teacher first, and then find out what he could teach me. If studies are tools, almost any tools will accomplish results when in skillful hands; and no tools will succeed in the

hands of a bungler. Don't select buildings and extensive laboratories and enormous libraries and high tuition; let none of these things catch you; but select great teachers. Equipment is as nothing to a successful teacher, who can utilize whatever he happens to have, and is himself the chief opportunity of his pupil."

The superintendent of the Palo Alto Academy is Maynard Shipley,

an essentially successful man, and the rest of the faculty have all made their mark as teachers who teach with success. Beginning with the principal to the end of the list, it is found that every element necessary to a successful preparatory school has been provided.

CORPS OF INSTRUCTORS.—

Mrs. Maynard Shipley, A. B. (Stanford), French, German, Spanish. Miss Anita Corbert, M. A. (Stanford), English, History, Civics. E. T. Bell, A. B. (Stanford), Mathematics, Physics. Miss Anna Ruth, A. B. (Stanford), Greek, Latin. Earl L. Morris, A. B. (Stanford), Zoology, Botany, Entomology. Miss Theodora Holly, A. B. (Stanford), Drawing. Miss Blanche Gross (Buffalo Normal), Primary and Grammar Grades. A. S. Dudley (President California College of Photography), Lecture Course on Photographic Art. Charles Ellis, Bookkeeping, Banking, Commercial Arithmetic, Business Correspondence. Miss Marjorie Bell (Ayres Business College), Typewriting and Stenography. Cyril Elwell, '07 (Stanford), Physical Culture, Manual Training. Alvin J. Purnell pupil of Anton Schott), Voice Culture. Miss Mary B. Pasmore, violin. Mr. Maynard Shipley, piano. Mrs. May C. Wilbur, Elocution.

The increasing demand for mining and mechanical engineers, and the immense salaries paid competent men in these professions, has made these courses very popular with ambitious young men. But the lack of sufficient work in advanced mathematics has frequently proved a

great drawback to such students after entering the university. To remedy this defect in preparatory work along these lines, the Palo Alto Academy has retained the services of an exceptionally gifted teacher, under whom three extra courses in higher mathematics will be offered, and without extra charge. This innovation of the Academy is to be highly commended, and will certainly prove a boon to all students who desire to become engineers.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the benefits of attending a school in a community of earnest students. Fortunately for the Palo Alto Academy, and for its patrons, student life in Palo Alto is characterized by an almost passionate zeal for study, inspired by an emulation derived from constant contact with young men who are here to accomplish something definite.

Ample grounds are provided for all out-door sports, including baseball, football, track work and tennis. The social life of the Palo Alto Academy is fostered by receptions and soirees, at which students become acquainted with university professors and college students.

One of the many superior advantages offered by the Palo Alto Academy is the opportunity afforded pupils to attain a conversational as well as a grammatical knowledge of French, German or Spanish. In the school dining-room three tables are so arranged that only German is spoken at one, French at another, and English at a third table.



HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS

LONG years before the State began to provide for the education of its future citizens, schools for boys flourished in all civilized countries. Antiquity does not prove excellence, yet the fact remains that the private school for boys still flourishes, and there is no doubt that it possesses some advantages no other educational institution can boast. No one nowadays would for a moment deny the great value of the public schools with its commingling of the children of all our citizens, so like the world of business around us, but there are thousands of boys whose best interests the public school cannot serve.

Home discipline is often so lax as to prevent the formation of habits of industry and application; not infrequently the business of the

father and the social engagements of the mother leave the boy to his own devices; sometimes it happens that the parent and child are of such antagonistic natures that government or obedience is impossible.

This, then, is the problem of educating a boy who is not under the necessity of earning his living: It is necessary that he be subjected to such discipline and regularity of life as will develop self-reliant industry and application; he must have a greater amount of personal attention from his instructors than the boy who has had the discipline of labor.

The right kind of boarding school can give him these things, and no other institution can.

Such a school is Hoitt's School for Boys and Young Men; located 32 miles from San Francisco, one and one-quarter miles from Menlo Park station and three miles from Stanford University.

Fourteenth year begins Aug. 9th; larger and stronger faculty than ever; perfect sanitation; illustrated catalogue. W. J. Meredith, Principal, Menlo Park, Cal.



MISS HARKER AND MISS HUGHES' SCHOOL FOR GIRLS



TWO years ago, there was opened in Palo Alto a school for girls which has already taken its place among the prominent schools in California. The need for such an institution in this college town had long been felt, and through the aid and interest of several Stanford professors, the school has been established upon the most advanced methods in modern education.

One is instantly impressed with the simplicity of everything, and the charming home atmosphere. The cheerful spirits and the loyalty of the girls is manifest throughout this refined home.

The location of the school is ideal. Standing in the midst of magnificent live-oaks, surrounded by the homes of professors and other cultured families, it offers unusual advantages to the resident student. Its nearness to Stanford University makes it an especially desirable preparatory school for young women expecting to attend the university.

Since the number of girls admitted there is now limited, only those who are fully prepared may enter, and this school, keeping in touch with all requirements, can assure its graduates the necessary credits for entrance.

The writer was especially interested in work of Music Education in the school as carried on along the lines laid down by Mr. Calvin B. Cody of Boston. Original work is done by the pupils in simple melodies that are expressive of thought and consciousness. This of necessity leads to a clear and comprehensive grasp of the elements of music, melody, rhythm and harmony. The enthusiasm of the pupils and their ability to interpret is remarkable.

The school is already attracting pupils from other States—due in great measure to the climate in this valley and the out-of-door life to be enjoyed here at all seasons—and it is the purpose of those interested to make the school one which will draw largely from the East.



California College of Photography

CALIFORNIA COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

BY ENOS MURDOCK

AMONG the professions can you think of one that is more dignified, pleasant, healthful, lucrative, and all-around desirable than Photography?

The field is broader and less crowded, the opportunities for advancement greater than can be found elsewhere. The comparatively short time required for the person of average education and intelligence to thoroughly learn, and the small amount of capital required to enter business for one's self, are features worth your consideration. There are few studios in towns of three thousand that represent an investment of over \$1,000, and the majority of less than half this amount.

But a few days ago a representative of one of the leading San Francisco stock houses told us that he could place a number of first-class printers and operators at once on a salary of \$25 to \$35 a week. He says that there is an increasing demand for good workmen in all lines. He is in a position to know.

New fields are opening up for the photographer every day. The Government has placed them in all the agricultural and scientific departments. Advertisers are placing them in their illustrating departments. Half-tones are rapidly taking the place of the pen and ink drawings. The large daily, the weekly and the monthly magazines are steadily increasing their staff of photographic artists.

Until within a few years it has been necessary for the person who desired to enter the profession to begin in some third rate gallery and devote the greater part of his time to the drudgery of the place. He did not receive the instruction that he so much desired, but found it advisable to pick up whatever he could, and the proprietor would tell him enough so that he would be able to do the work desired. It was necessary for the apprentice to trudge along in this manner for at least a couple of years before he had acquired sufficient information to go out and earn anything at all.

Practically, he gained his meagre knowledge of photography from observation, as he received no instruction.

To-day everything is different; the photographic school has at last made its appearance; the person ambitious to take up the profession does not have to follow in the path of others, who at best seldom learned more than one branch of the dozen, and thus were unfitted to do proper work.

The people of this coast are exceptionally fortunate in having a thorough and modern institution which is located in one of the largest of the Western college towns.

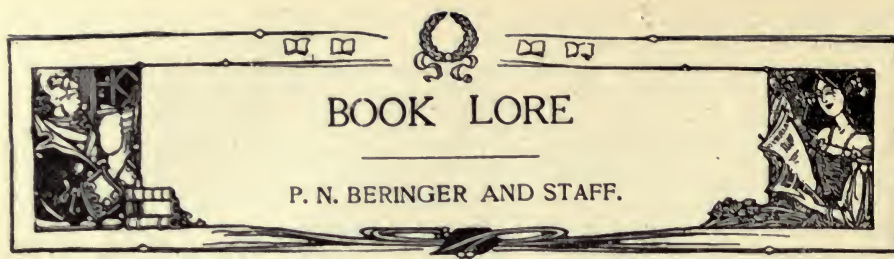
The California College of Pho-

tography, which was established the first part of this year, is situated at Palo Alto, the city of the Leland Stanford University, thirty miles south of San Francisco. No better place in all this country could have been chosen, for from Stanford University, instructors have been secured in art, chemistry and optics that it would have been impossible to get in other places. As photography is founded on these three sciences, they should by all means be brought into photographic courses.

A prospectus has just been issued by the college, which is of much value to any person interested in photography.



The Arches and Quadrangle, Stanford University



BOOK LORE

P. N. BERINGER AND STAFF.

Theodore Roosevelt: The Citizen. The President is not wanting in admirers, and fortunate man, for even here the luck of Roosevelt does not forsake him, an admirer who has the ability to write forcibly and originally. One always begins Jacob A. Riis's remarks anent our Chief Magistrate with somewhat of a smile of indulgence. His bias is so evident, his adoration of his ideal so complete, that the recollection of some of those dedications to eighteenth century books, in which aristocratic patrons receive the fulsome praise of poor authors, occur naturally to the mind. One remembers with a pang that Theodore Roosevelt is high in authority, and the natural inference is neither soothing nor flattering to our poor humanity. But when you have read what Mr. Riis has to say, the idea that he is in any sense insincere vanishes. A good-natured smile at his naive hero-worship, his inability to see the least flaw in the man whom he so vehemently admires, the reader cannot avoid.

But in spite of our smile we come to believe in the sincerity of the writer, and any notion that he flatters or toadies passes away from us.

It is just the same in this book, the last which Mr. Riis has written on his pet subject. As an authoritative and closely considered biography of the President, it is not possessed of any great value, as the candid appreciation of a friend for a great man in whom he be-

lieves, it is worth much more than whole rows of more pretentious and loudly advertised volumes.

The attitude of Mr. Riis is sufficiently clearly seen from the following extract from the first chapter: "The public man I will follow because he is square and will do the square things always, not merely want to do it. With the partisan I will sometimes disagree, at least I ought to, for I was before a Democrat, and would be one now if the party would get some sense and bar Tammany out in the cold for its monstrous wickedness. Of the President I am proud with reason, but the friend I love. And if I can make you see him so, as a friend and a man, I have given you the master-key to him as a statesman as well. You will never need to ask any questions." Thus Mr. Riis disarms criticism from the very first, for how can we judge a man for what he says of his friend?

With regard to his literary style, it is too well known to need comment. It is sometimes referred to as original—why, except in the way of politeness, it is not easy to say. For it is a poor style, the vocabulary slight, the diction commonplace. But it is honest, straight and convincingly sincere, and all the recipes of the schoolmen to the contrary notwithstanding, the great majority of people love a good writer a great deal better than merely good writing, which fact perhaps accounts for the popularity of Jacob A. Riis.

(The Outlook Co., New York.)

Kindly Light. This is a small volume published by Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, and written by Florence M. Kingsley, who has several larger and more ambitious writings to her credit. There are two stories in the volume, of a semi-religious nature, and it must be frankly admitted by one who does not care for that type of literature, that they are very much superior both as stories, and as regards to literary style, to the vast mass of writing of that sort.

If much talking could make us wise or witty, surely "Charm and Courtesy in Conversation," by F. B. Callaway would accomplish the purpose, for it is well written and shows great care in its production. The difficulty with such books is that to those who do not possess the qualities which the book sets out to elucidate, the book is useless, while for those who do have them it is unnecessary. One might just as well write a book on the advantages of being well born as on the undoubted charm of sweet and polite conversation, for both gifts are beyond the power of the individual to bestow upon himself. However, as far as this particular work is concerned, it is an excellent specimen of this description of writing. The chapters are short and to the point, the right chords are struck, and above all, the quotations which have a very wide range are excellently chosen and bear the right relation to the subject in hand. It would make a handy little book for preservation.

(Dodd, Mead & Company, N. Y.)

A Daughter of Dale. This is a very pretty and well-written story of American university life. It is a novel of to-day, and in that respect will contrast with some of the works dealing with the same subject which were so popu-

lar in England nearly half a century ago, such as "Tom Brown at Oxford," and others of that type. The terrible seriousness of modern life is evident in this book. That is, seriousness about nothing, for with all Mr. Emerson Gifford Taylor's well meant attempts to make out a case for the scholar, the modern scholar in the hard and fast German sense of the term, he fails, and this much may be said for him, that he does not appear to be at all sorry to acknowledge his own failure.

The types are very true to life; anybody who knows anything at all of university post-graduate work can swear to that, but they are not all pleasing. Even the old scholar is a pigheaded old bundle of conceit, who, in spite of his apparent disdain for personal fame, is possessed of the notion that the expenditure of a life time upon the study of a piece of old Wessex manuscript picked up in an out of the way Bulgarian monastery would be time well spent. To such a pass has the German system brought the scholars of a pre-eminently practical nation. Again, there is the course, rough, uncouth fellow who is trying to force his way up the hilly path of scholarship as a career, but who will never be able to make a gentleman of himself. This is a type which is met with on all hands in the western colleges, and the author is to be congratulated upon his boldness and the ability which he has shown in depicting the character. One mistake, quite unnecessary, is the introduction of a fire-scene for the purpose of displaying some points of characterization in this rough student.

Barbara, the daughter of the old professor, and the heroine of the work, is a beautiful character. Simple and sweet, she is devoted to the old professor, and after persuading her lover to take up with scholarship, has much trouble in persuad-

ing him to relinquish it for herself. She is a very engaging person and should be well loved by all readers with any discrimination.

In spite of all the author's intentions, we are obliged to confess that we do not find the old professor a winning person. The type does not appeal to us, and it will be strange if healthy young persons can like him.

On the whole the university does not make a good impression on us. It is too shoddy. There is such an evident intention to copy European manners with such wretched, inadequate material. A bishop, a major-general, and a hint of a president are pretty second-rate characters to make a social fuss about, and if our Eastern colleges are endeavoring to vamp up out of this kind of thing some sort of imitation of distinction we are sorry for them.

Mr. Taylor is not to blame for this, however. He has written of the university life as he has seen it, and has produced a story which is well worth reading, and which, as far as the author is concerned, is much better than the run of current fiction.

Mr. Taylor is a Doctor of Philosophy of Yale, and is instructor in rhetoric at that university.

Century Company, New York.

L. Parry Truscott, in "The Mother of Pauline. Mother of Pauline," tries his

hand at a problem story. The problem is not altogether uninteresting, although it would be a little shocking to the maid of sweet seventeen, for whom and in whose behalf all modern novels are confessedly written. A young girl and a young doctor are engaged to be married, the doctor is called away by an attack of sickness, his own, not a patient's, and he is obliged to postpone his marriage, which should have occurred in about three weeks. The young lovers have

been more affectionate than wise, and when the physician returns he finds that he has a baby as well as a sweetheart. He is a young professional man who has his way to make, and for economic and social reasons the matter of the infant's existence is concealed, much to the sorrow and dislike of the mother. The story goes to show the evil effects of such concealment upon the lives and conduct of the erring parties. It is a good, sound book, none the worse for being a trifle unconventional, with a sound moral, even where morality is somewhat at a discount. The writing, however, is by no means of the best; it is crude, untrained and obviously, in some essential respects, the work of an amateur.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Typo Culturists,"
Typo by Mary Eupha
Culturists. Crawford of San
Diego, is a psychological study of hygienic living and human sophistry.

"It follows the Platonic form of dialogue, with much originality. The decalogue of Health Culture is made the basis of discussion and the argument pro and con most brilliantly carried on."

Crito holds the ideal position of self-control, of giving the needs of the organism intelligent care, that it may be a healthy, vital instrument into the centuries, and lose the habit of age.

The Sophist as a type of the masses of humanity, reasons that one should live as everybody else does, treat his desires generously, avoid self-inflicted discipline for health's sake, then if illness or infirmities of age come with unwelcome speed, accept them as the course of nature from which the rest of the world must also suffer.

Electricity, patent medicines, enforced dieting a short time, will often keep one going for years with

but slight indispositions. If the best medical skill is employed, a flagging appetite stimulated with dainties, the fresh air excluded, and still the patient passes out, it is clear that an all-wise, mysterious Providence, has failed to recognize the value of regular treatment.

Crito points out that disease, early age, and death come surely by living and breathing as the human masses do, but not by the natural method of "making the house where gods may dwell, beautiful, entire, clean."

The introduction expresses the purpose of the book charmingly:

"This volume is sent out upon a mission of suggestion and inspiration to all who earnestly desire to better and bring to the highest degree of perfection their own and the lives of those most deeply influenced by them."

The Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

Stewart Edward
The Silent White, the author
Places. of "The Blazed
Trail," has followed

up his first success with one even more pronounced in the present volume. It is a wild story, this tale of a man-hunt through the forests of Canada, full of life and quick action. The scene opens at a Hudson Bay post, and the hunt is after an Indian who has not made his payment at the company store. So the hunt was undertaken, the difficulties being stated as follows:

"Somewhere out beyond in those woods, at any one of the thirty-two points of the compass, a man was lurking. He might be four or five hundred miles away. He was an expert at taking care of himself in the woods."

The chase proceeds, obstacle after obstacle is overcome by the ardent pursuers, until they finally run the quarry down. The feeling of utter weariness felt by the pursuers is thus described:

"At night they sank down, filled with the sheer burden of weariness, and no matter how exhausted they might be of the Trail, continued springing on with the same tireless energy towards its unknown goal in the north. Gradually they lost sight of the ultimate object of their quest. It became obscured by the immediate object, and that was the following of the Trail. They forgot that a man had made it, or if for a moment it did occur to them that it was the product of some agency outside of and above itself, that agent loomed vaguely as a mysterious, extra-human power, like the winds or the cold or the great wilderness itself."

There is a love story involved, in which one of the chief characters is an Indian girl.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Charles G. D.
The Watchers Roberts has add-
of the Trails. ed to his re-

markable list of nature stories by this latest volume. "The Kindred of the Wild," one of the former works of this author was an attempt to trace the development of the modern animal story and to show its tendency and scope. The stories which make up this volume are fiction, but the author claims that the material of which they are composed consists of facts—facts which have been discovered by close observation of the particular animals written of. His own peculiar qualifications for such a work are stated as follows by Mr. Roberts:

"The present writer having spent much of his boyhood on the fringes of the forest, with few interests save those which the forest afforded, may claim to have had the intimacies of the wilderness, as it were, thrust upon him. The earliest enthusiasms which he can recollect are connected with some of the furred or feathered kindred;

and the first thrills strong enough to leave a lasting mark on his memory are those with which he used to follow—furtive, apprehensive, expectant, breathlessly watchful—the lure of an unknown trail.”

This quotation has been made for two purposes, first to show the spirit in which Mr. Roberts approaches his task and the qualifications for it which he considers himself to possess; and secondly, to point out the miserably commonplace English which the writer uses as a vehicle. This is the fundamental fault with his writings. The stories are interesting, the knowledge of woodcraft and animal life is at times remarkable, the insight and sympathy are engaging, but the very ordinary style of writing lumbers along, just as the springless chariots of a circus parade make their gaudy occupants pitch and toss ridiculously.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the illustrations by Chas. Livingston Bull, pictures which are in themselves sufficient to make the book worth having, independent of the letter-press.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The verses in this volume comprise the recent work of this author. Many of them have been published in Harper's Weekly, the Bookman and other magazines. Mr. Malone is not a great poet in any sense of the term, but he is undoubtedly much superior to the average run of verse-makers. He does not have very much of importance to say, neither is his verse possessed of any very great merit, but it is simple and melodious in structure, and does not commit more than an average number of solecisms. The two chief poems are "Ponce de Leon" and "Narcissus," two narrative pieces of no particular merit, somewhat mediocre, in fact, and by

no means as well written as some of the less ambitious efforts. He has one poem on "Zola" which, for the point of view, is at least distinctive. For example, the statement

"Like Jacob, he was called upon by God

To throw aside the errors of his past,

To purge his weakness, struggle from the sod

And fight through faults, triumphant at the last."

would seem to be a little far-fetched, and the smile on the face of the great realist, if he had ever read this, but when it goes on to say

"Thy faults are overshadowed by thy fame,

O Warrior, thou hast lifted Gideon's sword!

O Champion of the Chosen People's name.

O Captain in the legions of the Lord,"

a note is struck which is really ridiculous, and shows how far our poet is from having a sense of humor. This same lack, which is so common in the minor poets, else assuredly they would never write, is again apparent in a two page poem on "Mendelssohn's Wedding March," with sad moralizing upon the fate of the married, beginning with the line: "Ah, how many feet have trodden to that music rich and rare." On the whole, the volume is sufficiently commonplace to call for no special notice, even on the score of its faults, and it is another volume added to the already far too numerous lot of those books which have no reason for existence.

Paul & Douglass Co., Memphis.

This is a romance, of old Judea, having for its chief character Jezebel, the infamous. The character who gives his name to the book is a young Hebrew shepherd, who falls in love with Jezebel, then a young woman, and deserts the worship of the God of his fathers

for that of Baal. Many interesting particulars of the ceremonies followed by the worshippers of Baal are given, and the writer has evidently pursued his antiquarian researches with much care. The literary style is good, it being remarkably free from meretricious ornamentation.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

**North
America.**

This is one of Appleton's World Series, The Regions of the World, edited by

H. J. MacKinder, Reader in Geography in the University of Oxford. This particular book has been prepared by Israel C. Russell, Professor of Geology in the University of Michigan, and is a worthy addition to a very satisfactory series. The maps and diagrams are simply excellent. The various features of the country are well and agreeably described, and the chapter on "The Aborigines" is particularly interesting. It gives one almost a shock of surprise to learn that there are even at this late day some seven millions of aborigines in this continent.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

**From the Old
Faith to the
New.**

This is a poem published in pamphlet form by the author. It deals with religious subjects, and its poetic value may be readily estimated from the following quotation, which is fairly typical of the rest of the volume:

"In a similarly systematic way Religion has developed day by day. But less perceptible has been the plan For gradual enlightenment of man."

Surely, "less perceptible" it must have been when such stuff as this can be gravely presented to the public as poetry at this date.

George Lowe, Buffalo, New York.

"Huldah," by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan, is, as the sub-title states, "Proprietor of the Wagon-Tire House and Genial Philosopher of the Cattle Country." She is a distinctly new type in the realm of fiction and a character of whose creation the authors may be justly proud. Huldah, left widowed and childless some twenty-five years before her story is told, plays the part of foster-mother to every homeless child that finds its way into her motherly arms. Dissipated men and fallen women, driftwood of the plains, all find a warm shelter and good friend with "Aunt Huldah." Nothing that her Maker has created is utterly unworthy, and from her quaint interpretations of the Scriptures the reader may find many a comforting thought. In her philosophy, while she is too trustful of her fellow-men, she is so lovable that they rarely take advantage of her, and when they do her ready wit suggests a means of getting justice. In addition to Aunt Huldah, the authors have created several other finely portrayed characters, distinctive types of the cattle region, where the scene is laid. A delicately-handled romance is interwoven with the narrative, which gives it the finishing touch. Fanny Y. Cory has illustrated the volume in her unparalleled style. Grace MacGowan Cooke is a valued and frequent contributor to the *Overland Monthly*, and her many magazine readers will be glad to tarry a while with "Huldah."

Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$1.50.

If you want a romance of love, and plenty of it, I would advise you to read "Pamela Congreve," written by Frances Aymar Matthews. "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," by the same author, was one of the most popular books of last season, but "Pamela," lacking as it does some of the dash and swing

of "Peggy," is still bound to have a certain success among those who are fond of light literature, to be read under the trees, in a hammock, on drowsy summer afternoons.

Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The development of the respiration calorimeter under Professor Atwater and its applications to farm animals by Dr. Armsby, are described and illustrated in the June number of the Popular Science Monthly. In one case a man remained in the respiration chamber for thirteen consecutive days, making the experiment the longest one on record, and in many respects the most complete. There were three days of work on a so-called sugar diet, three days on a fat diet, one day of hard work on a fat diet, two days of fasting, and four days on a light and very simple diet, the subject sleeping or lying down during one day, sitting up one day, and two days doing light work on a bicycle provided with an ergometer for measuring the work. The observations were unusually complete, including in addition to the carbon, hydrogen and heat, the oxygen and the income and outgo of sulphur and phosphorus. A record of the body weight was also made by a new method in which the subject was weighed from the outside.

If fewer books were written, reviewers who serve sincerely would be spared many pangs for having simply told the truth and shamed the author. Now and then come instances in which the critic may utter words of meed without fear of arraignment for favoritism or duty illy performed. "Reminiscences of California in 1851," a little booklet of four dozen pages, brings conviction of clever merit, enticingly portrayed from opening to close. It is real in every feature. No reader-

young or old, will regret perusal of Harriet Frances Behrins' reminiscences of early California realities.

"Strenuous Epigrams of Theodore Roosevelt" is one of those little books consisting of a collection of the sayings of the President. It is neat and pretty, but possesses no particular merit.

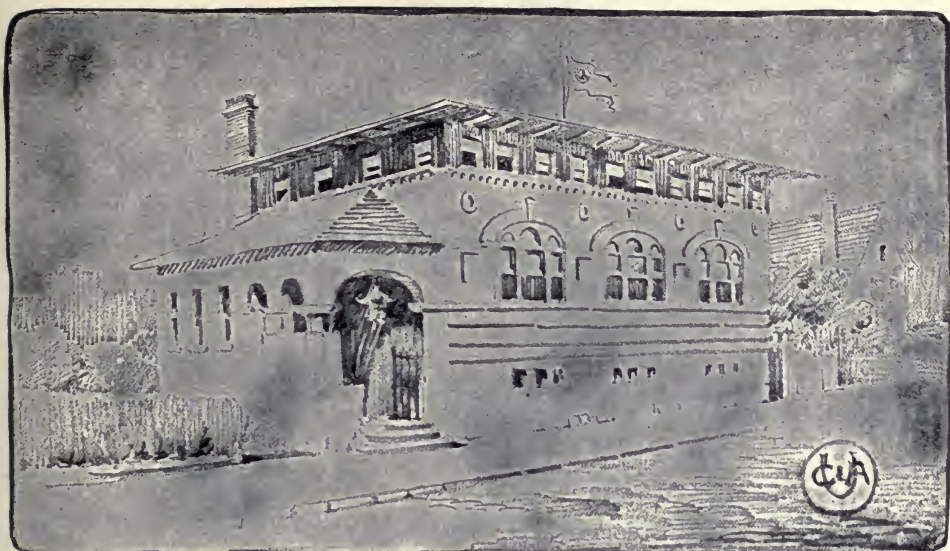
H. M. Caldwell Co., New York

MASTERFUL PAINTINGS.

Art connoisseurs will be glad to know that Mr. Arthur W. Best, the well known landscape painter of San Francisco, has consented to place some fifteen of his descriptive themes of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado on exhibition in Kennedy's fine art rooms, 10 Post street, during the week of the Knights Templar conclave.

These paintings of Mr. Best are pronounced masterpieces in colorings and scenes of that wonderful and awe-inspiring handiwork of nature's most tremendous power in a seemingly angry mood. Travelers concede that the Colorado Canyon presents greater exemplification of cataclysmic upheaval than is seen in any other part of the world. In fact, for miles and miles, misty chasms, dazzling promontories of solid rock, fear-inspiring precipices, graceful sweeps of gorges and canyons, confront the eye, the whole presenting a wide expanse of desolation.

These paintings not only graphically portray this field of overturning and wrecking of the earth's surface, but they give the marvelous coloring which seems to add intensity to the breathless silence that pervades everywhere in the domain of the scene. Undoubtedly these paintings will be a revelation in masterful color-blending to those who visit them while on exhibition.



United Crafts and Arts, 147 Presidio Ave.,

THE INFLUENCE OF INTIMATE SURROUNDINGS

IN almost any other city in America, to become acquainted with the place, one must depend more or less, and can so depend, upon the hack driver who announces the presence on your left of So and So, and on your right of This, That and The Other. The people themselves are for the greater part hopelessly homogeneous, doing practically the same things in practically the same way—a very efficient way to erect a great power in the shortest possible contract time, but a way devoid of agreeable entertainment to the spectator who visits the performance.

The Knights Templar who come to San Francisco will find a city expressing, in the types of its people, a marked individuality. Bits of Italy and Greece, something of Old Spain and Mexico, much of the mysterious Orient—all these and other elements combine to make an atmosphere of life and color such as may be found nowhere else in America.

These are conditions in which art is born and finds its fullest development, and its response to the call of environment has been quite commensurate with the opportunity.

To apprehend the significance of art influence in San Francisco and the coast, one must, for example, visit such an institution as the United Crafts and Arts at 147 Presidio avenue.

This home of craftsmanship is the expression of an idea that has already made a deep impress upon this community. It reflects the unique individuality of its founder, Dr. Orlof N. Orlow, a European philanthropist, who believes San Francisco offers the ideal soil in which to sow the seeds of a movement whose development will be of the greatest import, not only to his adopted State of California, but to all America.

A chat with Dr. Orlow brings out the thought upon which the efforts of the United Crafts and Arts are

based. It is that the influence of immediate environment is paramount in the environment of temperament and character; that by seeking forms of beauty in the things we use and see daily, we may advance in ethics as surely as can the denizens of the slums, upon removal of the more hideous and depressing elements that invest their existence.

We may, he avers, continually better our lives by development along esthetic lines, and that efforts should begin among our immediate surroundings.

To give tangible shape to these thoughts, Dr. Orlow has gathered about him a guild of craftsmen, trained in Old World schools, who labor with the careful cunning of the Middle Ages, making each thing a personal creation.

"A house and its furniture," declares Dr. Orlow, "must be friends. Unless there be harmony among these things; unless simplicity and truth and fidelity to the laws of beauty be expressed in them—there can be no true contentment and little of the higher esthetic development for the dweller among them. Let us find all the possible art and beauty in our own homes, and beauty and art in our cities will follow without urging."

Thus the artist artisans of the United Crafts and Arts are wedding the useful and the beautiful. For a certain large California country house they will make for each room, and for each corner thereof, such furniture as nature would seem to have planned. Throughout every room this peculiar fitness of furnishings will be evident. The knockers on the doors, the quaint lamps, the old-fashioned casements, the massive tables and chairs, all will say as eloquently as inanimate things can that they are at home. Everything will have been made by hand, from an original design; but while the type of workmanship will per-

haps be unfamiliar, each piece will look as though it had always been in its place—its inevitable place. A sense of perfect harmony of all things, the house with its landscape, the furniture with the house, and the whole with the tastes and habits of the proprietor—this embodies the idea expressed by Dr. Orlow through the United Crafts and Arts.

The California Building at the World's Fair in St. Louis, and Mrs. Hearst's Norman castle on the McCloud river, are among the many examples of the craftsmanship of this institution.

Visitors are welcome at all times to the building of the United Crafts and Arts. Situated near the Presidio and commanding a magnificent view of the glorious Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay, with its mighty girdle of mountains, it seems an ideal shelter for a guild of craftsmen, working in the inspiration of nature.

The rooms of the building possess a varied interest. There is a great hall in which the native artist or craftsman finds place to show the best work of his hand and brain, and many excellent works of painting and sculpture are gathered there. Further color is lent to the structure by the extensive and valuable private collection of Dr. Orlow. These comprise rare and priceless Oriental rugs gathered by the Doctor in years of travel, and a collection of over a thousand antique Japanese prints, said by connoisseurs to be one of the most complete and valuable in the world. Besides these there are numberless Chinese and Japanese curios in wood-carvings, jades, tapestries, porcelains, and ceramics.

The most interesting of all rooms, to the California or the Eastern tourist, is the great beamed workshop where the craft idea is expressed in the beautiful native woods of California. Here one may see realized the thought of William



Morris, so often quoted by Dr. Orlov:

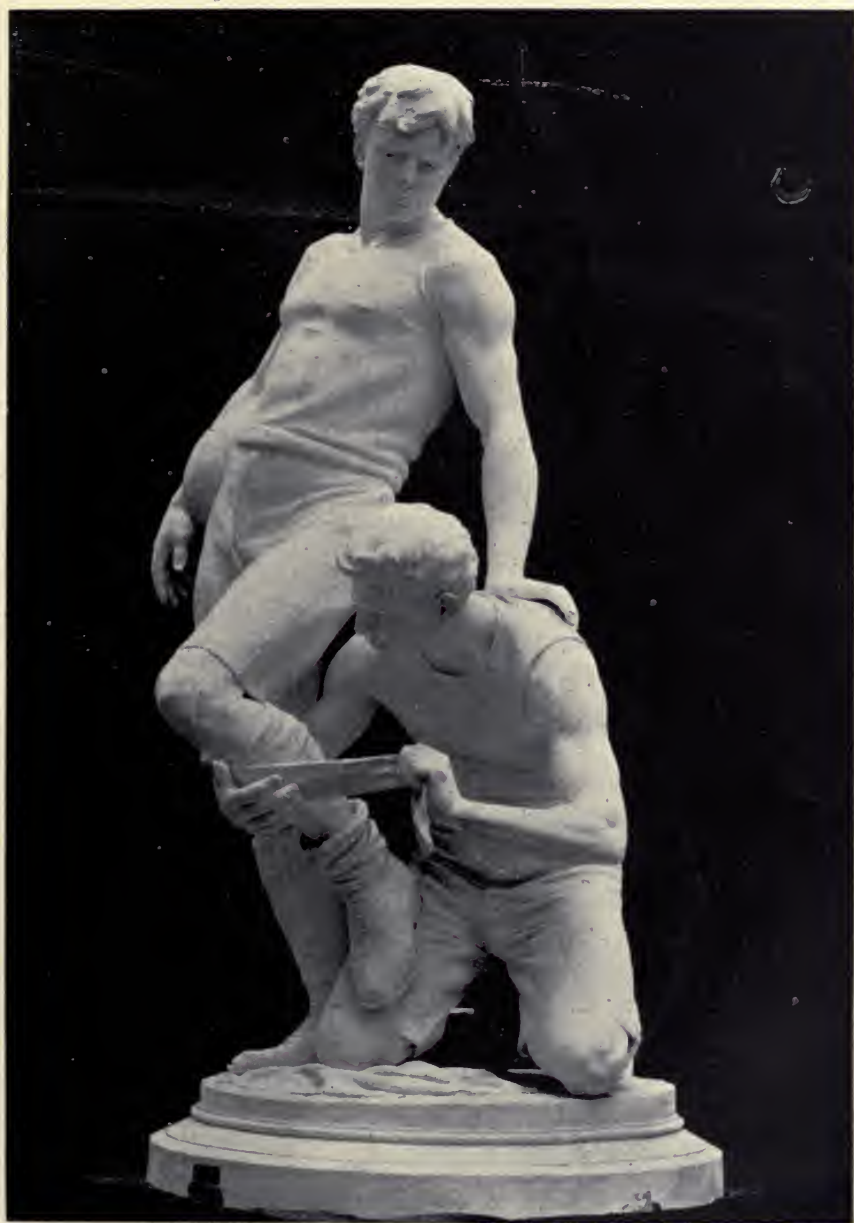
"Simplicity is the one thing needful in furniture—of that I am certain."

The ideas of the founder of the United Crafts are perhaps best summarized in this statement:

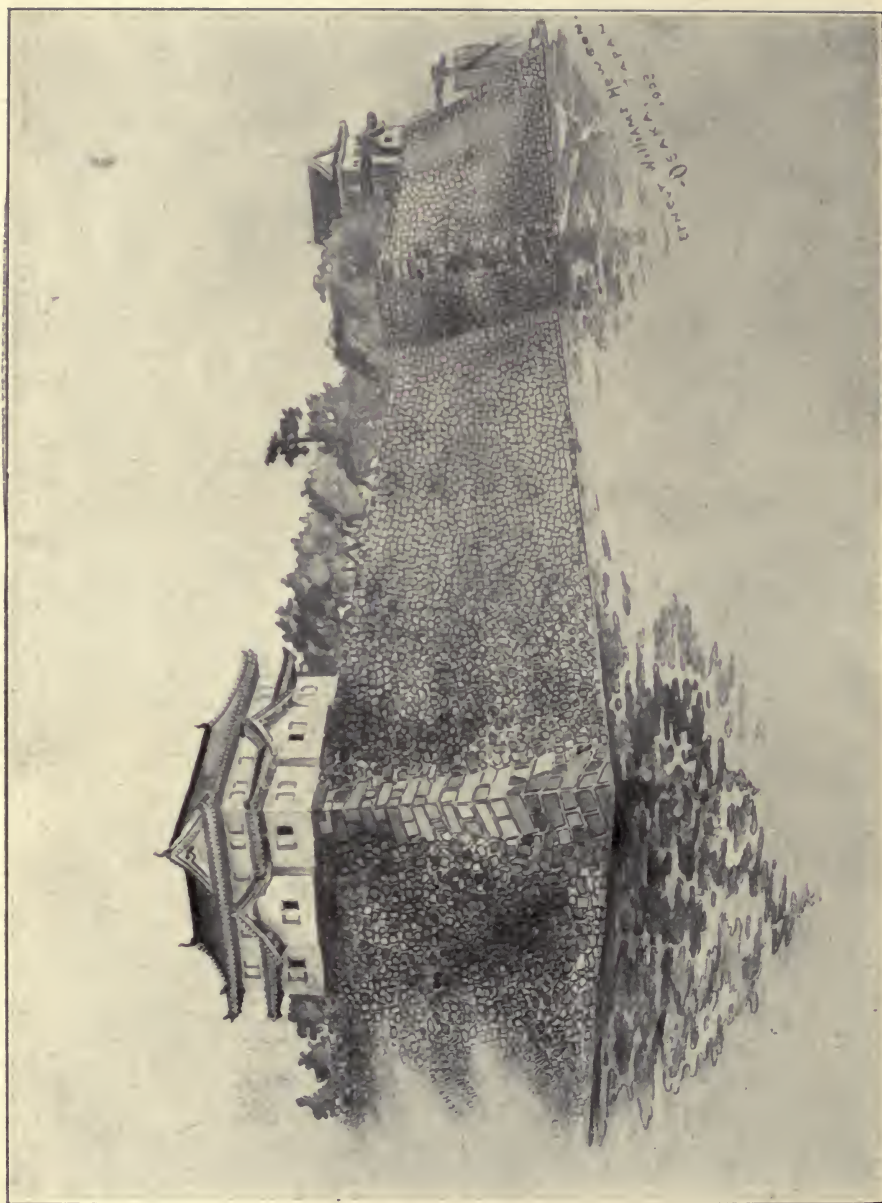
"Furniture to be of that true use for which it is intended should be remarkable for its simplicity, fine proportion, honest material, sound construction, and harmonious colorings, and whether much adorned or severely simple, it should have all that old excellence of design and execution so marked in medieval craftsmanship. Besides which, the lines should be natural and frank, clean and secure, dignified and con-

vincing, rhythmic of strength in every part, superlatively excellent, and combining rare brilliancy with true expression, and having nothing of that lifeless and monotonous touch, so peculiar to the machine-made kind of to-day. Such furniture, too, has both moral dignity and sanctity, and yet withal a modest spirit of self-approval, being of both plainness and boldness of spirit, speaking frankly and standing for what it is. It has a strong sub-conscious influence upon the character, teaching lessons of simplicity and strength, and so advancing the general culture of the community, and strengthening that appreciation of art which ever makes for happiness. It is as the spoken word of a text."





WOUNDED FOOTBALL PLAYER



PART OF HIDEYOSHI'S CASTLE, OSAKA, JAPAN



NIGHT ILLUMINATION—MARKET STREET



NIGHT ILLUMINATION—MASONIC TEMPLE KNIGHTS' TEMPLAR CONCLAVE 1904



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft®
PARADE ON MARKET ST. KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE 1904



CALIFORNIA COMMANDERY



PRIZE DRILL IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

KNIGHTS' TEMPLAR CONCLAVE 1904



PARADE ON VAN NESS AVE.



IN GOLDEN GATE PARK



PARADE ON MONTGOMERY ST.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE 1904

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Prize won by Louisville Drill Corps

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE 1904.

SAN FRANCISCO AS A CONVENTION CITY

BY CHARLES S. FEE, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company

I AM asked to group some of the facts which have helped to make San Francisco a meeting place for great organizations. A glance at the records of the last few years shows that the title suggested has not been devised, it has grown. It is not the product of the advertising spirit, but the natural result of certain conditions. These conditions have drawn across the continent, and away from the great business and social centers, such organiza-

tions as the Knights Templar, the National Educational Association, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Knights of Pythias, the Knights of the Mystic Shrine, the Christian Endeavor Association, the Epworth League, the Retail Grocers, the American Bankers' Association and general conventions of the Protestant, Episcopal and Presbyterian churches. It is not too much to say that so many conventions within a few years, in a city on the West-



The parade on Market Street

KNIGHTS' TEMPLAR CONCLAVE 1904

ern rim of the continent, points to unusual local advantages, and that the very conditions which made these great gatherings at once pre-eminently successful and enjoyable have fully justified the title of "Convention City." It has grown naturally out of the soil of fact and experience.

The first consideration in choosing a meeting place is attendance. So much in this democratic country is done in conventions and by conventions that the first question asked is: "Are we sure of full ranks?" and the answer to this involves several others; viz., good hotels, halls, transportation and the incidental attractions of the locality and its environment.

There are several classes of motives which influence men in such matters. Not the least is the sentiment aroused. Certain regions appeal to us by their history, their romantic past, their unlikeness to other lands. Distance in such a case does not count, but actually "lends enchantment," and we would rather cross the continent to see a new country than cross the borders of our own State to stop a week in a city with which we are familiar. In this respect California possesses many points of advantage. There's

a glamour about it as there is about Italy or Greece, or Granada—the "smoky splendors" of a day that is gone. California is a name to conjure with. It is associated with the romance of religion, the romance of adventure, and the romance of agriculture. The Spanish occupation is among the remarkable idyls of civilization. It left behind it not only the "Old Missions," with their abiding charm, but the dream of a pastoral age which made California for half a century a true Lotus Land.

The American occupation came swiftly through the discovery of gold, and left behind it a story of the "most fascinating contagion" that ever swept through society, or swamped industry in speculation. The Missions which sleep under the California sunshine are worth crossing the continent to see. The tale of that medieval civilization which came and went so silently on the Pacific Coast, that multitudes on the Atlantic shores did not know of it until years after it was gone, is full of interest to thoughtful men, but where a hundred went to see the quaint memorials of the heroic Franciscans, a thousand went to view the scars in the hills made by the miners, and to see the city and

State that emerged so splendidly from the social pandemonium which the "golden curtain of '49 rolled up."

The romance of the farm, too, is real, though still near. No other land has made country life so attractive; no other people so mined for wheat and raised fortunes out of the speculation; no other State ever so blossomed with orchards in a decade, and grew rich with the gold of oranges and lemons, and, adding figs and olives, wrote the epic of Horticulture, and in the beauty, the quality and the abundance of the fruit not only touched the markets of the world, but excited its imagination also. The interest in California to-day is in no small measure due to the reproduction of the fruits of the classic regions of the world—of Italy and Spain, of Greece and the Isles of Greece, and the Holy Land, the fruits that found mention in Homer and in the Bible, and which in all ages since have stirred the imaginations of men.

Something more tangible is the San Francisco and California of to-day. Here is a city not only unique in its history, but in its phenomenal growth. It is but yesterday since it was a mining camp; almost within the memory of living man, it was the post of a few traders in hides and tallow—now a city of not less than 450,000 people. It has its attractions of climate, beauty and natural advantages of situation, and a cosmopolitan character. Robert Louis Stevenson called it "the most interesting city in the Union and the hugest smelting pot of races and of precious metals." And James Bryce, looking at it as a traveler and an Englishman of culture, said: "There are only two places in Europe—Constantinople and Gibraltar—which combine an equally perfect landscape with what may be called an equally imperial position."

Palermo, Carthage, Lisbon, Naples, none of them are set in a more

beautiful nature, and are only more beautiful in themselves because having behind them centuries of time.

And San Francisco is set in a land that has a character of its own. California is *sui generis* a land apart in the domain of nature. Unusual in its history, it is equally so in its seasons, its climate, its scenery, its topography and its productions. So pronounced is its character that if a man has "seen all the world and has left this out, he still lacks something in his experiences."

There is a feature, it has been said of some countries, that cannot be distinctly described. Visitors FEEL rather than see it. It can only be spoken of as the impression or sensation of a place. To the California visitor this is vivid. Something that eludes definition, a kind of atmosphere that is more subtle than climate is about you, and you feel the charm without being able to tell in what it lies. This may be in part set down to the unusual side of California. There is little here to remind me of other places, unless it be a hint of foreign lands. The scenery of mountain and valley is unusual. The color scheme is Italian rather than American. The productions are unusual. The charm brought by cultivation is added to the natural attractions. Other lands may be as fair, but they are not like it. California has the charm of strangeness. This is general. Come to particulars.

San Francisco as a convention city is desirable equally in winter and in summer.

The mean annual temperature is 56.2. May and November have substantially the same temperature. The warmest month is September, 60.9 degrees; the coldest, January, 50.1 degrees. This is the Weather Bureau's record for 28 years. No other region of the world shows so slight variation throughout the year. San Francisco has its own climate, different from all other

sections of the country south of the Golden Gate, and in the interior. Winter, so-called, has its days of rain, but much delightful weather between. A week or two of sunshine after showers often leaves an air so transparent that distance loses its blur, and all the ether under the resplendent heavens seems crystalline. You may go without an overcoat half the winter. But you may also wear one many a summer afternoon. San Franciscans touch off the climatic peculiarities of the region by saying: "If the climate here doesn't suit you, go across the street." From May to October there is no rain, and visitors can count confidently on the weather. No plans are ever marred by storms or sudden changes of temperature, and no region ever so seductively wooed humanity out of doors. President Jordan, of Stanford University points out that "the old Californians seldom built a fire for warmth's sake. When cold they went out of doors."

This is the charm of the city for great assemblies, that it is a place of climatic peace, and its summer air is a perpetual tonic. Warm days seldom occur, and crowds never swelter.

The distance from Eastern centers has been urged, but to-day travel is not a weariness to the flesh, does not consume time or money as it once did, and arrangements for convention rates are easily and satisfactorily made. The capacity of transcontinental roads is now such that thousands are carried with dispatch and safety, where hundreds once were. When the Christian Endeavor Convention met here, the number of passengers transported over the Ogden route westward was 17,820, and this host was handled without confusion or annoyance to the travelers. The scenery en route must be counted as one of the attractions. It is part of a man's education to journey across the continent

in an observation car, and it is a memorable experience to cross the Sierra Nevadas and go down the long western slope where the miners washed away so many hills, and into the bloom and beauty of the Sacramento Valley. The scenery is almost unequaled in breadth, distance and atmosphere. The journey itself is not wearisome, but a privilege and a pleasure, and when the vast panorama has glided past, the pictures remain, the joy of many a turbid hour in after years.

That which can be seen in and about San Francisco cannot even be catalogued. It is enough to say that there are more interesting places to which one can go in a day, a day and a night, or from Saturday to Monday, than about any other city in my memory. More variations in scenery and climate can be found in a few hours' travel than in any other country in the world. And one week of sight-seeing can be filled with more enjoyment of a rational kind than the wisest travelers can usually crowd into so many consecutive days. There is Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais; the University of California at Berkeley; the Cliff House and Sutro Baths; Golden Gate Park and its surprises; the Presidio and the batteries; Chinatown for those who would see Oriental life; Stanford University and its beautiful Memorial Church; San Jose and the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton; Monterey and Del Monte; Santa Cruz and the Big Trees near by, and Big Basin Park. Then the ride down the Coast Line to Santa Barbara and beyond is interesting, while easily accessible in other directions is the picture of industrial life in the great valleys, with the Shasta Region, the Lake Tahoe group of glacial lakes, Yosemite Valley and Kings River Canyon, the Sequoias in Mariposa Grove, and the Giant Forest on the Kaweah River lying between the two wonderful gorges. No trees in

any country of the world can compare with these, and they are set in the midst of such scenery as one must travel far to find.

The business possibilities which a convention week may disclose should have great weight in such a land as California. The time is not far distant when its population will exceed that of any State in the Union. One-third larger than Italy, "the garden of Europe," California has a population of but 1,500,000, while Italy has 33,000,000. Yet here is the same climate, and here will grow every flower and fruit and grain that is produced in that older

land. The supreme advantage the State offers now is that there is room. It is still a new land with magnificent resources undeveloped and a future whose greatness no man dare prophesy. It is part of the gain of a convention week spent in the midst of a vigorous, masterful and hospitable people who have made San Francisco, that if the Pacific Coast has never before been seen, that men's ideas of the greatness of the Western Continent will be enlarged, and delegates sent home with a new conception of the beauty and resources of California and its chief city.



Earl of Euston reviewing parade

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE 1904



THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

CONCLAVE AND THE G. A. R.

A RETROSPECT BY THE EDITOR

SAN FRANCISCO and the nation has seen what will most probably be the last of the great pilgrimages of the Templar body. There is a movement on foot to centralize or nationalize the pilgrimages of the Templars in some large Eastern city, and Washington seems to be the ideal spot. It is true that Saratoga has been selected as the next meeting place, but it is not expected that the little Eastern watering place will successfully compare with or approach San Francisco in the matter of entertainment or display.

Numerically, Templarism is centered in the New England States, and it is a far cry to San Francisco. In their enthusiasm for the Order many of the knights recently in San Francisco made great sacrifice to visit the city by the Golden Gate and the display, the hospitality and general good feeling, amply repaid them this outlay. At the same time, many of the members of the great Order have expressed themselves against such a distant pilgrimage. The question will most probably be decided at the Grand Encampment at Niagara Falls, with the selection of the city of Washington as a permanent point of pilgrimage as a foregone conclusion.

California has shown the world an unparalleled hospitality, and to Templarism it has opened wide the doors. The capacity for caring of immense bodies of people without apparent tax on the hotels and restaurants, was exemplified in a marked manner. There was no confusion resultant from the immense number of strangers within the gates of the

city, and with but few exceptions the visitors left the city with a fine appreciation of Western citizenship.

The great parade of Knights will probably never be repeated in its magnificence and length at any coming conclave. For three long hours the hosts filed before the gathered thousands, the plumes of modern paladins waved under the California sun, and the banners of the faithful glittered in the perfume-laden air. A thousand sable horse served as guard to marshal the cohorts of the Lord, and the blare of bands filled the air with martial music. It was a reminder of the days of old when the world held in awe the great movement of the Christian Knights against the infidel host. It was more than that. In these days of labor unions and socialism and individual classification—the arraignment of poor against rich, the attempt to smother patriotism to the gain of the individual—it was a guarantee of stability and good government. It was a symbol that the faith in right and justice still lives and that the Republic will yet endure. Under the banner of Templarism are gathered the Men Who Do, the men of Home and Family, the decent, better element, the conservative of the nation, the descendants of the historic New Englander, the staunch religious stock, whose forefathers went to the fray with prayer book in one hand and rifle in the other.

* * * *

On the other side of the continent, in old Boston, one week before, had foregathered the remnants of the Grand Army, another bulwark of

decency and good government. Standing on Boylston street, I saw the defile of the old braves, and involuntarily the thought came to me as I raised my hat to the flag, as it came during the Conclave at San Francisco, that the sons of the men of the Grand Army of the Republic must stand for the flag and the union as long as the memory of their sires lives with them. The old survivors represent a thought, the Templars represent a thought, a thought that has been written in the history of the ages in letters of fire, a thought that has animated a Washington, a Patrick Henry, a Grant, a Lee, a Sheridan, a Lincoln, and a McKinley. This thought is worded in "Home and Country," and "the greatest good to the greatest number."

Templarism is a conservative force, working in an unseeing and silent way to develop all that is best in the land, ready to spring into active partisanship should the princi-

ples of good government be assailed. It has been shown in preceding articles by far abler writers than myself that the principles that give life to the great body are the essence of all that is good in religion. The make-up of the Order is a guarantee that these principles are being lived up to by the mass of Knights.

San Francisco has a brilliant retrospect of the visit of the Knights. She recalls twenty-five thousand strangers within her gates and not one instance to mar the pleasure of entertaining. San Francisco holds out the hand of fellowship, and says to the departing pilgrim: "Your going is my loss. I fain would know you better, and had I the power, I would hold you here, here in the Land of the Present, that you might with me enjoy the re-awakening of the nations!"

* * * *

And who knows? Perchance there are many who will return to stay in the city by the Golden Gate!

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

BY J. FRANCIS GRANT

A writer of note, who had won his renown
 By his keenly satirical style,
 Once noticed a rose with a bee in its crown,
 And paused to inspect it awhile;
 When sudden within him was born the desire
 That identical rose to possess—
 Bee lodged an objection—his finger on fire
 The writer withdrew in distress.
 "I absolve thee," quoth he, "of this little mishap,
 Our bond, for your safety avails,
 I find we have this much in common, old chap,
 We both have a sting to our tales."



ATASCADERO

The Great Military Camp of California

BY HERBERT DAVID WALTER, Second Lieutenant 1st Infantry, N. G. C.

IT is not within the province of this article to give any detailed account of the manoeuvres which were held by the combined forces of the regular army of the United States and the organized militia of the State of California encamped at Atascadero between the 12th and 26th of August, 1904.

As a starting point, it may be well to take the status of the troops who formed a majority of General MacArthur's command at Atascadero for a period of two weeks, and who, in the opinion of more or less competent judges, showed, on the whole, a very considerable effectiveness.

In the first place, beyond the sum allowed them by the National Government (equal to one-half month's pay of the regular establishment) the enlisted men of the National Guard, as the organized militia is termed, received no pay from the State. It is true that ten cents a day per week was allowed to the

mess fund of each company, troop, battery or detachment, but this barely sufficed to secure cooks for the organizations.

To the overwhelming majority of the men of the organized militia who served the State and the nation at Atascadero, the two weeks' work, and let no one doubt that it was work, and hard work, was done at a considerable expense in loss of wages.

In some cases, greatly redounding to the credit of the employer, the enlisted men suffered no diminution of pay during their absence, but these were shining exceptions. To any one acquainted with the rate of wages current in California, the strength of the organizations in camp furnished a very fair lesson as to the practical patriotism of Californians.

The organized militia were armed with the Krag-Jorgensen rifle, and their equipment was of the best. Their tentage and other appurte-



Gen. MacArthur, Staff and Umpires

nances were excellent and compared favorably with that in use in the regular establishment. The clothing of the militiamen left considerable to be desired. Some of the organizations were not provided with khaki blouses, and it was found necessary to borrow these from other organizations when acting on the brown side.

For the purpose of the manoeuvres the troops were distinguished as "blue" or "brown," by wearing the

blue flannel shirt or the khaki service blouse.

By far the greatest and most important need of the militia in point of equipment, however, is foot-gear. The absolute and imperative necessity for a uniform, comfortable and serviceable field shoe was made manifest by this encampment. The army in the field depends almost as much upon its feet and its stomach as it does upon its weapons. On the long and severe



Officers of the 1st Inf. N. G. C.



Gen. Arthur MacArthur

In command of troops at Camp Atascadero. "hikes" which were part of the work of the camp, men wearing shoes intended for city pavements and ordinary conditions, soon developed feet which almost destroyed their usefulness in the field.

It is hardly within reason to require the private soldier of the militia force, receiving the truly munificent remuneration of \$6.50 yearly, to provide himself with shoes to be used in the service at his own expense. What the Quartermaster's department of the militia had at their disposal they made all pos-

sible use of, and those things that were provided were excellent. The transportation to the camp, located about 250 miles from San Francisco, was in the hands of the Southern supplied, not a single difficulty occurred, and was handled without a hitch, although as much cannot be said for the return of the militiamen to their home stations at the conclusion of the encampment. A delay of four hours in a trip, the entire duration of which should have been eight hours, is hardly creditable.

The militia entrained promptly and detrained with speed and in good order at Atascadero Station, located about two miles from the camp site. The march to camp was accomplished over an exceedingly dusty bit of road, which strangely enough was not improved during the entire two weeks of the encampment.

The militia found that the camp had been carefully laid out for them and many of their immediate needs, such as firewood, sanitary arrangements, water barrels, etc., anti-



Gen. MacArthur giving orders by Field Telephone



Presidio, San Francisco.



Artillery going into action



The Defense of a Convoy.



Division Review



General view of Camp

pated. The commissary department, whose headquarters were at Asuncion, on the line of the railroad, at once began deliveries of supplies. The officers of this department are entitled to the greatest credit for the manner in which the camp was curring in the entire time of the encampment.

The men, regular and militia alike, were subsisted upon the regular field ration of the army, which provided food with sufficient variety, excellent in quality and ample in quantity. Fresh bread and meat composing the issue were provided daily, being obtained from San Francisco. A part of the field ration, when obtainable, is ice, and this added in the greatest degree to the health and comfort of the men.

The camp was situated on a flat, running approximately north and south, and facing a rise to the east, upon which the division headquarters were located. Water was supplied from springs in the vicinity, and piped to faucets at the head of each company street close to the kitchen. The waters of Atascadero Creek were also utilized for a bathing place for the men, but while the supply proved ample for the number encamped, it is problematical if it would suffice for a much larger number. The cavalry and artillery camps were removed some distance to the north of the encampment, as was the division hospital, in accordance with sanitary requirements.

At the southern extremity of the camp was a large and level field, used as a parade and review ground.

On this ground the review tendered the Governor of California was held.

After a day's interval in which to become thoroughly settled in camp, the work for the militiamen began in earnest with three problems in advance and rear guard. It was in one of these problems that the men of the 1st California Infantry, under command of Col. Thomas F. O'Neil, gave an illustration of what the militia is capable of when commanded by officers who understand their duties. A battalion of the 1st under Major George Filmer secured possession of a ridge which proved to be the key of the problem. In order to attain the crest of the ridge it was necessary for the command to go over broken territory a considerable distance at double time. This, in the heat of the day and by men fresh from sedentary occupations in the city, is an example of what militia can and will do. The battalion had the satisfaction of putting out of action a numerically larger force of regular infantry.

There can be no question that enthusiasm and spirit in a militia organization will do much, but just how much work can be accomplished by men accustomed to life in great cities and without preparation as to conditions in the field, is the question.

The problems that followed the first day's work gave evidence of a great strain upon the enlisted men, a strain which, taking all things into consideration, they bore well. In particular the problem of August 20th, the advance and employment



At Camp Atascadero, Cal.

of a division, proved that resistance and endurance are latent in the organized militia, but that like other military virtues, they must be cultivated and fostered. In a sense the camp and all other camps of a like character throughout the country were tests of the effectiveness of the organized militia. A great part of that effectiveness in time of war will be the ability of the men to march under all circumstances, both favorable and unfavorable. It was necessary, therefore, to thoroughly test the ability of the militia on the march.

As to the value of the camp, the officers and men of the militia, there can be no possible question. In the words of one militia officer: "We learned that it is necessary in modern war to march 15 miles to fight fifteen minutes," and if nothing beyond that single point had been learned, the camp would have been worth while. But many other things were learned beyond march-

ing, deployment and fire-control. Officers and men in the regular establishment and the organized militia showed that resourcefulness in the face of emergency which is the glory of the American soldier.

To the National Government the camp gave full value for the money expended, and the experiment was no cheap one.

In time of need it will be such men as compose the organized militia upon whom the nation must in a large measure depend.

It is their abilities and their disabilities which will have to be taken into account, rather than those of a few trained regular soldiers. Any great army that this nation can organize must of necessity consist of such troops and must possess their limitations. Whether these are so great as to render them ineffective is for the wise men of the War College to decide only after due test and deliberation.



JAPANESE WAR SONG

BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL FUKUSHIMA
THE CHASTISEMENT OF RUSSIA.

Hail the Rising Sun, the emblem
Of our world-renowned Japan.
In the morning rays her banner
Gleams across her Kingdom's span.
Great her people—love of justice
And of fellow-man inbred,
With a brave and royal service
To her great Imperial Head.

Lo! our foe—a land that knows not
Truth and righteousness by name;
Lies and treachery its usage,
Plunder and rapine the same.
Guiltless babes and maidens murdered,
Burning homes that rise no more,
Witness to the Slav whose practice
Gods and men alike abhor.

Broad the land—a storm-swept desert;
Peoples mixed, and lawless hordes;
Cowards, at Peking they faltered
In the face of Chinese swords.
Cossack name, once famed in story,
Now is but an ancient lay,
Melting snow in morning sunlight,
Russian armies fade away.

Up and forward, steeds and warriors!
March! Already spring is here.
Righteous war admits no foeman;
Joy is ours with naught to fear.
Break the ramparts of Port Arthur,
Tear the walls of Harbin down.
On the heights of Ural Mountains
Float the banner of the Sun.

Drive the Slav unto the forests;
Let him hide within their shade.
Ancient Moscow be his refuge,
There his bloody hand be stayed.
Then unto our Sovereign's glory
Praises sound and never cease,
While our hearts unite, rejoicing
In a great and world-wide peace.



THE CZAR'S CONCESSIONAIRES

The East Siberian Syndicate of London

A History of Russian Treachery and Brutality

BY JANE WOODWORTH BRUNER

WHILE the Japanese are teaching the Russians useful lessons in exchange for their treachery in Manchuria, it may be of interest to learn of a private corporation's experience with Russian methods, which prove them as consistently unreliable and treacherous in their small transactions with the corporation or individual, as in their larger dealings with nations.

In September of 1900 I came from Nome to San Francisco, as a guest on board of the steamer Samoa, where I became familiar with the details of the thrilling and dramatic adventures of the representatives of the "East Siberian Syndi-

cate of London," which reads more like a tale of piracy on the high seas in the 17th century than a legalized business transaction of the present day.

The fabulous tales of gold deposits on the Alaskan shore of the Bering Sea at Nome, which reached the world in 1899, coupled with the historical wealth of Siberian mines, inspired the late George D. Roberts, a California pioneer, mining expert, and promoter, to organize a company to mine the Siberian coast of the Bering Sea.

He went to London, and through the "Venture Corporation Limited, of London," organized the "East Siberian Syndicate, of London,"

which was composed of English and American capitalists, who contributed \$300,000 for the enterprise.

Mr. Roberts proceeded to St. Petersburg, where, through the influence of the Marquis of Salisbury, a concession was obtained from the Russian Government, granting to the "East Siberian Syndicate, of London," the right to mine over a vast area of land on the east coast of Siberia, for the period of ninety-nine years. The concessionist stipulated that all of the gold taken from the mines should be left in Russia in exchange for Russian securities; that the first five years were to be considered as prospecting years, and after that, a tax of five per cent was to be paid to the Russian Government; also, there were to be as many Russians employed in the mines as those of other nationalities.

Early in 1900, the representatives of the "East Siberian Syndicate," with George D. Roberts as director and manager, arrived in San Francisco and took apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Charles Bagdonovich, a Russian nobleman and official, represented Count von Lariosky, the Russian concessionaire, in behalf of his Government. With him came Makaroff, the son of a Russian admiral, who claimed to be a mining engineer, but whose knowledge of mining proved so limited that he did not know mica from gold. Also, Neustedt, physician and scientist; McPherson, Russian-born, of Scottish parentage, who acted as interpreter; Captain Lamarshaski, a man of considerable experience in navigation; a woman who was known as the Countess Bagdonovich; a body guard named Nickolai, who came from the southern part of Russia, and boasted having killed several men; also a private servant named Vassilli.

The English interests were represented by Mr. Picard, of London, operating engineer with Roberts; John White, also of London, attor-

ney and private correspondent of the "Venture Corporation"; Dolan, engineer, and Major Stern, brother-in-law to millionaire Kauffman of London, whose interests he represented.

With Mr. Roberts, in behalf of the American interests, were, Forbes Picard, of Denver; J. B. Landfield, Jr., Scranton, Sr., mining engineers, and Scranton, Jr., assistant engineer. Landfield, being the only member of the company who understood the Russian language, acted in the dual capacity of mining engineer and private secretary to Mr. Roberts.

Everything went smoothly until the steamer Samoa had been chartered from Macondray & Sons, in behalf of the "East Siberian Syndicate." Then the cloven foot of the Russians began to make its imprint. Bagdonovitch demanded full charge of the expedition, which Roberts refused. After ten days spent in telegraphing back and forth from London and St. Petersburg, and finding the expedition in danger through delay, the "East Siberian Syndicate" compromised, by giving Bagdonovich full charge of the steamer Samoa, while Roberts was to have full charge of the men and the mining operations in Siberia.

Bagdonovich then proceeded to purchase the supplies, which were lavishly abundant, including a complete outfit of marine instruments, as well as all kinds of mining implements and machinery. The \$35,000 left to his credit, he took on board of the steamer and personally guarded. Besides the ship's crew, fourteen Chinamen were shipped as miners for the English-American interests. Bagdonovich shipped one Russian in San Francisco, saying he would pick up his quota of men in the North.

Early in June, 1900, the Samoa steamed out of San Francisco with Captain E. Jahnson as master, with instructions to obey the orders of Bagdonovich as agent of the "East

Siberian Syndicate," according to their charter. Nothing of note happened on the voyage to Dutch Harbor, but while lying at that port the Russian whom Bagdonovich had shipped in San Francisco, murderously attacked the mate, claiming that he had been imposed upon because he was a Russian. The captain was about to discharge the fellow, when Bagdonovich interceded, and he was retained:

Bagdonovich was apparently in no hurry to leave Dutch Harbor, and after several days Mr. Roberts became impatient and wanted to continue on to Nome, in order to make a study of that side of the Bering Sea. But Bagdonovich insisted on going directly to Plover Bay on the Siberian coast, where he was to await a Russian vessel, the Yakut, that carried the Russian miners. A perilous journey, through fog and ice, brought the Samoa to Plover Bay, an inlet of Providence Bay. Here Captain Lamarshaski disputed with the captain of the Samoa as to his bearings, declaring that he was not in Plover Bay, but to the northward. The dispute was brought to an abrupt close by the sound of a fog whistle, which Bagdonovich hastened to explain was an echo from their own whistle, "the vibrating qualities of the air being different there from any other part of the world," but the echoing fog whistle was evidently a source of great relief to Bagdonovich, as he eagerly watched the dropping of the anchor. When the fog cleared the next morning, a Russian steamer, the "Progressor," was found anchored in Plover Bay on a similar expedition as the Samoa, but without concessionary privileges. Bagdonovich had a mysterious interview with the captain of the Progressor, which he reported, as having told him that he had not a particle of right there and must cease his work. Prospecting parties from the Samoa were sent on shore and worked

for several days on Reindeer Creek, but reported only the finding of colors. Mr. Roberts became suspicious of the surveillance of the Progressor, and requested to go north, saying that he did not think the Plover Bay country proved worth prospecting, and he denounced Bagdonovich in unsparing terms for his senseless delays and arbitrary course. Bagdonovich wholly ignored Roberts, and ordered the Captain of the Samoa, who protested, to go north through the Sinban Straits, which were found blocked with ice, and the steamer was forced back to anchor at Indian Point.

The relations between the Russians and English-Americans had now become so strained that the Russians refused to sit at table with them, and had their meals taken to their stateroom, and all intercourse between them was confined to writing. Five or six letters daily passed between Mr. White, the English lawyer, and Bagdonovich, the Russian diplomat, with the result that Bagdonovich consented to go to Nome and land Messrs. Roberts, White, Dolen and Scranton, Sr., and return to Siberia as soon as possible to meet the Russian steamer Yakut. Roberts and his companions were accordingly landed at Nome on July 5th, and the Samoa at once proceeded back to Indian Point, where the steamer Progressor was again awaiting her with instructions for Bagdonovich to proceed to St. Lawrence Bay, where he would find the steamer Yakut. Bagdonovich accordingly instructed Captain Jahnsen, to go at once to St. Lawrence Bay, where the Samoa's anchor was dropped close to a Russian transport, the Yakut.

Count and Countess Bagdonovich, Dr. Neustadt and Makaroff were invited on board of the Yakut to breakfast, and remained until late in the night. The next day, and the next, for an entire week, the vodka, the feasting and orgies con-

tinued, then Count and Countess Bagdonovich and the doctor returned to the Samoa, leaving Makaroff on board the Yakut, as he refused to return to the Samoa until Bagdonovich apologized to him. In his cups, Makaroff had revealed the fact that the so-called "Countess Bagdonovich" was an actress from St. Petersburg, who was accompanying Bagdonovich as countess, pro tem. Bagdonovich so vigorously resented this disclosure that the Russian gentlemen came to blows. The matter was adjusted by the captain of the Yakut, and Bagdonovich informed Captain Jahnson that Makaroff intended to bring with him thirty men from the Yakut. The Captain demurred, saying that his passenger license would not permit of so many persons. Bagdonovich replied that it did not make any difference in Russian waters, and proceeded to have the men, who were dressed as laborers, transferred to the Samoa. In a short time, five of those men appeared on deck to patrol the ship in full Cossack uniform; with them were three others, uniformed as men-of-warsmen, and the captain of the Samoa beheld the astonishing metamorphosis of an American ship converted by force into a Russian transport while flying the American flag. The Samoa steamed away toward St. Lawrence Bay as the Yakut headed for Vladivostok.

Upon arriving in St. Lawrence Bay, Landfield, Picard and Scranton, Jr., were to take the Chinamen on shore, in detachments, for prospecting, and the necessary arrangements were in progress when Scranton objected to a gold pan which had been assigned to him and ordered Nicholai, Bagdonovich's bodyguard, who had been appointed super-cargo, in charge of all supplies, to hand him a clean pan, as his was rusty. Nicholai paid no attention to the request, and Landfield told Scranton to go down into the hold and get one him-

self. As Scranton sprang down, Nicholai struck at him with a hatchet, grazing one of his ears. Scranton, who was a powerful, fearless fellow, sprang at Nicholai, knocked him down and took the hatchet from him. The ship's company was soon in uproar, and rushing on deck, Nicholai took up a pickhandle and started after Landfield, swearing he would kill him, as he was the cause of all the trouble, through his knowledge of Russian, and his reports to his superiors. His mad career was speedily put to a close, by Landfield's drawing his revolver.

The Captain notified Bagdonovich if there was any further trouble through Nicholai, he would put him on shore. Bagdonovich replied by discharging Landfield and Scranton. Major Stern and Ricard interceded successfully for Landfield, but with Scranton, Bagdonovich was inexorable. He was discharged, to be left at Nome.

Landfield and Ricard, with the Chinamen, went on shore at St. Lawrence Bay, while the Samoa continued on to Mitchikin Bay, where the Russian miners were landed under Dr. Neustedt and Makaroff. They were the men who had come from the Yakut, and posed as laborers. The five Cossacks and the three men-of-warsmen still patrolled the decks of the Samoa.

After landing the prospecting parties, the steamer proceeded to Nome to land Scranton, Jr., and take on board Roberts, White, Dollen and Scranton, Sr. When these gentlemen learned of Bagdonovich's high-handed proceedings, they refused to go on board, but after two days of active correspondence, it was agreed that they would go to Siberia and return to Nome within three weeks.

The prospecting parties were then called for, and the Samoa headed for Collusion Bay in the Arctic Ocean, east of East Cape, where she arrived

August 8th in a heavy snow storm, which lasted two days.

The Russians expressed great alarm lest the ice would block their exit from the bay, and were impatient to leave there without prospecting, but the weather cleared on the third day, and Roberts sent his men on shore, where the prospects were so promising that he asked for a week's stay, but Bagdonovich peremptorily ordered the ship to weigh anchor, giving the mining engineers no further opportunity.

Roberts then notified Bagdonovich that he considered his management of affairs a complete farce, and he, Roberts, resigned all connection with the expedition. He also informed his own engineers of the stand he had taken, and told them that they need not go on shore any more.

Roberts' ultimatum annoyed Bagdonovich, who ordered the *Samoa* to Cape Lucktve for further prospecting. Eternal and prying curiosity had been the motto of the Russians from the beginning. Listening at keyholes, peering into windows, and stealthily coming on the various members of the party at most inopportune moments and under unusual circumstances, was the daily programme. Mr. Roberts told Landfield that he was to resort to the same methods in order to learn the Slav's future plans, that he might meet and circumvent them, otherwise the situation was so critical that he believed the English and Americans would either be put to death or sent to the Siberian mines.

The Russians occupied the entire upper deck of the *Samoa*, with the exception of the captain's quarters, which were quite removed. They were sumptuous livers, and dined and wine every evening almost to insensibility in their private cabin—the Countess keeping pace with the men in her potations of strong drink and the numbers of cigarettes she smoked.

Mr. Roberts' resignation from the "East Syberian Syndicate" had surprised the Russians, and he felt sure they would discuss the matter that evening and possibly formulate new plans. After their dinner had been served and one of the Russian party had sauntered about the lower deck and found that all had retired, Landfield crept softly to the upper deck, where he knelt by their stateroom door, in a drenching rain, listening to murderous plots, in which it was planned the American and English were to be abandoned on the shore of barren Siberia to starve.

Bagdonovich belonged to what is known as the Conservative Party of Russia, whose members are opposed to concessions to foreigners, especially Americans, and the expedition had been assigned to him, knowing that he would not stop at the most desperate means to break the "East Siberian Syndicate." He was speaking in an undertone as Landfield approached, and the first words that caught the American's ear sent a shock through his veins, and awakened his faculties to intense perceptions.

"We must get rid of these foreigners at once," said Bagdonovich; "that fellow Roberts is getting suspicious. The American revenue cutters and other boats are coming over every week after reindeer. When we drop anchor at Cape Lucktve to-morrow, those mining experts will swarm on shore again with their Chinamen, and we will leave them there, ostensibly to land our men further north. I will then order Captain Jahnsen north at full speed. If he refuses to go, he will be put in irons, and Captain Lamarshaski will officer the ship with our own men and hand the Americans over to the Yakut, charged with insubordination and treason, for trial in Siberia. As for his excellency Roberts, and his precious comrades, our Cossacks will take care of them until we meet the Yakut, when they

will also be landed in Siberia. If they rebel, they will soon find themselves in irons. We will use the captain of the Samoa and his crew a little longer, if they remain docile. They are useful just now, and can be disposed of as circumstances direct in the future, **most likely when the time comes to change the name and colors of the Samoa.** Voila! C'est fait! The English and Americans have put up the money to explore the Siberian coast for the Russians, of which they are blissfully ignorant, but their company has disappeared from the face of the earth. Steamer and all—lost! The concession is broken, but their machinery will be found intact, on the Siberian coast next year, when a new syndicate will operate the Siberian mines and we will be part of that syndicate."

Landfield had heard enough, and he crept softly below again. After hearing his report, Roberts called his men together and told them that their lives, or what was more precious, their liberty was in danger, and unless they acted with great courage and discretion, they would most likely be forced to end their days in slavery in the Siberian mines—lost to their homes and the world. They were only eight weaponless men to face thirty-seven Russians, who were heavily armed, and they were forced into the desperate situation of getting their weapons of defense from those Russians.

The fury and indignation of the English and Americans knew no bounds when they learned that they were not only prisoners of the Russians, but were soon to become victims to their malignant treachery. They pledged themselves to follow in any course in which Roberts would lead, and it was unanimously agreed that the first step was to get the ship back into American waters. With that object in view, they waited upon Captain Jahnsen and told him of the desperate situation. The

captain at once came to their plans, by telling them that the Russians had two cases of rifles and shotguns, with plenty ammunition, among the cargo, and he ordered the mate to go down into the hold through a small hatch, which was unknown to the Russians, and bring up four rifles, two double-barreled shot-guns with plenty of ammunition, and store them in his room for future developments.

The following day, after the anchor was dropped at Cape Lucktye, Bagdonovich sent an unusually courteous note to Roberts, telling him that his engineers could take their men ashore to prospect, while he would put his men off further north. As Roberts had resigned from the "East Siberian Syndicate," he gave the note to Picard and Landfield, who answered it by declining to go on shore, and tendered their resignation with the "East Siberian Syndicate," to take effect there and then. Bagdonovich answered that this was their privilege,



George D. Roberts, Mining Engineer

Falk Photo



Captain Jahnson, Commanding the Samoa.

Taber Photo

and they would have to suffer the consequences.

Roberts and White then wrote to Bagdonovich, reminding him of his contract with them, and asked to be taken back to Nome. The answer was that he would not go to Nome—that he intended to finish the expedition, and later go to Seattle or San Francisco. Roberts and White strenuously objected to his course as being in violation of his contract with them, and on the ground that it held them prisoners. Bagdonovich curtly replied that they could consider themselves prisoners if they chose.

When it is borne in mind that all of these interviews were carried on in writing, deliberately and formally, and the Russians had not spoken to or recognized any of the English or Americans after the first ten days of the voyage, a faint idea of the tedious, irritating and harassing relations existing between these Russians, who had been educated to the snail-like processes of diplomatic interviews, and the Americans, with

their prompt, informal business methods, may be imagined. The patience of the latter had become exhausted, and they wrote to Captain Jahnson stating that they were being held prisoners on an American vessel, and demanded that he land them on American soil.

The captain presented the request to Bagdonovich, and when he refused to pay any attention to it, the captain told him that there would be trouble on the ship if he did not land them, for Roberts had said that he would kill Bagdonovich in twenty-four hours if he refused.

Bagdonovich laughed, saying that was what he wanted. Any man who made trouble on his ship would immediately be placed in irons and landed in Siberia for trial; that the Cossacks had been furnished him by the Governor of East Siberia, and the men-of-war-men by the master of marines of the imperial Government to carry out Col. von Larisky's expedition in Siberia, and he intended to see that it was done.

The captain said that he would not permit the arrest of any man on board of his ship. Bagdonovich replied that he was commander of that expedition, and if the captain did not carry out his orders, he would put on the uniform of a Russian officer and show his power; that his instructions were official, and he expected the captain to obey an imperial servant on the Emperor's domain.

Irritated at the usurpation of his rights by Bagdonovich, the captain answered that he did not care about his uniform, and he would not obey him as an imperial officer of Russia, but as Bagdonovich, agent of the "East Siberian Syndicate."

"You will not?" answered Bagdonovich. "What is going to stop me from putting irons on you, right here, and bringing charges against you for conspiring against this expedition, and have you tried in Siberia?"

Realizing that discretion was the better part of valor, the captain answered that he had been sent to sea with orders to obey Bagdonovich as agent of the "East Siberian Syndicate," according to their charter, and he intended to obey orders. Furthermore, he asked for an official statement as to the status of the Cossacks and men-of-warships on board, without which he did not know whether they had been shipped as soldiers or sailors.

Bagdonovich promptly classified them as soldiers, adding an official statement to the effect that the Samoa was not chartered to the "East Siberian Syndicate of London," but to Colonel von Lariosky, for a Russian expedition. The document ended with a command to the captain to return that evening to Providence Bay.

It was an open secret that the Yakut, returned from Vladivostok, was then in Providence Bay.

The time had now come when the few brave English and Americans on board of the Samoa had to make a stand for liberty and life.

While the Russians were dining that evening, captain Jahnson secretly entered Captain Lamarshaski's stateroom, where a new compass had been placed, in San Francisco, facing astern, and from where the Russian superintended the sailing of the Samoa with as much interest as the American Captain. Captain Jahnson placed a magnet in such a position as to hold the needle of the compass in the direction that the Russians expected the ship to go, and at eight o'clock the Samoa hove anchor and started leisurely toward Providence Bay. After steaming along for about half an hour, a dense fog shot in—in the language of my narrator—"as thick as mush, and at the very moment that we needed it."

Captain Lamarshaski visited the captain of the Samoa, on the bridge, and fully agreed with him that they

would have to keep well out to sea to avoid disaster during the night. Then he went to his private stateroom, and as the Russians' lights went out, Ricard and Landfield, who were good rifle shots, took their positions on the bridge with the captain. Dolen and Scranton were placed aft, covering the ship, and in such a position that the Russians who were aft could not communicate with the soldiers, who were forward, and who would not make any demonstration without orders from their superiors. Landfield was also instructed to warn all Russians, except the higher officials that no man could pass fore or aft on the vessel.

Picard, White and Major Stern patrolled the forward part of the ship where hatches had been securely battened down over the sleeping Cossacks, men-of-warships and Russian laborers. The steward, a loyal American, who had seen to it that the supply of vodka was larger than usual that night, kept guard at a port hole covering the entrance to the lower part of the ship. The engineer was provided with a steam hose and instructed not to admit any one to the engine room under pain of death.

Then it was that Mr. Roberts made the amusing play of the exciting hour, by pointing a revolver at the loyal captain and ordering him, as he valued his life, to take his ship to Nome.

"I am responsible for this, not you, captain," he said.

The Samoa was already pointed for Nome, going at full speed, which was not reduced all night, while the anxious watchers held their posts.

At seven in the morning the weather was clear, and the Samoa was gliding rapidly through the high seas, when Makaroff went on the bridge and asked the captain what time he would get there. "At five o'clock to-night," was the laconic reply. "Not till five to-night?"

asked Makaroff in surprise; "where are you going?" "To Nome," snapped the captain. "To Nome? The Samoa going to Nome?" "Yes, sir," gruffly answered the captain.

Makaroff hurriedly left the bridge and in a few moments McPherson approached and told the captain that Bagdonovich wanted to see him. The captain replied that if Bagdonovich wanted to see him he would have to come on the bridge, as he (the captain) had duties that required his constant attention there. McPherson said that the interview was of a private nature, but the captain shook his head and said that he could not have a private interview with Bagdonovich or any other person on the ship at that time.

The sturdy captain knew if he entered Bagdonovich's stateroom, he would not come out of there again until that treacherous Russian chose to let him.

In a short time McPherson returned with a sealed letter. The captain told him to take it back, as he did not have time for private correspondence. Then excitement ran high. Some one whispered that the Russians were getting their guns ready, and Ricard and White went on to the bridge and asked the captain to appoint a delegation to wait on Bagdonovich and tell him that he (the captain) was on his way to Nome for instructions, that he was not an international lawyer, and did not have the power to deal with Russian officials, and also to notify him that none of the Russians were to come on deck with arms, as the ship was on the high seas, and any man who did not obey the captain would be guilty of mutiny and punished accordingly.

White and Ricard were appointed to wait upon Bagdonovich, who scornfully told them that they had played him "a dirty Yankee trick," but he would consider himself and his people as prisoners of the captain. He agreed to disarm all of his

men, excepting the Cossacks and men-of-war-men, whom he said it was not in his power to disarm. If the captain wished to take the responsibility of such an act he could do so, but the gentlemen answered, in behalf of the captain, that they would not be disarmed, unless by American officials, but that the captain's orders that no rifles or shot-guns would be allowed on deck must be obeyed.

At five o'clock p. m., August 18th, the Samoa dropped anchor off of Nome, flying the police pennant, but there being no revenue cutter there, the signal was not answered. The captain ordered the mate to lower a life-boat to take a message on shore to the marshal, as Nome was under military law. It chanced that the boat which the mate ordered lowered had been bought for the "East Siberian Syndicate," although it had passed inspection as the property of the Samoa. Bagdonovich was jealously watching every movement, and when he saw the mate approach that particular boat, he spoke to Makaroff, who ran forward, shouting to his men to come on deck and stop the mate from taking their boat. Thirty armed Russians responded. Some grabbed the boat, while others attacked the ship's crew. For a moment the situation looked serious, when the captain's voice was heard above the confusion calling to his mate.

"I could shoot down every one of those men for what they are doing, but let them have their boat. Take another."

As the mate and crew quietly went about lowering another boat, the Russians dispersed.

In answer to the captain's letter, the marshal said that he could not go out to the Samoa until morning, and instructed the captain to defend himself and his ship to the best of his ability.

When the captain set his ship's watch that night at nine o'clock, he

gave orders to notify him of the least move on the part of the Russians. A half hour later the watchman reported that the Russians were carrying rifles from the after part of the ship, forward, under their coats.

The captain immediately sent for the English and Americans to come on deck.

The engineer was instructed to remove certain bolts of the machinery, thus disabling the ship in case the Russians should overcome the smaller force and attempt to put to sea. When the Russians saw the English and Americans stationed between their soldiers in the forward part of the ship, and themselves astern, there was no further commotion of any kind.

The next day the revenue cutter Patterson dropped anchor near the Samoa, but after investigation, the captain said he had no authority to act, as he was out on a surveying cruise, but he advised the captain of the Samoa to drop anchor nearer in shore, and go himself to the barracks and report to Major Wanarsdale, who was then in charge of the military post at Nome.

In a few hours Major Wanarsdale was on the Samoa, and later sent a lieutenant, a sergeant, and six soldiers to guard the ship until the arrival of the revenue cutter Manning, which was expected that night.

George D. Roberts promptly reported to his namesake, Captain Roberts, of the Manning, who freely expressed his opinion of the remarkable tangle. He said that every Russian on board should have been put in irons for stealing the American steamer Samoa, the captain, the crew and the passengers, but as Captain Jahnson and the English and Americans had in turn stolen the Samoa, Captain Lamarshaski, the Russian nobles, high officials of the Czar, the Cossacks, men-of-war-men and sailors, while cruising in Russian waters, they had a nice

little international question to solve, and if they could not adjust their differences amicably, Roberts's great-grandchildren would be gray before it would be settled. Roberts replied that, after his experience of two months with Russian diplomacy, he had no desire to prolong the agony.

The captain of the Manning said that he had business at St. Michael that would occupy a few days; in the interim, he would leave the Samoa in charge of Major Wanarsdale, so the American soldiers continued to patrol the decks of the Samoa, while the Russian Cossacks and men-of-war-men modestly remained below.

When the Manning returned, Captain Roberts took charge of the Samoa, relieving Major Wanarsdale. An investigation was at once instituted, which resulted in the complete vindication of the English and Americans of the "East Siberian Syndicate." The captain of the Samoa was told that he could put all of the Russians on shore, and a revenue cutter would protect him, if it had to escort him to Seattle or San Francisco.

Before the captain of the Samoa had time to put his intentions into execution, he was served with a notice from Colonel Evans, in behalf of Bagdonovich, who as a Russian official, demanded further investigation, claiming unfairness. Colonel Evans explained that he was forced to show him the courtesy of a hearing, which unfortunately would delay any action on the part of the captain of the Samoa.

A new trial was in progress when Bagdonovich, to back his statements, produced a document which showed that the Samoa had been chartered to Colonel von Lariosky for a Russian expedition, but the captain of the Samoa promptly produced a certified copy of the original charter from Macondray & Sons to the "East Siberian Syndicate of

London," and Bagdonovich was overcome.

He then appealed to the military commander to be taken, with his company, back to the Yakut, which, he said, was awaiting him at St. Lawrence Bay.

No vessel could be found which would undertake the contract until Kimball & Co. agreed to transport them for \$15,000; but Bagdonovich declined to pay the price.

After long interviews and unlimited promises, the captain of the Samoa agreed to take the Russians back to Siberia under the escort of Colonel Evans.

The Samoa arrived at St. Lawrence Bay September 1st, and on the 2d, the Yakut dropped anchor near by.

Bagdonovich immediately went on board and preferred charges against the captain of the Samoa, whereupon the captain of the Yakut served an order on the captain of the Samoa, commanding him to come on board of the Yakut and explain his refusal to obey Bagdonovich while he was in charge of the steamer Samoa.

Captain Jahnson answered that he had explained his actions to the American authorities to their satisfaction, and that he had been fully exonerated and vindicated. He therefore had no business with the captain of the Yakut. But after two or three days spent in repeated and insistent demands, Captain Jahnson finally went on board of the Yakut, where he was formerly met by the commander and his officers, who escorted him to the lower cabin. He was questioned at length by McPherson, while two officers wrote McPherson's translations. Then he was asked to sign the Russians' written statement, which he refused to do, until it was translated.

The following day a translation was sent for him to sign, but it was so grossly incorrect that he refused to sign it. It was a severe arraignment

of the English and Americans, charging them with having threatened the lives of the Russians; with refusing to aid in the fulfillment of the object of the expedition; trading whiskey to the natives; in short, every conceivable crime that would help to break the concession of the "East Siberian Syndicate."

Through the captain's refusal to sign those misstatements and the time consumed in making the corrections, which were slowly and reluctantly done, the entire week passed. Then the Russians began to loot the Samoa. They took all of the stores, mining machinery, marine instruments, and everything else belonging to the "East Siberian Syndicate," to the value of many thousands of dollars, including the \$35,000 which Bagdonovich had in his personal charge.

What the Yakut could not take was put on shore at Emma Harbor, in Providence Bay, and consisted principally of mining machinery, which was left in a hastily constructed house, built from the lumber that the "East Siberian Syndicate" had purchased for mining purposes.

With only food and coal enough to reach Nome—where, by the way, coal was selling for \$50 per ton—the Samoa was at last permitted to sail from St. Lawrence Bay, while the Yakut, with the representatives of the Russian concession, left for Vladivostock.

The English and American capitalists, who paid for exploring the east Siberian coast, were so disgusted with their short experience with the Russians that they dropped the whole matter, and made no effort to extend what promised to be an endless and unequal strife.

The following year a new concession was granted, and the East Siberian coast is being mined with the machinery for which the enterprising English and Americans paid.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The narration of Washington B. Vanderlip, "the chief actor" in the descriptive work published by the Century Company, and written by Homer B. Hulbert, corroborates the story of the "Samoa's" meeting with the "Progress," in charge of Mr. Vanderlip. Mr. Vanderlip has exploded the idea of a wonderful gold deposit in the Siberian country, and in a book that has great merit as a literary production, Mr. Hulbert has given a vivid idea of the country the "Samoa's" expeditionary force was to explore, in the interests of the English and American capitalists.

After failing to find gold in any of the many directions in which the Vanderlip expedition extended its most exhaustive search, the steamer "Progressor" returned to Plover Bay in the hope of meeting the Samoa. One paragraph gives a side-light on the delightful character of the chief actor in the "Samoa's" adventures, Count Bagdonovich:

"We looked into Plover Bay with the expectation of seeing the "Samoa" there; and not seeing her, we steamed out, and with the aid of the launch and the native boat crews, examined the southern part of the Tchuktche peninsula. There were splendid deposits of steaming-coal, but the general geologic formation made it plain that there was no gold to be found.

Once more we steamed into Plover Bay, but the "Samoa" had not yet arrived, and we determined to wait for her. Two days were spent in the pleasant occupation of hunting eider-duck and making a short trip into the interior. On the third day, we heard, through the fog, the sound of a siren whistle. Of course we answered, and an hour later the "Samoa" came nosing through the fog and picking her way through the light drift-ice. As soon as her anchor was down, I went aboard. As I went, up the gangway, I saw half a dozen Russians and as many Americans standing in a group on the deck. I walked up to them, but before I had time to introduce myself, Count Bagdonovich said:

"Captain, I am glad to see you. You have some coal for us, I believe?"

"No, I have not any for you," I said, smiling.

"Oh, you are a steam-whaler," and his face fell.

"No, not a whaler," I said.

"Well, then, what are you here for?" he asked curiously.

"I am on the same errand as you."

As soon as he comprehended, he was terribly angry, and apparently wished me at the bottom of the sea. He turned on his heel and walked away, without doing me the courtesy of asking me into his cabin, although it was raining. But one of the Americans stepped forward, and I was taken to their quarters, where explanations followed. I told them the situation, how that we had carefully prospected all along the coast, but had found no gold. I felt I was doing them a favor to let them know that there was no use in spending time and money in a search for gold along the Siberian coast of Bering Sea. Whether or not they believed me, I cannot tell, but the next morning we weighed anchor and left them there waiting for the arrival of the Yakut.

The search for a Siberian Klondike was over.

(In Search of a Siberian Klondike—Vanderlip Hulbert—Century Co.)

EARLY CALIFORNIA JOURNALISM

Humboldt Times. Its Semi-Centennial Anniversary

BY DAVID E. GORDON



Judge Justus Edwin Wyman

POSSIBLE that the Times is about to make a jubilee occasion of its semi-centennial achievement? That fifty years have flown since its appearance on a wild and almost unmapped scene close to the western land-verge? It is even so. Half a hundred years ago carries one back to an era in Humboldt history when the pale-face population was meagre and homes were far remote. Then factories, churches and orchards were not found in the redwood's realm. Anchors had been seldom dropped in the beautiful bay bearing the historic name of the perhaps discoverer

of a refuge for the mariner, which to-day faces a city of 10,000 souls.

Pondering a moment, I am carried back to the fateful days of savage treachery and atrocity, when the smoke from the smouldering ruins of pioneer Albee's home-place climbed lazily upward through the towering Mad River redwoods. To the time when from ambush the stealthy foe laid low in close succession three brothers of the Cooper family in near proximity to the now pastoral and pretty town of Hydesville. To the time when Mrs. Captain Daby, with her two little daughters in advance, hurried along the brush-hindering Mad River trail, bearing her infant son on an arm pierced by a bullet sped from an Indian rifle. To the time when McDiarmid and his companion were ruthlessly butchered by stealthy fiends while pursuing their avocations hard by the bank of Eel River. To the time when pioneer Jacoby's rock-walled place of business in Uniontown was transformed into a block-house for succor and protection of the defenseless wives and children of the settlers. These tragic rehearsals might be continued to the extent of columns, though the reader of to-day (with occasional exceptions) would be none the wiser. And all these memories of half a century ago were located within a few hours' hasteriding of the home of the Humboldt Times. The year 1854 is easily recalled by the writer, for it marked the time of his emancipation from a five years' apprenticeship in a printing office in the town of Goshen, County of Orange, State of New

York, and found him "slinging type" in the fourth story of the "York and Erie" building, foot of Duane street, in the Empire City.

Perusing a recent issue of Pacific Coast, Wood and Iron, I find in an article relating to the "Lumber Mills of Humboldt County," an easily recognized (by many people still living) reproduction of "Eureka in 1854." It is positive proof that the town was no mere myth midway in the last century, and the Humboldt Times is as old as this picture. Little wonder that those who have the welfare of the people most at heart are jubilant, and propose to do something out of the ordinary on the semi-centennial recurrence of its birthday. I wonder how many of those who scanned the first issue of the Times will peruse the one which vouches for a half century of existence? But I started to tell of the Times, who has guarded its career through all the years, and to afford positive assurance that it still lives.

Some writer in the past has told that "the first number of the Humboldt Times was issued at the southeast corner of Second and E streets (Eureka), afterward built upon and occupied by Thomas Walsh as a place of business and residence." To have been nearer correct, that writer (or the compositor) had better made it read First and E streets. Why he was not correct with even that change will be made evident later.

The exact date of issue of the first number of the Humboldt Times was Saturday, September 2, 1854, and the office was in the Ricks Building (old "Hongkong"), southeast corner of Second and F streets, Eureka. Edwin D. Coleman was publisher and editor. This is vouched for by the official printed announcement.

The establishment of the first Humboldt newspaper was attended with considerable pecuniary loss and vexatious delay. This is made evi-

dent in what follows: The first newspaper outfit for the Humboldt Times was shipped from San Francisco in May, 1854, Mr. Coleman, the founder, accompanying it on the first trip of the steamer Arispa to Humboldt Bay. The steamer struck on Fish Rock reef, on the Mendocino coast, at midnight, and the vessel and cargo became a total loss. The large list of passengers and the crew reached the shore on a hastily constructed raft, buoyed by empty liquor barrels, in tow of a ship's boat. The party traveled to Fort Ross, some 30 miles, the nearest point at which succor could be obtained. No provisions had been saved from the wreck. Many times did the writer hear the story of the Arispa wreck rehearsed by Major Frank S. Duff and Dr. M. Spencer, pioneers of Humboldt county, who were passengers on the ill-fated steamer. The former had an \$8,000 stock of merchandise on board, and the latter was a member of the Uniontown (now Arcata) mercantile firm of Spencer, Manheim & Stern. As a well authenticated incident of the wreck, another writer has told that Major Duff's stock of merchandise included a large invoice of the choicest liquors which constituted the steamer's deck load. What happened is told in this extract:

"The boats could not carry one-half the souls on board, and it was at once decided that a raft must be constructed at all hazards. Seas were running high and the steamer was settling rapidly. It didn't take long to start the bungs in the big packages of liquor, and Major Duff says he never before saw so many woe-begone visages at one time as there were on the deck of the Arispa when the sparkling liquor gurgled from the bungholes and passed out through the scuppers into the sea. Every soul wanted to save enough to assist in drying his clothes when the shore was reached, but the

quick-following breakers warned them that both hands would be brought into service in passing the surf line. So suddenly did the steamer disappear that Captain Pierce and Major Duff, the last to leave the vessel, were compelled to jump and swim for their lives to avoid being engulfed when the vessel disappeared from view."

Vestiges of the original Humboldt Times plant may still be resting on the cragged slopes of Fish Rock reef. Mr. Coleman returned to San Francisco as soon as possible, and after vexatious delay succeeded in securing a second outfit, which was landed safely in Eureka late in August, 50 years ago. The initial number of the Times was sent greeting from the location, and on the date above stated. Of its advent, pioneer R. W. Brett (long since at rest) said to the writer many years before his death: "That was the proudest day Eureka had ever known."

Luckily for the present chronicler, Hon. Walter Van Dyke, a present Justice of the Supreme Court, who became an owner and editor of the Times in the second year of its existence, has proved to be a friend indeed in a vexatious emergency. He is the possessor of a bound volume of the Times in its initial year, and of other volumes by which its early history can be correctly traced almost through the first decade of its service. The testimony of these living witnesses sets at naught much of the guess work history and unreliable printed data that has been volunteered during very recent years. This affords an opportunity for saying that what is above presented is absolutely correct. Pertinent to this reference, and as suggestive that a golden wedding solemnization will be in order in the near-coming future, I copy this tell-tale announcement from a September issue of the first volume of the Times:

"Married.—At Union, Thursday,

September 21, 1854, at the residence of L. C. Beckwith, brother-in-law of the bride, by Hon. J. E. Wyman, Walter Van Dyke, Esq., and Miss Rowena Cooper, all of Union."

Mr. Coleman's tarry with his fledgling was a comparatively brief one—little more than a year. With the issue of December 16, 1854, after running 17 weeks, he removed the paper to Uniontown, and within a year it became evident that by sectional intermeddling and unjustifiable business methods, he had alienated the friendship and influence of a class of citizens whose good will was worth fostering. This was discovered in time, and after his departure from Humboldt it became generally known that prior to his disposal of the Times he had determined to suspend the publication of the paper and remove the plant to another location. This proposition was adjudged by the business men and leading citizens of Union, Eureka and Eel River Valley to be a paralyzing one for the county's interests, and it was determined to handicap the publisher's intentions if possible. The proposition was earnestly discussed and met with ready and willing support, which resulted in staying the accomplishment of Mr. Coleman's intention. It proved to be a wise and well-timed action.

December 29, 1855 (Vol. 2, No. 18) Coleman sold the paper to Walter Van Dyke and Austin Wiley, Van Dyke assuming the duties of editor. The latter was a young attorney, with a steadily-increasing hold on public favor. Wiley, one of the early owners of the S. F. Call, long years afterwards founder of the Arcata Union, and now postmaster at that thrifty pioneer town, was a skilled practical printer. The publication office was on the north side of the plaza. It was there that in an altercation between two attaches, pioneer Henry Rohner, after whom the town of Rohnerville

was named, received a gunshot wound that came near ending his life. In his salutatory, editor Van Dyke marked out a line of conduct for the paper, and gave the citizens of Humboldt fair warning that it would be adhered to. His career in the editorial position was a most gratifying and successful one, and patronage grew to such an extent as to warrant marked enlargement of the paper.

On January 23, 1858 (Vol. 4, No. 22) Van Dyke disposed of his interest to Wiley, and at the close of the fourth volume (August 21, 1858), the Times was moved back to Eureka, an office being built at the southwest corner of Second and F streets (now occupied by the Palm-tag building), from which it was issued many years, and practically until the completion of a new brick office erected in 1879 by Judge J. E. Wyman (then proprietor) at the southeast corner of Fourth and F streets, where it was published until the purchase of the Times-Telephone by Col. Whipple in 1886.

Walter Van Dyke and L. M. Burson (also an attorney) succeeded Wiley as editors and proprietors of the Times, June 9, 1860 (Vol. 6, No. 42), and on July 14, 1860, Burson sold his interest and Van Dyke and Col. S. G. Whipple became publishers and editors, absorbing the short-lived Northern Californian, founded by Col. Whipple.

On March 30, 1861, Van Dyke disposed of his interest to Whipple, and retired from the paper. August 16, 1862, Whipple sold the paper to Austin Wiley and Walter Bohall, a brother-in-law of Wiley, who, as far as Judge Van Dyke's printed data show, continued the publication until the close of Vol. 9—August 15, 1863.

The date on which the Times passed into the hands of Judge J. E. Wyman has not been definitely ascertained, but it is believed to have been late in 1863, or early in 1864.

Wyman, a native of New York, was an early pioneer of the county, a young attorney of marked ability, and had been county judge several successive terms. At his succession the Times was on a well-established business footing, and boasted a liberal support. While eminently fitted for the editorial position, it may have been that the official one drew too heavily on his time and energies to permit giving the paper the attention it deserved as a pioneer in the field. Socially he was of companionable turn, and it was regretful that just at a time when the future seemed brightest his life work was brought to an untimely close. This occurred in the latter part of 1880. The Daily Times, now in its twentieth year, was started by J. E. Wyman & Son (W. H. Wyman) in September, 1874, just 20 years after the founding of the weekly.

It was not until late July, 1869, that the writer stepped from the gang-plank of the steamer Pelican, to a Eureka wharf, though he had crossed Humboldt Bar on the steamer Columbia one bright June morning in 1855, a landing being made at the Bucksport wharf, opposite old Fort Humboldt, where a company of U. S. soldiers was set ashore, the steamer immediately resuming her trip Oregonward. On the occasion first referred to, the landing was with a view of remaining temporarily. It was the year in which Judge J. E. Wyman, then publisher and editor of the Times, had been named by the Republicans to oppose Hon. J. P. Haynes for the position of district judge, the district being composed of the counties of Humboldt, Klamath and Del Norte. Judge Wyman desired to make a vigorous campaign in the three counties, and the writer was there to look after the welfare of the Times until it was past. It did not take long to become better acquainted with the seaside journal

he had perused regularly in the mountains of Trinity thirteen consecutive years. Here I may be pardoned for telling of the Times as I found it 35 years ago, when Eureka was a mere hamlet as compared with the wide-spreading metropolis of to-day.

The Times was then located in an unpretending domicile at the southwest corner of Second and F streets, and the inside showing denoted thrift and prosperity. The Democratic opponent, the Standard, conducted by Mr. Chadd, was housed in the Ryan building on First street. When I entered the Times office with a former Trinity friend, I was made acquainted with genial Walter Bohall, in charge of the mechanical department. As a reminder to those gentlemen of our first meeting, and that both had, that long ago, essayed to explore the mysteries of the "art preservative," I here assert that it was within the walls of the Times office that I made the acquaintance of John J. De Haven, present U. S. District Judge, and Hon. George A. Knight, who has since climbed to fame as an attorney and politician. I had been for years domiciled in a mountain office, where summer's heat and winter's cold were the chief exigencies to combat. Here dust seemed to be the aggressor, for the long rows of unused column-wide type on the office battery were artistically frescoed with Second and F street dust—in fact, so thoroughly circumverted by the wily invader that they seemed frozen to the resting place. I suggested that the idle type would be needed, and that the "thawing" process had best be instituted. When I talked of what was to be done, finally referring to the limited amount of local news, foreman Bohall, always reserved, always truthful, frankly replied: "To tell the truth, local matters do not receive much attention; in fact, this is a poor place for local news." And it

is still a distinct memory that the editorial scissors had drawn liberally on San Francisco papers for second page matter. Who could wonder, with the exasperating mail facilities then afforded and a twice-a-month steamer? Sailing vessels were really the most reliable means of communication.

I thought of the great county alongside which I had lived so many years, and inwardly concluded that there might be an opportunity to manufacture some local news to order. Here I am reminded of another incident in that connection. Having made the acquaintance of pioneer J. K. Dollison (still a resident of Eureka), then Justice of the Peace, I asked if it was possible for him to furnish me with anything in the way of local news. He seemed surprised and said the query was a new one in his experience. But it was not made in vain. Memory and the Times file concur in the telling that the "new man" had little trouble in gathering two to three columns of local matter for future issues. Here is as good a place as any to remark that Judge Wyman was defeated by a very decided majority. Many voters did not at that time deem themselves bound to recognize party in a judicial election; Judge Haynes was an early pioneer of Klamath and Humboldt—well known and very popular, and Klamath and Del Norte counties never failed to roll up telling Democratic majorities.

The career of Judge Wyman as head of the Times was longer than that of any of his predecessors, and a very successful one. After his death the publication of the paper was continued by his widow, under the management of W. H. Wyman, the eldest son, until the purchase of a two-thirds interest by Austin Wiley and William H. Heney, and the merger of it with the Evening Telephone, the name being changed to the Times-Telephone with

Wiley, Wyman and Heney as publishers. During the greater portion of this time William G. Bonner, still a resident of Eureka, filled the editorial chair, for which position he was fittingly adapted, being a practical newspaperman.

Judge Wyman's death occurred at his home in Eureka, November 5, 1880, at the age of 57 years. At the date of death he had filled the position of county judge 16 years. He was one of the founders of Anniversary Lodge, I. O. O. F., Arcata, and was a charter member of Fortuna Lodge of the same Order, in Eureka. He was also a member of the Masonic Order. W. H. Wyman, the eldest son, died in San Francisco on July 30, 1896, the widow and mother following at the home of her niece, Mrs. John F. Bevin, San Mateo, June 30, 1898. The only surviving members of the family are an only daughter, now the wife of Hon. George A. Knight, and Herbert Cullberg Wyman, with the Sunset Telephone Co., 349 Bush street, both residing in San Francisco. B. Henry Wyman, well remembered as a pioneer business man of Arcata, and as purser on coasting steamers, survived Judge Wyman, his brother, but has rested in Mountain View cemetery, Oakland, many years. For an excellent reproduction of Judge Wyman's face, as well as for other useful data in this connection, I am indebted to Mrs. Isaac Cullberg, of 628 Mariposa street, Oakland, a sister of the long since departed jurist and editor.

C. G. Milnes, who has kept watch and ward over the welfare of Humboldt's pioneer journal during the past six years, has easily maintained it in the leading position which it deservedly occupies. Apt in his conception of the true calling and requirements of a reputable public journal, he has labored to advance the influence of the paper, and in so doing advance the welfare of the

county. Under his management, the Times has been an alert and earnest exponent of Republican principles and of their maintenance—an old familiar dogma in the isolated county which is so rapidly taking on new life, with a certainty of achieving unexampled prosperity and greatness. Manager Milnes has announced his intention to issue a Jubilee Edition on the fiftieth anniversary of the initial bow of the Times, and with the facilities at hand, and the abundant data that offers, the public will anticipate what is promised—an edition that will eclipse any effort ever sent to the world in Northern California. Mr. Milnes was a former resident of San Francisco, a graduate of the Daily Chronicle editorial rooms, and is a son of Rev. Charles G. Milnes, pastor of the Higgins M. E. Church, Fruitvale.

A promised portrait of Manager Milnes, to accompany this article, has not been received.

40 YEARS OF PURELY CALIFORNIA CAREER.

Turning for the time from "sere and yellow leaf" journalism, to a record which is purely Californian from the "devil's department" through all the advances of a four years' apprenticeship, as many more in the roles of foreman, business manager, half owner and sole proprietor, then as founder in a new field, with eight years of arduous service; back into the realm of advanced civilization again and enrolled consecutively as business manager, assistant editor and city editor for eight years more—all in California—and the wearer of the record only a few years past the half century mark in life, is an analogy with only occasional counterparts in this or any other State. Sam Brannan, of pioneer fame, used to boast 50 or more years ago, that after becoming a fair type-setter he



C. W. Craig

worked and paid his way from his boyhood home in Maine to Nauvoo, Illinois, by working from town to town. In more recent years, Haslett, the "tramp" printer, told the stereotyped story of having set type in every State and territory in the Union. But Craig's record as a master mechanic in the art, and the facility with which he turned to the pen, almost from January 1, 1862, to January 1, 1903, has been won in the State of his father's adoption.

Christian Wolff Craig (better known to the fraternity during the last 30 years as "Wolff" Craig), began newspaper work as carrier and distributor of war extras in the Trinity Journal office at Weaverville, the same year the "Southern Confederacy" imagined it had commenced business in earnest. A native of Pennsylvania, he came to this State with his parents at about ten years of age. On the first day of January, 1862, having just passed his 13th birthday, he entered the Journal office as an apprentice for four years. In due time came ad-

vanced service, for which the biographer can attest he was admirably qualified. As a result of change in the ownership of the Journal, he became business manager of the paper about the close of 1870, and in 1873 was one-half owner. In 1877 he assumed the role of proprietorship and thus remained until January 1, 1887, when he sold the paper to Blake & Given.

Going from Weaverville to Independence, he founded the Inyo Index in July, 1887, conducting it until the close of the eighth year and volume, and selling it in July, 1895. It was a disastrous venture, seemingly forestalling the demand for a newspaper in that isolated region. I have been assured by one who was familiar with the facts that after doing his own work during the first four years of his stay in Independence, he sank \$6,000 in an effort to make the Index a fixture in the town. The party to whom he sold removed the paper to Bishop, in the same county, where it survived but a few months. Craig was Register of the Land Office at Independence from 1890 to 1894, but the position meant more in name than in emolument. I can imagine that when the founder turned his face from the Inyo prison-house in the direction of sunny San Bernardino, whatever tears he might have been prepared to shed were reserved for a more fitting occasion.

He went from Independence to San Bernardino to be nearer his ageing parents, who had located there after long years of residence in Weaverville. Then he endeavored to negotiate for the Times-Index, but its financial standing was not inviting. An effort was made to secure the Sun, which was languishing under Democratic management, but a reasonable price could not be agreed upon. In early October, 1895, he joined hands with his veteran namesake, Scipio Craig, and assumed business management of the

Redlands Citrograph, which position he continued to fill until September 1, 1901. He was associate editor of Redlands Facts (evening) from about December, 1901, till September 1, 1902. Then he cast his fortune with the Redlands Daily Review (morning) filling the position of city editor from September till January 1, 1903. Although infatuated with newspaper work, I think it "soured on him," as a result of this last service, for the record tells that it lasted from 1 to 2 p. m. until 4 to 7 a. m., at a salary of \$3 per day, while hod-carriers were receiving \$3.50 for eight hours' work. After being in the business 41 years, all the time in California, he concluded that if he could not do as well in 16 hours as the hod-carriers did in eight, it might be as well to adopt the latter occupation. While attached to newspaper work, like thousands of others he has concluded that the service and the compensation are too nearly at antipodes.

It came to my knowledge that after throwing up the position of business manager of the Citrograph he set type in the office three days, when it was short a hand, receiving \$2.60 per day, and that this was the only type-setting or mechanical printing work he had ever done for wages since his apprenticeship on the Trinity Journal. I can vouch that at one time he was reckoned a "swift" on composition, and that he holds a Trinity Journal record—old wide measure—of 17,000 "ems," solid brevier, in 10 hours. And on one occasion he printed the edition of 27 quires of that paper on a No. 3 Washington hand press in 2 hours and 10 minutes. Although not engaged in the business, and may never be again, I learned a few months ago that he was charter President of the Redlands Typographical Union, and carried a card in date. I imagine this was done to "encourage the boys" in the business he loved.

Craig ranks among the competent and up-to-date newspaper men of the State—a printer-editor of more than average ability—energy and force of character to match. During the ten years he wielded the destinies of the Trinity Journal, no mountain contemporary excelled it in sprightliness or effort to be in the front rank of wide-awake journalism. His heart was in the work, but I imagine it failed him during the eight years' experience in the mountains of Inyo. When I last heard from him, months ago, he was at Bishop, in that county, in the interest of parties who were discussing the possible necessity for a railroad from Mojave to Bishop. Now I learn from the record that he has just achieved the position of Secretary of the Southern California State Hospital for Insane at Pattow, San Bernardino County. The transition is an entirely new one to Craig, but it is one with the duties of which I am certain he will prove himself easily equivalent. The family home and household gods (wife and son) are at Redlands, while a married daughter, Mrs. Frank E. Densmore, keeps watch and ward over three little grandchildren in the nearby city of Riverside.

An incident during the term of Craig's apprenticeship is still on my memory. It occurred about mid-day of the date the telegraph told of the assassination of President Lincoln. I was passing down Main street in Weaverville, when Horatio Chandler, telegraph operator, beckoned to me to cross, I did so, and entering the office, I realized from the almost livid foretelling of his face that Chandler had something of more than ordinary portent to communicate. Taking the slip of paper he passed listlessly across the desk, I read: "Marysville, April 15.—President Lincoln and Secretary Seward were assassinated last night. Details when stage arrives. —Craddock." Without a word fur-

ther than "Notify me when Craddock is ready," I hurried to the Journal office. The youthful apprentice was at his case, and I laid the fateful telegram before him. It was scanned in a moment. Then he turned his face to mine, big tears streaming down his cheeks. Finally his voice came, and if my memory is not faulty, "Wolff" was then and there guilty of at least one of the Ten Commandments. Between us an "extra" was soon formulated, not an unnecessary word being spoken in the meantime. A few hours later the announcement of the assassin's terrible deed was being read in every prominent mining camp within 20 miles of Trinity's county seat. Volunteer haste-riders seized and were away with the hurriedly prepared extras fast as they came from the press. Weaverville had never known

such a day of gloom—never will again.

Rehearsal of this incident brings to mind the remark of my venerable friend, Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff, one of the earliest pioneers of Shasta, who now fills an important position at the Napa State Hospital. It was contained in a letter received many months ago, wherein the assassination of President Lincoln was reverted to. This was the pioneer's utterance, and its truth will be acknowledged by all who read the wire's tragic story more than 40 years ago:

"So startling and impressive was the news that even after the lapse of nearly 40 years, one can scarcely meet a person living at that time who cannot tell you his exact location and what he was doing when he first heard of President Lincoln's assassination."

THE LAST THUNDER SONG

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

IT is an ancient custom to paint tragedy in blood tints. This is because men were once merely animals, and have not as yet been able to live down their ancestry.

The stroke of a dagger is a caress beside the throb of hopeless days. Life aches! The living will tell you that; but the dead seem to be satisfied.

There is no greater tragedy than the fall of a dream. Napoleon dreamed; so did a savage. It is the same.

I know of the scene of a great tragedy. Very few have recognized it as such; there was so little noise along with it. It happened at the Omaha Indian agency, which is situated on the Missouri River, some seventy miles above the city of Omaha.

The summer of 1900 debilitated all thermal adjectives. It was not hot; it was "Saharical!" It would hardly have been hyperbole to say that the Old Century lay dying of a fever. The untilled hills of the reservation thrust themselves up into the August sunshine like the emaciated joints of one bed-ridden. The land lay yellow as the skin of a fever patient, except in rare spots where the melancholy corn struggled heartlessly up a hillside, making a blotch like a bed-sore.

The blood of the prairie was impoverished, and the Sky would give no drink with which to fill the dwindling veins. When one wished to search the horizon, for the cloud which was not there, he did it with a squint from beneath an arched hand. The small whirlwinds, that

awoke like sudden fits of madness in the sultry air, rearing yellow columns of dust into the sky, these alone relieved the monotony of dazzle.

Every evening the clouds rolled flashing about the horizon and thundered back into the night. They were merely taunts like the holding of a cool cup just out of reach of a fevered mouth. And the clear nights passed, bringing dewless dawns, till the ground cracked like a parched lip.

The annual Indian pow-wow was to be ended prematurely that year, for the sun beat uninvitingly upon the flat bottom where the dances were held, and the Indians found much comfort in the shade of their summer tepees.

But when it was noised about that upon the next day the old medicine man, Mah-ho-wari (Passing Cloud) would dance potent dances and sing a thunder song with which to awaken the drowsy thunder spirits to their duty of rain-making, then the argument of the heat became feeble. So the next morning the bronze head of every Indian tepee-hold took his pony, his dogs, his squaw, and his papooses of indefinite number to the pow-wow ground.

In addition to these, the old men carried with them long memories and an implicit faith. The young men, who had been away to Indian school, and had succeeded to some extent in stuffing white souls into their bronze skins, carried with them curiosity and doubt, which if properly united may beget derision.

The old men went to a shrine: the young men went to a show. When a shrine becomes a show, the World advances a step; and that is the benevolence of natural law.

About the open space in which the dances were held an oval covering of willow boughs had been built, beneath which the Indians lounged in sweating groups. Slowly about the various small circles went the

cumbersome red-stone pipes. To one listening, drowsed with the intense sunshine, the buzzle and mutter and snarl of the gossiping Omahas seemed the grotesque echoes from a vanished age. Between the fierce dazzle of the sun and the sharply contrasting blue shade, there was but a line of division, yet a thousand years lay like a sea between one gazing in the sun and those sitting in the shadow. It was as if God had flung down a bit of the young world's twilight into the midst of the old world's noon. Here lounged the human masterpieces of the toiling Centuries—a Yankee; there sat the remnant of a people as primitive as Israel; yet the white man looked on with the contempt of familiarity.

Before ten o'clock everybody had arrived, and his family with him. A little group composed of the Indian agent, the Agency Physician, the Mission preacher and a newspaper man down from the city for reportorial purposes, waited and chatted, sitting upon a ragged patch of available shadow.

"These Omahas are an exceptional race," the preacher was saying in his ministerial tone of voice, "an exceptional race."

The newspaperman mopped his face, lit a cigarette, and nodded assent with a hidden meaning twinkling in his eye.

"Quite exceptional!" he said, tossing his head in the direction of an unusually corpulent bunch of steaming, sweating bronze men and women. "God, like lesser master-musicians, has not confined himself to grand opera, it seems." He took a long pull at his cigarette, and sent his next words out in a cloud of smoke. "This particular creation savors somewhat of opera bouffe!"

With clerical unconcern, the preacher mended the broken thread of his discourse.

"An exceptional race in many

ways. The Omaha is quite as honest as the white man!"

"That is a truism!" The pencil-pusher drove this observation between the minister's words like a wedge.

"In his natural state he was much more so," uninterruptedly resumed the minister; he was used to continuous discourse. "I have been told by many of the old men that an Indian could leave his tepee unguarded for months at a time, and on returning would find his most valuable possessions untouched. I tell you, sirs, the Indian is like a prairie flower that has been transplanted from the blue sky and the summer sun and the pure winds into the steaming, artificial air of the hot-house. A glass roof is not the blue sky. Man's talent is not God's genius; that is why you are now looking upon a perverted growth. Look into an Indian's face, and observe the ruins of what was once manly dignity, indomitable energy, masterful prowess! When I look into one of these faces, I have the same thoughts as, when traveling in Europe, I look upon the ruins of Rome. Everywhere broken arches, fallen columns, tumbled walls! Yet through these, as through a mist, one could discern the magnificence of the living city. So in looking into one of these faces which are merely ruins in another sense. They were once as noble and beautiful as——"

In his momentary search for an eloquent simile, the minister paused.

"As pumpkin pies which a careless cook has overbaked!" added the newspaperman, as he whipped out his note book and pencil to jot down this brilliant thought, for he had conceived a very witty "story," which he would "pound out" for the Sunday edition.

"Well," said the Agency Physician, finally sucked into the whirlpool of discussion, "it seems to me there is no room for crowing on either side. Indians are pretty

much like white men; livers and kidneys and lungs, and that sort of thing. Slight difference in the pigment under the skin. I've looked into the machinery of both species and find just as much room for a soul in one as the other.

"And both souls will go upward," added the minister.

"Like different grades of tobacco," observed the Indian Agent; "the smoke of each goes up in the same way."

"Just so," said the reporter; "but let us 'cut out' the metaphysics. I wonder when this magic cuggy is going to begin his humid evolutions. Lamentable, isn't it, that such institutions as rain prayers should exist on the very threshold of the twentieth century!"

"I think," returned the minister, "that the twentieth century has no serious intentions of eliminating God. This medicine man's prayer, in my belief, is as sacred as the prayer of any churchman. The difference between Wakunda and God is merely orthographical."

"But," insisted the cynical young man from the city, "I had not been taught to think of God as being one who forgets. Do you know what I would do if I had no confidence in my God's executive ability?"

Taking the subsequent silence for a question, the young man answered: "Why, I would take a day off and whittle one out of wood."

"A youth's way is the wind's way," quoth the minister with a paternal air.

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," returned the reporter; "but what is all this noise about?"

A buzz of expectant voices had grown at one end of the oval and had spread contagiously throughout the elliptical strip of shade. For with slow, majestic step, the medicine man, Mah-ho-wari, entered the enclosure and walked toward the center. The fierce sun emphasized

the brilliancy of the old man's garments and glittered upon the profusion of trinkets, the magic heirlooms of the medicine man. It was not the robe nor the dazzling trinkets that caught the eye of one acquainted with Mah-ho-wari. It was the youthful erectness of his figure, for he had been bent with years, and many vertical suns had shown upon the back of the old man since his face had been turned toward the ground.

But now with firm step and form rigidly erect, he walked. Any sympathetic eye could easily read the thoughts that passed through the decrepid body like an elixir, infusing youth. Now in his feeble years would come his greatest triumph. To-day he would sing with greater power than ever he had sung. Wakunda would hear his cry. The rains would come. Then the white man would be stricken with wonder, possibly with belief! Already his heart sang before his lips. In spite of the hideous painting of his shrunken face, the light of triumph shone there like the reflection of a great fire.

Slowly he approached the circle of drummers, who sat in the glaring center of the ellipse of sunlight. It was all as if the First Century had awakened like a ghost, and stood in the very doorway of the Twentieth!

When Mah-ho-wari had approached within a yard of the drums, he stopped, and raising his arms and his eyes to the cloudless sky, uttered a low cry like a wail of supplication. Then the drums began to throb with that barbaric music as old as the world. Tum-tum-um-um, tum-tum-um-um, a sound like the throbbing of a fevered temple with a recurring snarl like the warning of a rattlesnake.

With a slow, majestic bending of the knees and an alternate lifting of his feet, the medicine man danced in a circle about the snarling drums.

Then like a faint wail of winds toiling up a wooded bluff, his thunder song began. The drone and whine of the mysterious, untranslatable words pierced the drowse of the day, living for a moment with the echoes of the drums in the surrounding hills, and languished into silence. At intervals the old man raised his face, radiant with fanatic ecstasy, to the meridian glare of the sun, and the song swelled to a supplicating shout.

Faster and faster the old man moved about the circle, louder and wilder grew the song. Those who watched from the shade were absorbed in an intense silence, which, with the drowse of the day, made every sound a paradox. The old men forgot their pipes and sat motionless.

Suddenly, at one end of the oval covering grew the sound of laughter! At first an indefinite sound like the spirit of merriment entering a capricious dream of sacred things. Then it grew and spread until it was no longer merriment, but a loud jeer of derision.

It startled the old men from the intentness of their watching. They looked up and were speechless with awe. The young men were jeering this, the holiest rite of their fathers.

Slower and slower the medicine man danced. Fainter grew the song and ceased abruptly. With one quick glance, Mah-ho-wari saw the shattering of his hopes. He glanced at the sky, but saw no swarm of angry spirits to avenge such sacrilege. Only the blaze of the sun: the gliter of the arid zenith!

In that one moment the temporary youth of the old man died out. His shoulders drooped to their wonted position. His limbs tottered. He was old again!

It was the Night stricken heart-sick at the laughter of the Dawn. It was the audacious Present jeering at the Past, tottering with years. At that moment, the impudent,

cruel, brilliant youth called Civilization snatched the halo from the gray hairs and wrinkles of patriarchal Ignorance. Light flouted the rags of Night. A clarion challenge shrilled across the years!

Never before in all the myriad moons had such a thing occurred. It was too great a cause to produce an effect of grief or anger. It stupefied. The old men and women sat motionless. They could not understand. With uneven step and with eyes that saw nothing, Mah-ho-wari passed from among his kinsmen and tottered up the valley toward his shack and tepee on the hillside.

It was far past noon when the last of the older Omahas left the scene of the dance.

The greater number of the white men who had witnessed the last thunder dance of the Omahas went homeward much pleased. The "show" had turned out quite funny, indeed. "Ha! ha! ha! did you see how surprised the old cuggy looked? Ha! ha! ha!"

Life being necessarily selfish, reasons from its own standpoint.

But the minister rode slowly toward the Mission; there was no laughter in his heart. He was saying to himself: "If the whole fabric of my belief were suddenly wrenched from me, what then?" Even that question was born of a sort of selfishness, but it brought pity.

So, in the cool of the evening, the minister mounted his horse and rode to the home of Mah-ho-wari, which was a shack in the winter and a tepee in the summer. Dismounting, he threw the bridle-rein upon the ground and raised the door flap of the tepee. Mah-ho-wari sat cross-legged upon the ground, staring steadily before him.

"How!" said the minister.

The old Indian was silent. There was no expression of grief or anger or despair upon his face. He sat

like a bronze statue. But the irregularity of his breathing showed where the pain lay. An Indian suffers in his breast. His face is a mask.

The minister sat down in front of the silent old man, and after the immemorial manner of ministers, talked of a better world, of a pitying Christ and of God, the Great Father. For the first time, the Indian raised his face and spoke briefly in English:

"God! He dead; guess!"

Then he was silent for some time. Suddenly his eyes lit up with a light that was not the light of age. The heart of his youth had awakened. The old memories came back, and he spoke fluently in his own tongue,

"These times are not like the old times. The young men have caught the wisdom of the white man. Nothing is sure. It is not good. I cannot understand. Everything is young and new. All old things are dead.

"I can remember how my father said to me one day when I was yet young and all things lay new before me: 'Let my son go to a high hill and dream a great dream.' And I went up in the evening and cried out to Wakunda, and I slept and dreamed. I saw a great cloud sweeping up from under the earth, and it was terrible with lightning and loud thunder. Then it passed over me and rumbled down the sky and disappeared. And when I awoke and told my people of my dream, they rejoiced much and said: 'Great things are in store for this youth. We shall call him the passing cloud, and he shall be a thunder man, keen and quick of thought with the keenness and quickness of the lightning, and his name shall be loud like the thunder.'"

And I grew and believed in these sayings, and I was strong. But now I can see the meaning of the dream—a great light and a great noise and a passing."

The old man sighed and the light passed out of his eyes. Then he looked into the face of the minister, and said, speaking again in English:

"You white medicine man; you pray?"

The minister nodded. Mah-ho-wari sighed and said mournfully: "White God dead, too, guess."



Old Woman, old woman, oh whither so high?
 Oh, why are you flying around in the sky?
 I'm up here, my dear, aeromotoring loose,
 Because I was playing the fool—and chauffeuse.
 "With automobilousness I was accurst,
 And one day the tank inconveniently burst,
 So I left the dull earth for this beautiful scene,
 Being hoist with the petard of wild gasoline.
 "Now let this, my dear, be a warning to you.
 Not to fool with the eccentric
 auto choo-choo,
 Or you will, like me, be a
 wandering star;
 A vagabond victim of the touring car!"





The Shanghai Foreign Concession

SHANGHAI

BY A. KNIGHT GREGSON

THIS wonderful emporium of commerce, with its varied industries and institutions, is situated on the banks of the Whangpoo river, near to the Sooshow creek, and having explained thus far, I will now proceed to give the reader a descriptive account of this magnificent city and its approaches.

It was upon a bright and beautiful morning toward the end of October, some years back, that the Canadian Pacific steamer from Vancouver dropped anchor outside of Woosung to discharge certain Shanghai cargo before proceeding on the trip towards Hongkong. The company's tender with agent was soon alongside, into which passengers with

their baggage for Shanghai were hastily transferred, where with three rousing cheers and a "tiger" for the captain, crew and ship that had for so many miles carried us safely across the blue ocean, the ropes were let go, and our tiny craft, with three short blasts of the whistle as a final adieu, was already on the way towards Shanghai, stirring up the muddy Whangpoo water.

A little lower down the river than where lay the C. P. R. steamer were moored a line of battleships, representing the countries of Great Britain, America, Germany, France, Russia and Japan, which, with their enormous guns peering out from the

foredeck turrets, together with numerous small ones, that could be seen staring from each vessel's side, at every conceivable angle, looked to me altogether too formidable for the apparent peaceful aspect of every thing around.

On board the American man-of-war as we passed the band was playing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and as on that still and lovely morning I with delight listened to the strains of that glorious melody, with no other sound save the measured beat of the tender's engine, the thought that came uppermost in my mind was this: "How long would it be ere I should once more see that sweet land of Liberty?"

The Woosung forts, which we passed quite close, were gaily dressed with many flags of gaudy color, and beyond which were anchored two magnificent mail steamers, belonging to the Peninsula and Oriental and Messageries companies, where, midst much noise of steam wenchies and rattling chains, the cargo was hove up from the holds and lowered into lighters that lay alongside.

Among the new arrivals on board the tender was a young man from the Old Country, to whom I undertook to point out and explain the various points of interest passed on the way towards Shanghai, as follows: "We are now approaching the Woosung bar, and the signal station you see on the right-hand bank of the river belongs to the Imperial Maritime Customs. The drums hoisted at the yard-arm of the flag-staff, indicate the amount of water on the bar.

"This Woosung bar," I continued, "which is forever silting up, has from first to last been a constant source of danger to shipping, and much concern to ship-owners and merchants, who after vainly endeavoring to urge the Chinese authorities to take the necessary steps in having the channel deepened, un-

dertook to raise by subscription a sufficient sum of money to defray the cost of a proper survey and report by an expert foreign engineer, which scheme was accordingly carried out; but as I understand that the cost of making any permanent improvement in the present unsatisfactory state of affairs at this particular part of the river would be something considerable, it is more than likely that the whole thing, like most other matters that the Chinese handle, will be put off indefinitely. What is actually required for a river like this, is a properly organized Conservancy Board. The large and increasing trade of the port demands it, and as the question has already been mooted for some time past, probably before long we shall see something of the kind started. During spring tides the water on the Woosung bar rises to 19 and even 20 feet, whilst occasionally it has been known to register as much as 23 feet; but such high tides as the latter are not to be depended upon, being brought about chiefly through the influence of typhoons, which cause the water to be driven up from the lower river.

"The train that you see appearing in sight above the signal station, runs between Woosung and Shanghai. It is only about 27 years ago that the Chinese officials purchased from a foreign firm a similar but somewhat smaller line than this, with all rolling stock, which was shipped on board of a Chinese man-of-war and speedily removed to the Island of Formosa. But since then, the natives are becoming more enlightened, as they now thoroughly enjoy this mode of traveling, which is largely patronized by them.

"Now we are actually on the Woosung bar, a place dreaded by ship-masters and pilots alike, who at all times have in this neighbor-

hood to keep their eyes and wits about them.

"It is not many years since a river boat from Shanghai bound up the Yang-tse was run into by an incoming steamer below here," I continued, pointing to the place. "The collision occurred in the wee sma' hours, upon a very dark morning during the time a strong flood tide was running. The captain of the ill-fated steamer appeared from the first to have thoroughly realized how badly damaged beneath the water his ship was, as from all accounts, poor man, even in all the excitement which followed the disaster up to the last moment, he never left his post, but gallantly stood on the bridge by the telegraph, ever cool and collected, vainly endeavoring with full speed ahead to beach the ship. But alas! although the shore seemed so near at hand, it was found impossible to accomplish this, owing to the strong tide catching the steamer, which with bow sunk deep and a flooded forehold, the propeller being raised in the air, drifted helplessly out into the middle of the river, and then sank, carrying down with her all on board, the captain, chief officer and engineer, besides several other members of the crew, all of whom were drowned, together with many native passengers. Thus for those was crossed the last and dreaded bar of all.

"Upon the left side of the river, alongside of which we are now passing, the country for miles inland is largely used in the production of various kinds of grain. Whilst over on the opposite side of the river, between Woosung and Shanghai, cotton is raised in considerable quantities."

Still addressing my fellow-passenger, I said: "You observe the steamer with the red funnel that is just ahead of us bound up river? Well, you might not think it, but that vessel, which, by the way, is

one of the finest that runs on the Yang-tse, was actually built at Shanghai, right in the very dock we are now drawing towards. There are five docks at Shanghai, the Cosmopolitan, Oriental, Tunkadoo, also what are termed the Old and New docks, all of which belong to one company, registered under the name of S. C. Farnham, Boyd & Co. I've heard it remarked time and again that every one of the directors of that concern is as good as any twenty men, and it seems like it, the manner in which the work is going ahead, with every yard full, and more vessels waiting outside to go in for repairs and general overhauling.

"The buildings with the tall chimneys which you see in the distance over the right side of the river, are the various cotton mills that some few years ago were, amidst much enthusiasm on the part of directors and shareholders, who looked for glorious results, set a-going. I never went much on that stock. You see, with a large importation of Bombay yarn, and excessive Lekin charges on the raw product in this country, it was hardly possible to turn out from the spindles anything that would repay the cost of labor and leave any margin for dividends. And so the Shanghai cotton mills up to the present have not been a success, and as far as I can see, are never likely to be. The shares are Tls. 100, fully paid up, and at the present time you can purchase as many as required for half that figure, and probably less.

"The immense oil tanks we are now passing on our left are largely used for storing consignments of kerosene which arrive here regularly from various parts of the world in steamers properly constructed for the purpose.

"That tremendous stretch of wharfage on the right bank of the river, alongside of which are lying so many steamers, taking in and dis-

charging cargo, is owned by the Honkew Wharf Company. Now, that is good stock if you like, and the one who holds a few hundred of the shares is to be congratulated, as there is no better or safer security in all China than those very self-same wharves, which, under capable management, never fail to pay up regular and substantial dividends to the shareholders."

Continuing, I said: "You no doubt are much surprised at seeing so much business, bustle and activity about, which with the numerous shipping at anchor in the stream alongside the wharves and in dock, from where comes the sound of many hammers, one might almost imagine that they were sailing up the Mersey, or Clyde, instead of the Wangpoo towards Shanghai."

"Hard a port!" I heard the Captain of the tender call out, and as the wheel flew over, and the rudder chain cracked for all they were worth, our little craft was skillfully maneuvered between two steamers at anchor, and past a long string of lighters, which with tug boat ahead flew past on the way down river.

"Pretty close shave, that," I remarked, but there, if you want to see tow boats handled, Shanghai is the place. The skippers of those crafts are all nerve and no fear, and it's absolutely necessary they should be so, else the large amount of dangerous navigation in this crowded shipping thoroughfare could never be carried on in the manner it now is. Those lighters with the tug boat ahead that we just passed, are being towed down for the steamer at Woosung, probably for the one we came over by, as I heard the pilot saying before I left that there was a large cargo on board for Shanghai, and that he did not expect to get finished and over the Kintoan flats until the night tide.

"Now, tug and cargo boat shares are well worth any one's attention, as they do a grand business, both

of them, and make excellent returns to shareholders. But there, when I get on talking of shares I never seem to know when to stop, and I expect that is just what you are at the present time thinking."

"Oh, not at all," replied my friend. "Quite the contrary, as I have been vastly interested in all I have heard from you about this most beautiful city of Shanghai, which I now see for the first time."

"The foreigners at Shanghai," I continued, "possess a first-class yachting club, as you may imagine on taking a glance at that fine fleet of boats which, with wings spread out, and a nice breeze, are now all of them rounding the Pootung Point up there," pointing to the place. "This being Saturday, the usual race is on, which is from abreast of that large, white-painted hulk you see moored opposite the bund, to Woosung and back. The yacht that is slightly in advance of the rest, carrying a crowd of canvas as white as a gull's breast, and showing as she heels over a beautiful, clean-cut run where copper bright flashes in the sunlight, is the 'Violet.' I recognize the boat, and besides at the masthead flies the owner's burgee, a blue flag with a white St. Andrew's cross, which I know so well. Splendid boat, that 'Violet,' another sample of what the Shanghai docks can turn out. Why, it would not surprise me if some day Mr. Lipton were to send over here to have a 'Shamrock' constructed to compete for the America's cup—that is, if the people on the Clyde or at Belfast can not soon turn out a winner.

"We are drawing up towards the P. & O. Company's jetty, where our journey ends. By standing over here on the starboard side of the deck, you can just catch a glimpse of the British consular premises and law courts. The large building on the right is the Astor House hotel, and a little further below that are

the Japanese mail steamer wharves.

"But now, just look at the public gardens which we are passing, and tell me what you think of them. Beautiful? I should say so, indeed! No place like it in the East. What with lovely tropical and other flowers of all kinds, with trees and shrubs of rare specimens, and numerous ferns and creepers of various sorts in many a shady nook and corner, all form a delightful picture to contemplate. And with the band playing soft music on some still summer's evening, and crowds of bright-eyed foreign children in costumes gay, all frolicking about upon the greensward around the music stand, from which the electric lights flash out, whilst the older folks recline in long cane chairs, the effect is simply gorgeous in the extreme.

"But now we are actually alongside of the jetty, and as the gang-plank to the shore is out already, I will just see you as far as the bund and point out some of the magnificent buildings that adorn this city. Now, right along this most excellent roadway looking towards the south you will observe on the right one long stretch of splendid stone buildings, among which are banks, mercantile and other houses of business, with not a few palatial residences, the architecture of which lends an air of grandness to this most important town.

"The large red building with the clock tower is the new Customs House. Listen, there go the chimes for the hour of noon, the sound of which takes one back to Westminster. Nothing dull or depressing about this go-ahead place, I can assure you. Just look at the mass of human life in carriages and rickshaws rushing to and fro along the bund. See over the way there, that broker with one foot on the carriage and the other stretched out all ready for a spring. There he goes, flying up the stone stairs and into the door

of a princely hong to report another drop in the Stirling Exchange, and before you can say boo, he is out again and into his trap, where with pony in a white lather, he goes skeltering off down the bund toward Shanghai Club.

"You say that your friend lives out in that fashionable locality, the Bubbling Well road, and that being the case you had better jump right into a rickshaw here, and I'll tell the coolie where to set you down. No doubt we will meet during the next day or two, so I will merely say *au revoir*," and with that, my pleasant shipmate waved good-bye and was off in his miniature carriage, with John Chinaman between the shafts stepping out in good style.

Soon I found my way along to the Shanghai Club, where there was no difficulty in getting a friend to put down my name as a visiting member. The elegant hallway of the club on this day seemed literally packed with foreigners, the buzz of whose voices mingled with the noise of corks popping at the bar, where various concoctions were mixed in an adept manner by celestials dressed in blue.

As far as I could make out, everyone's thoughts seemed centered upon the autumn race meeting which commenced on the following Monday. And as the weather appeared all that could be desired, the prospect of some good sport was looked forward to with a considerable amount of pleasure by all lovers of horse flesh.

Suddenly some one came rushing up the club steps, and collared hold of a man who was standing near to me, saying in an undertone: "Have you heard the latest, old man?"

"No, what is it?" replied the other. "Anything exciting?"

"Exciting! I should just say so, indeed. Another riot up the Yangtse, and for pity's sake don't say anything about this, otherwise it will be all over the place and scare

the ladies to death. But it is reported that two more missionaries are murdered. Whatever is going to be the end of all this business I cannot say, but if China does not hurry up with reform and keep the peace, she will have her country partitioned up safe as eggs are eggs."

In the afternoon I went with some friends for a drive along the bund turning up the Nankin road, that fashionable shopping locality, where are to be seen all kinds of stores with windows gaily decked to tempt the purchaser. From there we drove along the maloo, where on either side were native shops of all kinds, continuing on until the race course was reached, where I noticed several ponies warmly clothed being led around by their mafoos. From thence we drove all along the beautiful Bubbling Well road with its shady trees and lovely foreign houses, with extensive grounds and elegant gardens, eventually reaching Sicawei, where, after a brief stay, a start was made for home.

In the evening I went to see a play at the pretty little Lyceum Theatre, which was most enjoyable, and on wending my steps homeward my attention was suddenly attracted by hearing the noise of horses' hoofs, and wheels. At first it occurred to me that it was a run-away, but on standing still and looking in the direction of where the sounds came from, I perceived horses harnessed to a fire-engine, tearing along toward me at a terrific rate. The moon, which just then peeped out from behind a cloud, shed its rays upon the firemen who, with helmets and axes bright, stood clustered around the brass engine, forming quite a brilliant picture as at midnight they hurried along to render assistance in putting out some fire. The fire brigade of Shanghai, which is composed only of volunteers, is probably the most efficient of its kind to be found in the world.

The next day being Sunday, I attended divine services at Trinity Cathedral, where I enjoyed very much listening to some really good singing and an excellent sermon.

On Monday, the 3d of November, the scene on the Shanghai race course was one of animation. In the grand stand might be seen all the fashion and beauty of Shanghai, who with binoculars scanned eagerly the gentlemen, jockeys and ponies in the canter preliminary to a race. Suddenly the bell is heard ringing, whilst every horse is by rider carefully, and amidst some trouble on the part of fractious ones, brought to face the starter. "They're off!" resounds, and with the noise of many hoofs on the turf, the ponies simply fly around the course, whilst jocks in silks of colors bright, with coaxing, whip and spur do urge each steed beneath them on to win the race.

Some one calls out, "The favorite is ahead!" "Go it, Peacock and Yellow!" "The favorite wins!" For the moment, every one seems to hold their breath. The excitement is intense, as five ponies come tearing down the straight, with Blue and Gold a full length ahead. But all at once a cheer goes up, and ladies wildly wave their handkerchiefs as a bonnie brown pony that has been carefully piloted along the rails, is seen bravely making a dash for the fore and challenging the leader. As the ponies draw up abreast of the grand stand, the noise is deafening, what with cheering and shouting: "Go it——!" "Well ridden ——!" whilst the jockey, who it is seen wears the dark blue and silver, lets the brown pony have its head, and which, now going like steam, passes the favorite some fifty yards from home, winning the race by a head, hands down. Numerous congratulations are then showered upon the jockey and owner, who leads his pony off the course amidst much cheering, while the band strikes up

"See the Conquering Hero Comes."

That night there was a big dinner on at the ———, where I had the pleasure of meeting my fellow passenger by the C. P. R. steamer, who joyfully exclaimed upon seeing me: "I am so glad to have had an opportunity of speaking to you again. I saw you at the races, but you seemed so fully occupied in talking to people that there was no chance for me to get a word in. What I particularly wish to say is this—that I have got my orders to go to Wuhu, and I'm leaving for there to-night."

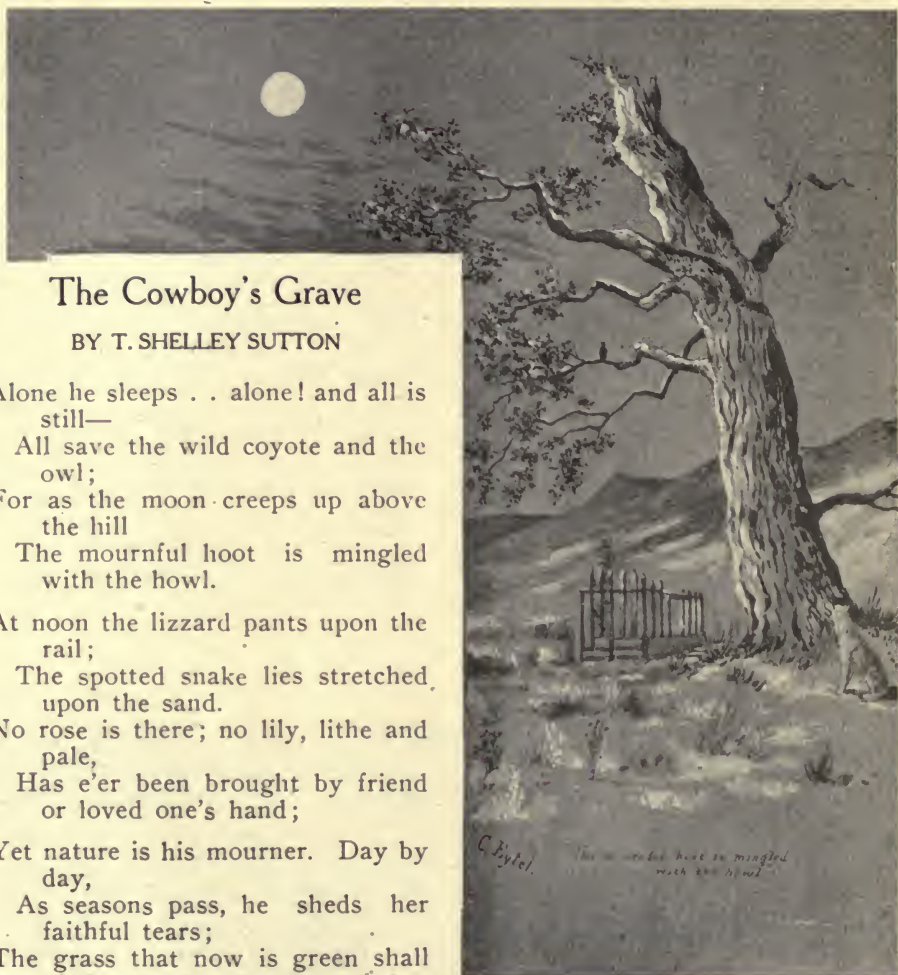
"Why, how singular," I replied, "it never occurred to me to mention it before, but Wuhu is my port, and I am also starting to-night, which means that we shall again be ship-mates, seeing that there is only one steamer scheduled to leave, and that

is the one with the red funnel I pointed out to you on the way up river: Well, we will be certainly sure of a pleasant trip, that's one thing, as the skipper is an excellent fellow, and will keep you laughing all the way up river in telling us some of his various funny stories."

"But please tell me," continued my friend, "what sort of a place is this Wuhu, as I have heard some very rummy stories about the port."

"Well," I replied, "all I can tell you is this. I have lived a good many years in the place, and it has been my happy lot to meet there some of the most charming ladies and best fellows it is possible to find the world over; and if shooting, tennis, tea and dinner parties are any inducement, you can have lots of such amusements."





The Cowboy's Grave

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON

Alone he sleeps . . alone! and all is still—

All save the wild coyote and the owl;

For as the moon creeps up above the hill

The mournful hoot is mingled with the howl.

At noon the lizzard pants upon the rail;

The spotted snake lies stretched upon the sand.

No rose is there; no lily, lithe and pale,

Has e'er been brought by friend or loved one's hand;

Yet nature is his mourner. Day by day,

As seasons pass, he sheds her faithful tears;

The grass that now is green shall pine away

And bend in grief above his sleep of years.

And in the morn, when sombre night has flown,

Her path is marked with sorrow, where her eyes

Let fall their pearly tributes. She, alone,

Is ever faithful; and the breeze that sighs

Upon his tomb gives utt'rance to her grief;

The rain that bathes her verdure tells of Love;

There is a sob in every rustling leaf—

A light of pity in each star above.

And so the wild coyote and the owl

Maintain their nightly vigil; and the hill

Resounds the dirge of mingled hoot and howl—

The requiem which Nature gives him still.

AN AFFAIR IN A VESTRY

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

SERVICE was over, and the Reverend John Poindexter was resting quietly in the vestry. The elaborate ritual had been carried out without a mistake; even the choir-boys had not misbehaved themselves, and the acolyte, whose red cassock had at first scandalized a congregation accustomed to an evangelistic rector, had at last satisfactorily performed his part of the ceremony. The faint odor of incense penetrated the vestry from the chancel, and the clergyman dozed in his ample chair, the warm sun beating upon him through the window.

He was an ascetic, so he persuaded himself, a celibate who held strong views upon the marriage of the clergy. He had satisfied his naturally sensuous temperament with the fragrance of incense, the colors of stained glass, and the beauties and harmonies of an involved ritual. But temperament is a wilful thing, hard to put to sleep or to buy off with a substitute, and the leaven worked in the rector as he dozed in the vestry with the sun warm upon him.

He nodded drowsily; light branches brushed tenderly against the windows, making strange effects against the green and gold, orange and scarlet, and in him there stirred uneasily the passion of beauty, esthetic ecstasy, the little torment which he had so far always lulled with ecclesiastical spells.

"A lady and gentleman wants to see you, sir," said the sexton, putting his head in at the vestry door.

The clergyman rose with a yawn, stretched himself with an air of impatience, and assumed a clerical dignity which well became him, and

which the ladies of the Sunday-school always admired.

"Give me my cassock, Jenkins," he said, and the sexton took it from the cupboard and handed it to him. It was a beautiful cassock, rich and silk, with a broad band from which hung a long, soft fringe. The clergyman slipped into it, and the sexton fastened the long row of buttons.

"Now, my biretta," and the Reverend John Poindexter, Rector of St. Ethelfreda's, stood ready to receive his visitors.

They came in, a middle-aged man, tall and austere, and a beautiful girl, not more than twenty-three, graceful and dignified. The couple paused at the door for a moment, a moment in which the clergyman appeared to himself to lose the sense of his own identity. He who had lorded it over Sunday-school teachers, to whom the ladies of the King's Daughters had been merely so many souls to be kept neat and trim by frequent fastings and regular communions, felt for the first time in his life a certain trepidation in the presence of a woman. Still he showed no emotion. The well-trained figure stood firm and erect; the mouth stern with the rigidity of years of repression never quavered; no movement, even of the tassel on the biretta, testified to any disturbance of his mental balance. He looked at the man and fancied in some indistinct way that he remembered him.

"We wish to be married," said the latter, and produced a paper, the regular license. The clergyman looked at it and appeared to recognize the name, without consciously placing it, however.

"I prefer not to marry people on Sunday," he said.

"We must marry now," replied the man. "We belong to your church, but unless you will consent to marry us, we must get the minister of another church. We are alone in this town and must be married."

"Have you ever been divorced?" asked the clergyman quietly and casually, for the question was the customary one.

"Yes, I have been divorced," answered the man, looking somewhat perturbed as he said it.

The girl whitened visibly at the words, and hesitated, evidently undetermined whether to speak or not, and finally with an effort said hurriedly, almost blurted:

"You never told me that, Andrew."

"Because it did not seem necessary," said the man.

"But I should have known; I ought to have been told," said the girl.

"Would it have made any difference?" softly asked her middle-aged lover.

She looked at him quietly for a moment, then the passion leaped into her eyes so plainly that even the clergyman saw it—the positive glow of enthusiastic love.

"No, dear," she said, "it would have made no difference."

The quiet, composed words reminded the clergyman of the fact that he was staring absorbedly at the girl. The clerical sense of dignity, which had so often helped him when perplexed came now to his aid against the demon which had arisen in his heart.

"You have been married and divorced. I cannot marry you," he said at last, with coolness and finality.

"But I was not the party to blame. The Church allows one divorced to re-marry under certain circumstances," said the man.

"I would rather not marry you,"

said the priest, and as he said it, he looked again and he knew the man.

In a moment the scene recurred to him. Years before he had seen his sister married. He remembered how she went up the aisle of the little country church, the rector of which his father was, for the Poindexters had always furnished a priest to the church. Even the sound of the organ was in his ears. He could see his father, clad in the long, flowing surplice of the evangelicals, standing at the little, bare altar, at the end of the ugly wooden chancel. He remembered in that flash how pretty he had thought his sister, boy as he was, how sweet and gentle she looked in her youth—she was but eighteen—leaning upon the arm of her young husband as they walked back from the service, the husband who now stood before him.

When the truth came to the rector, instinct, the old, old instinct of family pride rose supreme. He felt the hot wrath as he shouted, rather than said:

"What have you done with my sister?"

The sexton, hearing the voice, and thinking that the rector had called him, opened the door which led from the vestry to the church. The sanctuary was visible, and a blue haze of candle smoke and incense still hung high up where a beam of sunlight fell upon it, all aflame with the color of the glass. That was enough. The priest re-asserted himself over the man. His hand instinctively and mechanically sought the peccatorial cross.

"I do not need you, Jenkins," he said, and as the sexton withdrew, the scene was continued. In fact, the three people had stood there in stiff rigidity, looking almost comical, as if they were posing.

Again the rector asked, this time calmly and with an almost dangerous suavity: "Where is my sister whom you married?"

The light of battle came into the eyes of the man, but he was evidently mystified by the question, and the clergyman went on:

"You married my sister twenty years ago—my sister, Marion Poindexter. I remember you. I was at the wedding."

"Yes," came the level answer, "I married Marion Poindexter, from whom I have since been divorced."

"But why divorced?" asked the clergyman.

"I have told you that it was not my fault; that I was the innocent party," replied the man.

The young girl kept silence. She had found the strain too much for her, and had seated herself and sat upright, looking with a sort of impotent surprise upon the proceedings. Now and again she ventured to regard the priest, and a troubled look came on her face, but when she turned her eyes upon the man, the trouble cleared and confident love shone out in her whole attitude.

"How do I know that?" asked the priest.

The man pulled out his pocket-book, rummaged in it for a moment, and then handed the priest a letter.

"Here is the last letter that she wrote to me," he said, "the letter upon which the divorce was granted."

The priest read it gravely, and without the slightest sign of emotion; then he handed it silently back. Both stood still for a moment, and it was noticeable that the hand of the priest again closed on the pectoral cross.

"It is a shameful story," he said at last. "Where is she now?"

"She has left the man for whom she left me, and is now in Denver with the wildest," he said.

"But you are responsible for this thing. She was innocent when she married you," said the priest; "she was only eighteen."

"She was never innocent," the man replied, deliberately. "She

was never innocent," and he looked a haggard man of sixty. "She was always the slave of her senses. Sometimes it was colors and perfumes, sometimes worse."

The priest instinctively touched the smooth silk cassock, and his beautiful hand looked white and delicate against it. The breeze, blowing softly in, opened the door of the church which the sexton had not properly closed, and the odor of incense, of lilies and candle smoke and the perfumes of the rich dresses of women penetrated the vestry, languorous and sensuous and sweet.

The priest turned to the woman. "You have heard us," he said. "He married my sister. He has made an outcast of her. Will you marry him?"

"Yes," murmured the girl, very softly, but very firmly.

"You will marry this man who took my sister at eighteen, and is leaving her amid the vilest? She was so pretty"—and something like a sob caught the even voice for a moment. "You will marry him?"

"Yes, I will marry him," and the answer was firm, confident and strong.

"But he will throw you away, as he has thrown her," pleaded the priest.

"What care I for the future? I love him now," said the girl.

"So did my sister," replied the priest.

"But I am not your sister," said the girl. "Your sister was sure of nothing, not even of herself. I am sure of myself."

The words were spoken quietly and slowly, in an even level voice, without a touch of anger or of passion. She was strong and unfaltering, confident of herself. She had no need of outside stimulus. She was self-sufficient. Even the man who had won her looked small and insignificant beside her, and the priest merely an epitome of culture—hardly a man.

There was another of the awkward pauses which the priest broke. "I cannot marry you," he said. "You see, it is impossible; it is against the canon."

The man and the girl moved towards the door. The clergyman raised his voice. "I shall go to Denver," he said, "for my sister. If what you have said is false, the

Lord will judge you."

If what he said is false, he will reckon with me," said the girl.

And the two went into the sunshine where the roses hung thick in the churchyard. The priest watched them up the path, then turned to the little oratory which led off the vestry, entered, and closed the door.

AN ERROR

BY ELLIS REED

He wooed her, and won her, and wed her;
 (The story is now rather old),
 From his heart's richest chalice he fed her,
 (We are sure you have oft' heard it told.)
 And he carried her back to his mansion,
 His hopes springing high as he rode,
 And he crowned her "The Queen of Creation"—
 But her realm was his one small abode.
 For a week or a day—or a minute
 (Surely this tale you have heard)
 She sang like a most gracious linnet.
 (We're certain you know every word.)
 But soon she grew used to his homage;
 Soon the "new" had worn off of his smile,
 And she grew to believe from his worship
 She really was something worth while.
 Oh, it isn't our thought for an instant
 To belittle this lady of lace.
 (We are sure you have oft' met her species
 And have read her true worth in her face.)
 But we can's help a tear in the passing,
 For we knew the poor devil quite well,
 And we saw, as he saw, that his "heaven,"
 Was really a word that spelt "hell."
 He doesn't speak much now of women.
 (The story is old, you'll admit),
 And his smile has a hint of the gloaming—
 (There's a shadow somewhere over it.)
 Oh, he treats her as gallant as ever—
 Would still give her love if he could,
 But he knows he's been fooled in his bargain,
 And his spirit has gone to do good.
 Yes, we know you've scant patience to spare him.
 (We warned you you'd met him—above.)
 And you'd never think once to admire him
 As the hero who'd conquered his love.
 But with us—we are men and have suffered!
 The one saddest thing in this life—
 The most hopeless; even of pity;
 Is the fool with a mis-mated wife.

PORT ARTHUR

Being Descriptive of Personal Observations During

the Early Days of the Japanese-Russian War

BY CHARLES E. LORRIMER

Correspondent Overland Monthly in Manchuria

I TOOK my passage for Port Arthur on the S. S. "Amur," a fine vessel of 2,000 tons.

The "Amur" is a splendid vessel elaborately furnished and fitted up with a saloon all cupids and cornucopias, kept scrupulously clean. She had, at this time, a Russian Captain and officers, and a mongrel crew, half Russian, half Chinese.

By daylight on Tuesday, the southern point of the "Regent's Sword" (Liautung), as the peninsula is named, was visible, a grey line on the horizon.

Before actually entering the harbor of Port Arthur, several hours later, we passed on the left for some thirty minutes a high coast range. Then we saw the entrance distinctly, a narrow slit like a sabre cut in the hills, where one range forms a right angle with another. Even from this distance the careful observer can see the heights are strongly fortified, guns and sentinels being sharply silhouetted against the sky. As every one knows, the promontory, which runs from west to east, gradually flattens towards the east. The shining tents of the garrison were scattered over this slope like a flock of white pigeons. Opposite them the larger vessels of the Russian fleet lay anchored. I made out the names of the "Retvisan," the "Czarevitch," and the "Petropavlosk" as we passed.

These big ships cannot always enter the very narrow harbor, which

is shaped almost like the mouth of a rat-trap, to the great inconvenience of navigators. If it were not for the narrow approach, Port Arthur could easily be made a splendid naval base, as its strategical importance, commanding as it does the gulfs of Pe-chi-li and Liao-tung and the Bay of Corea, is great. But two large vessels meeting in the funnel-like passageway must be steered with extraordinary precision—a quality for which their best friends could not give the Russians credit—to avoid a collision.

A light-house winks its yellow eye on the western hill. On the eastern side, strong fortifications look down menacingly. The signal station can also be easily distinguished on the latter slope, hedged in by a fringe of batteries.

The actual harbor of Port Arthur is two miles long from east to west and a mile from north to south. High hills surround it, and two dangerous reefs further protect the southwestern end from severe storms. A small spit of land known as the "Tiger's Tail," where the Commissariat Department Godowns are situated, divides the harbor into the east and west basins. The headlands around the East Basin, which was originally constructed by the Chinese (under French supervision) as an anchorage for their war junks, enclose several little bays at present shallow and unprofitable, but the Russians have some hazy idea of dredging these in order to add to the

small area of deep water that the harbor already possesses.

It is difficult to describe in a few hundred words one's first impressions of Port Arthur, a heterogeneous city without a plan—half European and half Chinese. Most of the houses scorn respectable street frontages, and face any point of the compass which happened to please the fancy of the builder. The new town is half magnificent; the old town wholly dingy.

The magnificence of the former, however, has never cropped out in the private dwellings, as most of the Russians have had to content themselves with cheaply-built wooden houses—very often Chinese houses adapted. The Government officials (of whom there must be two to every three inhabitants, I should judge, by the number of be-uniformed men we passed in the streets) live in the simplest temporary buildings of dreary black brick or wood. The furniture and interior fittings are generally primitive, in glaring contrast to the luxuriant, extravagant style in which the inmates live, with all the dainties and delicacies that the market and the Siberian railway afford on their overloaded tables, with sweet Roederer champagne flowing like water from morning till night.

The residential quarter, called New Port Arthur, is situated behind the western harbor, and there are to be found all the houses of the officers, officials and merchants, while the theatres, hotels and restaurants are close by.

The most prominent building in Port Arthur, towering head and shoulders over its neighbors, is the new hotel. It was built to be sublet to a private company by the Government at a cost of over 5,000,000 roubles. A splendid facade of white marble, an entrance hall, and central staircase of almost barbaric magnificence, made this overpowering structure planted in the midst

of cheap wooden buildings, look like a richly caparisoned elephant set down in an aviary of humble sparrows. But then, this is a typically Russian way of doing things. The nation is subject to such sudden outbursts of useless extravagance. Enormous sums of money must have been wasted over the building, and you may feel quite sure comfortable commissions found their way into the pockets of all those officials through whose hands the contract passed.

Pending the opening of this huge caravansary, the hotel accommodation in Port Arthur is delightfully primitive, the establishments dignified with the name of hotels being in many cases simply Chinese rooms subdivided into rooms by flimsy wooden partitions. The beds are hard, and too often tenanted by other occupants than the paying guests; the food scarcely more tolerable; the table cloths prehistoric, and the service careless.

Old Port Arthur is intended exclusively for Government purposes. There the barracks, commissariat and administration buildings have been built. Close by it is the naval basin, or East Port, facing the entrance to the harbor proper, in which those vessels that contrive to enter lie. These are, however, only berths for three battleships. The big dry dock close by that was originally built by the French, is said to be the best of its kind in the Far East. Adjoining it is the Sweet water lake, whose waters, as if in a spirit of rebellion against the name, have a rather bitter taste. Indeed, this lake serves no practical purpose, except that it allows the community of Port Arthur an opportunity to skate during the long winter months.

At the western end of the excavated basin is the torpedo dock, its vicinity literally bristling with the repairing shops of the station and all the various premises concerned in

the business of a dockyard. Near the "Tiger's Tail," where the mud has been dredged away for the purpose, the torpedo destroyers can be seen lying close up to the slips. Here, I was told by the Russians, the destroyers on this station are invariably moored.

Nobody realizes better than the Russians themselves how absolutely insufficient the facilities at Port Arthur are for the large and varied requirements of a fleet. To partially remedy the defect, three new docks, each 700 feet long, were being built, but the outbreak of war did not find them sufficiently far advanced to be of any immediate use.

The Russians employ numbers of foreigners, i. e., non-Russians, in their engineering department, even in the most responsible posts. Once their initial suspicions are overcome the authorities seem to consider the nationality of their employees immaterial, and among the dock hands I noticed Chinese, Japanese and Koreans. English, French and Americans are to be found in the construction and engineering departments, their faithful service being liberally rewarded.

But it is very difficult to gain the Russian confidence—at first. Slavs are by nature intensely suspicious—and the stranger is never allowed to forget in Manchuria that the police are watching him ceaselessly. In Port Arthur the *dvornik*, or house porter, has to attend the Section Police office every morning to give a detailed account of the doings, habits and visitors of each guest in the hotel. Whenever we went out we were watched and followed by detectives in plain clothes, with whose appearance we soon became quite familiar.

It is almost impossible for any outsider to state precisely the strength of Port Arthur, as, naturally, the forts are guarded with extreme jealousy, and no one is al-

lowed near them. Photography and sketching are also entirely prohibited. But the careful observer can detect even from a discreet distance the chain of forts traversing the rugged cliffs of the peninsula. Since their occupation of Port Arthur the Russians have worked continuously and unceasingly at the defenses. To the east of the entrance the Huang-chin Hill, rising some 300 feet above the sea level, is crowned by strong batteries of Krupp guns—probably 14 inch—on fortress mountings, and a little below the crest there are batteries of quick-firing guns. The line of the Huang-chin fortifications continues for forty versts along the coast towards the north. A second line of defences starts from the Man-tow Hill and goes round the peninsula, and the general scheme of land defences extends to Dalny, about two hours by rail from Port Arthur.

Most of the sea batteries are more or less invisible, the guns on Golden Hill being especially well masked, their profiles low and covered with turf.

In addition to its "fittings" as a fortress, Port Arthur has, as I have already said, considerable accommodation for troops, a parade ground which, on occasion, is used as a race-course, a rifle range, a practice ground for artillery, etc.

I met any number of soldiers strolling about the town, chiefly Cossacks of the East Siberian Rifle Brigades, in the white blouses, leather belts, and flat caps familiar to us through the pictures of Verestchagin. He is a good fellow, the Russian soldier, and obeys orders so well—obeys them with an equally unflinching obedience and patience when the sun burns down on the plains and when the intense cold kills even the birds on the wing. The more you see of him the better you like him; his simple nature, with its strong vein of half-barbaric superstition and his dog-



Panorama of Port Arthur

like, affectionate fidelity is wonderfully appealing. I passed close by a camp of Cossacks and watched with interest the men making "schi" or cabbage soup at the doors of their little light shelter tents. They were very cheerful, apparently quite content with their surroundings, and most of them were singing. Song is a great feature of the Russian. Even peasants sing quite easily, in harmony, taking the bass or alto parts in their soft national melodies, which are generally plaintive and sad.

What struck me perhaps most forcibly in Port Arthur was the presence of hordes of Chinese coolies—the majority of them from Shantung—who were engaged in the dockyards. Twenty thousand coolies are said to be employed in Port Arthur; an equal or greater number in Dalny. The Russians alternately misuse them, kick them, cuff them—and then pay them immoderate wages, the result being alternate cringing subjection and veiled insolence. The Chinese coolie plays a very important part in the economic development of a place like Port Arthur, how important few people seem to realize. But without coolie labor nothing can be done in the first instance—roads, forts and dwellings cannot be matured beyond their elaborate paper plans. The Russians have found how vitally important to the future of their towns is a properly acclimatized supply of labor always available. They have therefore offered high wages to attract the Chinese to the new places, and largely the riff-raff, the outcasts from their own people, have responded—an adventurous class with filthy habits and murderous tendencies. They quickly pick up Russian vices (as they do the language) and promptly discard their few original virtues. Such a class naturally contributes to a state of lawlessness. People are frequently assassinated in the

streets of Port Arthur. Indeed, I was told by Russians themselves that over forty deaths by violence occurred during the single month of September, 1903. No woman ever dreams of going out alone after dark, nor would the strongest man go unarmed at night, as to do so was simply to court robbery and violence.

Cholera will probably soon find a foothold among these Chinese laborers, and this danger will injure the town quite as much as any attacking shells.

One of the characteristic sights of Port Arthur is the procession of carriages which race each other through the principal streets in the most break-neck manner every afternoon. The occupants seem under the impression that they are having an ordinary drive, but to a stranger the well-known troika system of harness which allows an unnecessary show-horse to gallop alongside the other horses, gives the impression of a dangerous pastime. It is not by any means uncommon to find a carriage drawn by three fiery horses rushing closely past a ricksha to the imminent danger of the latter, but the Russians merely laugh in their careless way and say, pointing to the Moujik: "Doesn't he drive well?"

In rainy weather the streets are flooded, and for days after they remain a sea of impassable mud. One is forcibly reminded of the great Napoleon's remark that in Poland he had discovered a new element, "la Boue." Polish mud can be but a poor imitation of Manchurian mud. Residents to whom I spoke of the condition of the streets, the petroleum lamps that explode occasionally, and the wretched state of the hotels, always said: "These things will all be changed soon." But "soon" is a vague term, and certainly these inconveniences are so characteristic that Port Arthur



Panorama of Port Arthur

without them would not be Port Arthur.

However, it is not probable that many more strangers will have an opportunity to visit Port Arthur, unless the Japanese capture and open it to the trade of the world. Certainly the Russian intention is to divert their trade to Dalny as soon as that place can do justice to all the demands of the shipping industry.

Dalny is a city called into life out of the desert, as it were, for the special purpose of drawing commerce from Port Arthur, which will then be practically closed and accessible to travelers only in exceptional cases. The Government will absorb it entirely for naval and

military purposes. If Dalny remains a free port—and the Russian Emperor promises it shall remain so—emigrants to the Far East will look upon it as an El Dorado, where trade will have elastic capabilities for stretching and fortunes grow as fast as a snowball rolled up hill, assuring easy and excellent livings to the lackadaisical and the energetic alike. And Port Arthur will then sink back into insignificance as far as the "man in the street" is concerned.

In the meantime, Japan may be clambering over the gates within a few weeks or months. But which ever way Fortune may decide, it is interesting to have seen the inside of the famous fortress-town.

FAITH AND UNFAITH

BY ELEANORE F. LEWYS

The Christian knelt on his cushioned stool,
And voted the priest, in his heart, a fool!

The lesson he knew, but had learned by rote,
Like repeated words in a parrot's throat.

But he dropped his gold in the proffered plate,
And spoke of the sermon as something great!

Perchance the clink of the coin as it fell
Drowned the sound of a future hell.

Or, it might be a sop for his conscience's sake,
For the thought of the slaves he could make—and break.

But he cried as the Spirit of Death stood by—
"Now who has done more for the world than I?"

The Atheist stood near the forest trees,—
"Just lusty brothers of mine are these,—

"One with the great Universal scheme
Of a beautiful Fact that surpasses the Dream.

"Like soldierly figures, rank and file,
Or the solemn stretch of a Temple's aisle,

"With the great sky dome for the Temple's roof—
But for all of this, dear God, a proof!"

And he cried to Death: "The race I ran—
Now, do any better than this, who can?"

Yet in and out, and nothing loath
Crawl the worms through the grinning skulls of both.



Cataract Gulch, Lagunitas Creek

A wild spot in steep ravine.

Photo. French

A VACATION ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

Wild Places on Mount Tamalpais

BY HAROLD FRENCH

RECENTLY, Russell Sage rendered an indignant protest against the taking of vacations and deplored as a pernicious habit the waste of valuable time, energy and the most precious of all earthly things, money. His views were promptly challenged by Senator Depew, who said that a reasonable annual vacation was the most profitable means of insuring a better performance of the year's duties, and also that an employer's interests were better served by the giving of a short period of rest and recreation to faithful employees.

Still, "in the city hived and shut," the majority of the toilers are not

permitted to leave their "carking cares." For these, there is apparently no surcease from the weary routine, while the long summer drags out its dreary monotony in cobbled streets, swirling with dust clouds, mingled with the cheerless, smoke-drabbed fog; alternating at times with stifling heat, two extremes of discomfort.

Many longing eyes have read the descriptions of the summer outings of the Sierra Club in the Yosemite and of the climbing pilgrimages of the Mazamas Club further north. Not for their gaze are the wonders of Shasta, Tahoe, King's River, and countless other places whose beau-

ties are rendered more enchanting by the halo of distance.

Still, near at hand there is a mountain-paradise in which nature lovers may revel in a pleasing variety of scenery that is hard to surpass. Indeed, there are many who have traveled in the wildest parts of this continent, and who yet loyally claim that no more romantic, varied beauty may be seen in any trip of a day's duration than upon the slopes of Mount Tamalpais.

Hither the wood-sick ones may journey to the countless garden-spots which are the pleasure-Meccas of Marin County. Mill Valley, Larkspur, Ross Valley and Fairfax have their mingled charms of semi-civilized forest, and in these places thousands of holiday pleasure-seekers are content to linger. But these are only the jumping-off places from which the hardier ones hit the trails that lead to the remote canyons and forests of the mountain. With staff, haversack, and hob-nailed shoes the disciples of John Muir and Thoreau soon leave "the madding crowd" far behind on the dusty roads, for beyond the western spurs of the moun-

tain lie these secluded canyons of the wildest beauty.

Of these objective points, the most accessible and popular is Sequoia Canyon, which lies four miles to the west of Mill Valley, by a winding wagon-road, which leaves the old mill, ascends a densely wooded north slope, emerges on a grassy divide seven hundred feet above the distant, sail-dotted bay, and undulates downward around many a wooded tributary and jutting point, from which one's delighted eyes drink in a vista of spiry redwoods, two hundred feet in height, which extend in unbroken ranks for several miles up the blue basin of Redwood Canyon. Cut-offs known to the elect, almost halve the distance of the wagon-road.

The only house visible in this panorama of four miles of continuous woods is the lodge of Ranger Johnson, the efficient warden of this section of the Tamalpais Sportsman's Club preserves.

The forests of Sequoia Canyon are strictly primeval, no lumbering ever having been carried on in this secluded place, and unprofaned to this day have its public-spirited owners preserved its virgin loveliness.

The dusty wagon road dips down at last into a gate-way colonnade of giant trees, whose needles and branchlets have made a soft, peat-carpet, over which ones feet glide in silent delight. The wagon road follows the course of the stream for nearly a mile upward through an exquisite variety of stream-haunting trees, wide-spreading alders, bays and mossy maples, all of unusual size, but nestling like mere undergrowth beneath the dense evergreen branches of the redwoods.

The largest single tree has a girth of forty feet, four feet above the ground, and on account of its size and beauty, has been honored with the name of "Emerson." A brass plate bearing the inscription "Emerson, 1803-1903," was placed



In Redwood Canyon.

on the western side of the tree by a number of worshipers of the great essayist, who celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth in this fitting temple. There are hundreds of trees which are visible from the road that rival this one in size and beauty, one of them having a great fire-burned hollow of sufficient size to hold a party of twelve.

The Bohemian Club, noted for its discriminating taste in its selecting of camping groves, celebrated "midsummer high-jinks" in this redwood retreat in 1892. A gigantic statue of Buddha was erected in a tributary gulch at the end of a symmetrical aisle of great trees. On account of its being very inflammable, it was subsequently demolished.

Here the brook leads a gentle, rippling life, sparkling in the sunshine, shafts which show glimpses of azure sky above the far-off tree-tops. In June and July, heavy white clusters of azalea blossoms hang over glassy pools, log-dammed, deep and cool. Their fragrance is of a most overpowering sweetness that invites the wood-roamer to enjoy a long siesta, beside the crystal, perfumed water. And such water, ice-cold on the warmest noon-day; indeed it is the veritable sap of Tamalpais. The dust has long since been brushed from your feet by the dainty fringe of trim oxalis which vies with luxuriant ferns and huckleberries in the color-scheme of the undergrowth.

The end of the road is at the forks of the stream, where a great log spanning the joining waters is worn smooth as a foot-bridge.

Each branch rivals the other in its dense forests and tumbling cascades. The wagon road now becomes a bridle path, following the gently ascending watercourse; this in turn becomes a foot trail, which leads you on many merry scrambles over fallen logs, now climbing over gentle, mossy cliffs quivering with maidenhair to deep pools into which



Sequoia Sempervirens, Redwood Canyon.

the laughing waters leap ten or fifteen feet at a plunge. The balm of azalea bloom is ever in the air these midsummer months, and however the sun may blister the brushy mountain sides, its rays are deliciously tempered by the cool falls which sing a ceaseless, alluring chorus in the redwoods' shade below.

Above these falls it is not wise to venture far, unless one is experienced in finding his own trail. The footpath merges into an indistinct deer-trail, which, as has been observed in other places, has an uncertain tendency to diminish to a squirrel track, which eventually runs up a tree.

A trail, popular with the more strenuous pedestrians, crosses the lower part of Redwood Canyon (or Sequoia) and ascends a gently sloping ridge which swings off to the west for a distance of three miles through glades of exquisite beauty.

Emerging from a long tunnel of white oak forest, interspersed with lordly firs and redwoods, it passes the famous Lone Tree, which is a conspicuous landmark on the westerly slope of the mountain, nearly fifteen hundred feet above the near ocean.

From this place it descends in a little over two miles to the popular resort of Willow Camp, where surf bathing is enjoyed on the smooth, curving shore of Bolinas Bay. On a Saturday evening there may always be found a congenial company gathered around a fire of drift-wood on the beach, listening to the mysterious nocturnes of the surf.

A new stage-line is now in operation to Willow Camp and Bolinas, connecting with the Tamalpais Scenic Railway at West Point. This road, commencing at an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet, curves around ridges of dense chaparral, which soon changes to a dense forest high on the northern slopes of Steep Ravine. Few roads in the State surpass these six miles of oceanward descent. Giant firs struggle for supremacy with the sequoias, while enormous madrones surprise and delight the traveler. Below through a frame-work of fir branches, the azure tints of the ocean flit by, on its white expanse, distant vessels are a small but clear detail of the picture.

Steep Ravine, which lies between these two routes, is by far the most wild and least explored of all the many canyons of Tamalpais. For a distance of nearly three miles above the shore circuiting Sausalito-Bolinas road, it ascends a series of musical cascades, now lingering in more level parks among the majesty of unbroken, primeval forest. Here are the haunts of rare five-finger ferns and maidenhair which are half hidden by a luxuriant tangle of ferns of all species, including the giant woodwardias.

There is no beaten path up this se-

questered gorge, save an indistinct deer-trail which follows the lines of least resistance. Here the unmolested denizens of the forest, raccoons, wild-cats and deer leave their prints in little sand-bars, adding a peculiar charm to this perfect wilderness. While other routes ring with the shouts and laughter of parties of pleasure-seekers, here is a place where one may spend a holiday in perfect solitude. The writer has reveled on many occasions in this fern-crovet of the Bolinas ridge and has never yet encountered other pedestrians in this spot "where none intrudes."

Its source lies but six miles from Mill Valley, but only the true nature lover will care to explore this sylvan retreat, and it is with these that he desires to share his secret, knowing the delight that comes to those who first press their way downward through the glossy green of the huckleberry undergrowth to the oxalis carpets in the redwoods' shade. Save the varied moods of the mountain brook there is no audible sound but the wind of a summer afternoon in the tree-tops. In the words of Rowland Sill:

"The wind comes hushing, hushing
through the trees,
Like surf that breaks upon an invisible beach."

At times faint murmurs float upward from the distant breakers, crashing on the cliffs of Rocky Point. If fog gathers on the Pacific, some siren of a cautious steamer may faintly apprise you of that fact, and as you climb backward up the ridges, you may obtain wonderful views of that curling avalanche of fleecy summer fog as it floats around the outlines of the coastward hills.

Another canyon nearly as remote from the holiday crowds is Cataract Gulch, a tributary of Lagunitas Creek, which rises on the eastern shoulder of the Bolinas Ridge. A splendid country road to Bolinas crosses the main stream at a distance

of about six miles from Fairfax, or seven from Ross Valley. Here the road begins to ascend through magnificent forests which sweep far over the range towards Bolinas Lagoon, and soon a second bridge is reached. Here you may leave the dusty highway and walk on velvet, as it were. The trail is very distinct for nearly five miles up stream to its source at Rock Springs, winding over cataracts which plunge over ledges from ten to thirty feet in height. These falls are the especial delight of photographers who endeavor to retain on film and plate the delicate details of foaming water, ferns and forest.

Indeed, these hills of Marin afford numerous delights to those who are able to climb to these wild places,

and many a Saturday afternoon and Sunday may have combined to form a satisfying substitute for a more extensive vacation. There is a growing sentiment among the lovers of Tamalpais that this region is well worthy of being reserved as a State park. Its virgin forests, fern-tangles and foaming, perennial torrents, are dear to thousands of Californians, to whom the words of Whittier may well apply:

"The hills are dearest which our
childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the
streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young
lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the
grassy bank."



Alders in Redwood Canyon.

Photo. French

RADIO-ACTIVITY

Part I.

BY GEORGE ADAM, M. D;

Author of "Electricity the Chemistry of Ether"

THE principal elements spontaneously possessing the property of radio-activity are uranium, thorium and radium.

The energized particles emitted by radio-active substances have been designated by Rutherford as "alpha," "beta" and "gamma" rays. Certain nascent elements of the nature of "gaseous emanations" are also associated with radio-activity; and under certain conditions substances termed "thorium x" and "uranium x" are dissociated from thorium and uranium. Furthermore, chemically distinctive matter is deposited on objects approximating radio-active substances, the objects thereby acquiring the same property. The emanations, the substances designated x, and the inductive material possess only temporary activity. Besides these, there are the final products, resulting from reactions between radiant particles, or between these and other matter, not so far isolated. Rutherford has expressed an opinion that several other nascent products, besides those mentioned, exist in the environment of active substances.

The elements possessing the property of radio-activity have the peculiarity of high atomic weight, thus: Uranium 240, thorium 232, and radium 225 or 256. Radio-active substances are independent of their chemical combinations, hence they may be chlorides, sulphates, or bromides, without impairing their activities.

URANIUM. In 1896, Henri Becquerel discovered that the mineral uranium emitted rays which penetrated opaque substances in a similar manner to X rays. Becquerel

also found that these rays were emitted by all the uranium compounds. He also showed that the rays affected the photographic plate, and that they had the property of making a gas through which they travel a conductor of electricity, thus allowing an electrified body in their neighborhood to be discharged.

THORIUM. Madame Curie showed that thorium, of all the other known chemical elements, possesses the same property as uranium. This element is remarkable for the number of radiant products. Thus thorium X, gaseous emanations, matter causing induced activity, and the various particles constituting the rays, are found associated with its activity.

RADIUM. Radium was isolated from pitchblend by Madame Curie. She found that the pitchblend produced an effect on the photographic plate, and discharged an electrified body in about one-fourth the time that the same weight of pure uranium produced the same effect. Hence she reasoned that a more active element than uranium could be found in the pitchblend. The extraction of uranium may be accomplished by the ordinary methods of quantitative chemical analysis; or by the process of fractional crystallization. In the latter way the Curies have recently obtained samples of radium, 1,800,000 times as active as uranium, the unit of activity being that of one gram of metallic uranium.

The method of measurement of the activities is to note the time in which equal quantities of uranium and radium discharge an electrified body. In general, radium may be

considered as 4,000 times more active than uranium; and in the dark its light shows like that of a glow worm. By solution, radium loses part of its activity, which it gradually regains after deposition. When first deposited it emits alpha rays alone. Gradually the alpha rays are increased and beta and gamma rays appear. It is noticeable that uranium and thorium lose by solution the power of emitting beta and gamma rays, that property being retained by uranium X and thorium X; and also that the emanations do not emit these rays, but only the alpha variety. The temperature in the immediate environment of radium has been experimentally proved to be one or two degrees centigrade above the surrounding atmosphere, and the metal is supposed to give out for each gram of weight sufficient heat per hour to raise one hundred grams of water one degree.

ALPHA (Anode) RAYS. These are found to be constituted of particles twice the size of hydrogen atoms. Rutherford has shown them to be deviable by strong magnetic fields and by electric charges, the deviation taking place in the opposite direction to that of Beta (Cathode) rays under similar conditions. Hence they are considered as carrying a positive charge of electricity. They are projected at the rate of 20,000 miles per second—40,000 times greater than that of a rifle bullet. As shown by Sir William Crookes, the impact of alpha rays against a screen of zinc sulphide, when viewed through a magnifying glass, manifest as multitudinous scintillations or as stars in a clear night. Alpha rays are less penetrating than beta rays, being obstructed by an aluminum plate of .005 centimeter thickness. Thus, by the intervention of such a plate, the alpha and beta rays can be subjected to separate examination. They are almost completely obstructed by glass. The alpha rays render gas

an electric conductor to a greater extent than beta rays; but have less effect on the photographic plate. The rate of emission of alpha rays is not influenced by a change of temperature from that of liquid air to a red heat.

BETA (Cathode) RAYS. The particle of these rays has a mass one thousandth that of the hydrogen atom or two thousandth of the mass of the alpha particle. They have a velocity of over 100,000 (sometimes attaining 175,000) miles per second, more than ten times the velocity of the cathode rays in a vacuum tube, and approaching the velocity of light (180,000 miles.) They are deviated from their course by proximate magnets or electric charges. They are capable of charging bodies negatively, hence must carry negative electricity.

GAMMA (Subsidiary) RAYS. These are the most penetrating of all the rays, and are capable of passing through a foot thickness of solid iron; notwithstanding, their energy is insignificant when compared with that of other rays. They are not electrically charged, and have not been shown to be deviable by proximate magnets or electric charges. It has been conjectured that they are ethereal pulsations. Rutherford supposes them to be a very penetrating kind of Roentgen rays produced at the moment of the expulsion of the beta rays. They are difficult of detection, and are found only with radio-activity of great power. According to results published by Strutt, it is found that, as with the alpha and beta rays, and also as with the cathode rays in a vacuum tube, different gases absorb the gamma rays in direct proportion to their density. This fact favors the view that the gamma rays are ponderable particles traveling at a speed exceeding that of the other rays. The gamma rays passing through air or other gas render it a conductor of electricity, so that

the charge of an electroscope leaks away. They also produce phosphorescent and photographic effects.

Rutherford showed that the relative penetrating power, with a loss of half their intensity of the different types of rays to be as follows: Alpha rays, a thickness of aluminum of .0005 cm. Beta rays, a thickness of aluminum of .05 cm. Gamma rays, a thickness of aluminum of 8. cm.

EMANATIONS OR GASES.

These are nascent elements associated with radio-active substances and possessing temporary radio-activity. They are produced by activities of radium and thorium, but have not been detected associated with uranium. A current of air will carry them away like an ordinary gas, and they may be collected in a separate vessel and their properties examined. Their radio-activity diminishes in geometrical progression with the time—that from radium losing half its activity in four days; that from thorium half its activity in about one minute. They diffuse through porous substances such as paper, but not through a thin sheet of mica. They thus behave similarly to heavy gases and probably have a molecular weight over one hundred times that of hydrogen. The emanations from thorium condenses at 120 degrees C., that from radium at 150 deg. C. They are chemically inert, resembling the gases argon, xenon and krypton. They have only been investigated by means of their radiating property, and have not been brought within the range of the spectroscope. These nascent gases collect on the parent substance and thus supplement the original radio-activity by their acquired property, sometimes to the extent of one-half of the power manifested. The emanations collected on the radio-active substance is liberated by heating or by solution; and when thus treated, radium is said to lose three-fourths of its radio-activity

by the rush of the emanations from the surface. When the emanations come in contact with solid substances, the latter become temporarily radio-active. The induced radio-activity is more readily acquired by bodies negatively electrified, and this fact led Rutherford to believe that the induction is due to positively electrified particles clinging to the surface of the induced body. The emanations give off alpha rays.

INDUCTIVE MATERIAL. The emanations from radium and thorium, diffusing through the air, induce temporary radio-activity in every substance with which they come in contact. This inductive material has definite chemical properties, is soluble in some acids and not in others. When the solution is evaporated, the radio-active material is left unchanged. Miss Gates has shown that it volatilized at a white heat, and is re-deposited on surrounding bodies. It can be rubbed off with leather, and is found in the ash when the latter is burned.

The rate of decay of radio-activity is different in the inductive material from the decay in the emanations. Again the emanations emit only alpha rays, whilst the induced bodies emit both alpha and beta rays. Inductive matter is insoluble in ammonium, but soluble in sulphuric and hydrochloric acids, and acts like a solid. It is conclusive that the inductive material is a product of the emanations, and not the emanations themselves.

THORIUM X AND URANIUM X. If ammonia is added to a solution of thorium, the latter is precipitated, but by the process of the thorium loses more than one-half of its radio-activity. By evaporating and heating the filtrate there is formed a minute residue in which is concentrated the lost activity. The residuum is called thorium X, and its activity, weight for weight, is one thousand times greater than

the original thorium. Thorium X however, loses its activity whilst the original thorium regains its power; and the loss of the one and the gain of the other takes place exactly at the same rate of progression. Sir William Crookes found that uranium behaves in a similar manner to thorium, and that there is a uranium X. Uranium X, however, loses one-half its activity in 22 days, whereas thorium X loses one-half in four days.

It has been stated that the precipitated thorium loses for a time its power to produce the emanations, and that this property is retained temporarily by the thorium X. Precipitated thorium and uranium emit only alpha rays, at least until they regain their activity. On the other hand, the substances X emit beta and gamma rays. (The writer, however, is of the opinion that the emanations are the product of alpha energy. It must be clearly kept in mind that the presence of an electric charge of either quality is sufficient proof of the existence of an unequal charge of opposite quality.)

FINAL PRODUCTS. The products of radio-activity in its various phases disappears entirely and are not detectable by known methods. The only explanation given is that as they were detected by their manifestations of radio-activity, when they become inactive they are beyond recognition. They are not distinguished by the spectroscope or by chemical analysis. It is suspected that the gas helium whose atom may be the particle of alpha rays is an exception to this rule.

FUNDAMENTAL CONSIDERATIONS. Scientists have failed to satisfactorily explain these phenomena. It appears to the writer that the inability on their part rests (1) on the absence of a correct fundamental hypothesis; (2) on the incorrect formularization of an electrical law, which, when corrected, becomes fundamental to a grand

generalization. We will consider these factors:

1. As the principles of force are attraction and repulsion, there must be a unit of attraction and a unit of repulsion; and as force is always associated with matter, there must be a unit of matter representing attraction and a unit of matter representing repulsion. The writer's conception is that a positive electric charge is constituted of UNITS OF MATTER inherently characterized by the principle of ATTRACTION OR CONCENTRATIVENESS; that a negative electric charge is constituted of UNITS OF MATTER inherently characterized by the principle of REPULSION OR DIFFUSIBILITY; and that these units are ultimate atoms which, when united, form molecules which are the physical units of the substance ETHER. From these conceptions are formulated the hypotheses that ETHER IS THE SIMPLEST FORM OF MATTER, and (in the broadest sense), ELECTRICITY HAS THE SAME RELATION TO ETHER THAT CHEMISTRY HAS TO OTHER MATTER.

Here it may be stated that the writer's conception of the free ether molecule is a central nucleus of purely positive matter surrounded by a film of purely negative matter. This arrangement is analogous to that of a planet and its atmosphere, and the relative positions in both depend on the differential qualities of ether atoms. There is no cohesion between ether molecules (1) because the forces of each molecule are completely neutralized within itself; and (2) because of the apposition of negative molecular surfaces which represent repulsion—a truly equilibrated and imponderable molecule held in apposition to others by a spacial equilibrium. Ponderable matter is thus differentiated by its atoms being composed of mixed

units, a demonstrable fact in many instances.

2. The electric law that **LIKES REPEL AND UNLIKES ATTRACT** must be modified. The part of this law signifying attraction between positives and negatives—unlikes attract—and that part denoting repulsion between like forces in its application to negatives, are accepted as correct, not only as regards electric charges, but in reference to the reaction of ponderable matter. The writer, however, has failed to find any evidence that there exists inherent repulsion between positive electric charges, or between electro-positive elements of ponderable matter. On the contrary, an abundance of evidence exists in electrical, chemical and physical reactions of there being inherent attraction between positives. The modification of this law is so important that it may be well to illustrate: If a feather is placed near a positively electrified body it is attracted by the electrification, remains in contact with the body for a short period, and is then repelled. Now the feather is attracted because it is electro-negative matter, (Light bodies are attracted indiscriminately to either sign because they are inductively electrified, the nearest point being oppositely electrified to the primary electrification, hence attraction occurs according to the law of distances.); or because it is inductively electrified or polarized; and simultaneously other matter must be repelled by displacement. The movement of other matter from the electrified body may be termed **RELATIVE REPULSION**. When positively electrified by contact the movement of the feather has three causal factors: (1) Relative repulsion; (2) the mutual impenetrability of the induced fields surrounding the two electrified bodies; (3) attraction between the positively electrified feather and negative charges in the neighbor-

hood. All of these forces act against the **INHERENT CONCENTRATIVENESS** of positive electric charges. The law as reformulated and generalized stands: Inherent attraction (concentrativeness) exists between positive units; inherent repulsion (diffusibility) between negative units; and equilibrating attraction (neutralization) between positive and negative units. A study of electric conduction, of the electrification of gases, of the differential actions of galvanic poles of electrophysiologic phenomena, and of the chemical and physical differential reactions of electro positive and electro negative ponderable elements, is convincing that positive units, whether in ponderable or electric matter, are concentrative, and negative units are diffusible. The writer believes that on the basis of the hypotheses, and on the basis of the law of attraction and repulsion as modified, the phenomenal facts of radio-activity can be explained. However, it is imperative that we call attention to certain analogous or relative phenomena which will enable us the more clearly to understand the other:

(Certain statements in this article may be considered as arbitrarily made, and not in accordance with scientific dogma. The writer can only say that they are conclusions founded upon relative facts, and are sequential to the acceptance of the fundamental hypothesis.)

MOLECULAR POLARIZATION. Molecules may be in a condition of rest or equilibrium like an insulated electric body—that is, they are surrounded by uniform induced fields without poles; or they may be polarized as in a magnetic body—having differentiated poles and differentiated induced fields. Moreover, they may be so situated as to pass from one condition to the other, as in magnetization, crystallization, and physiologic action. Furthermore, the act of polarization may be

accompanied by the transformation of heat into electricity. The following law may be formulated: WHEN MOLECULAR ETHER NOT IN EQUILIBRIUM, AS IN HEAT OR LIGHT, IS BROUGHT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DIFFERENTIAL POTENTIALS, IT IS SPLIT INTO ATOMS FORMING ELECTRIC CURRENTS OR CHARGES.

In the electric cell molecular ether set free by chemical action is split up by the differential potentials of the zinc and copper plates. Molecular ether as heat moving against the junction of the thermo-electric cell is dissociated by the differential potentials of the metals and converted into an electric current. Du Bois Reymond has demonstrated that heat applied to a muscular strip intercalated in a circuit increases the rest current of the muscle; that is, heat by the differential polarity of the muscle is converted into an electric current. Multitudinous facts of infinite variety evidence the correctness of this law. What is particularly emphasized is that molecular polarization presents the differentiated potentials essential to transformation of heat or light into electric currents or charges. Fig. 1 indicates molecules in the electric or depolarized magnetic or polarized states.

on molecules. The first is the inherent quality of the molecule and the second is extrinsic and does not pertain to that quality. However, the electric charge may neutralize the molecular potential. Generally, but not absolutely, the rule prevails that an electric charge on a molecule is of opposite sign to the molecular quality. Thus the molecule of the cathode rays is positive in quality, and it is negatively electrically charged.

MOLECULAR AND ELECTRICAL FORCES. Fig. 2 gives expression to the conception that electrical and molecular forces are fundamentally identical. Its construction is based on demonstrable electrical conditions and on Avogadro's law. Animal cells are evolutionary developments of the conditions portrayed in this figure. The planets, their atmospheres, and interstellar spaces are representative of the several component conditions. signs * and — in the central part of the figure denote the quality of the inherent potentials of the molecules (not electrical charges placed on the molecules.) The induced fields vary in dimensions according to the intensities of the molecular inductive force. The interspaces between the induced fields are free. We will consider what can take place in the component parts of the molecular

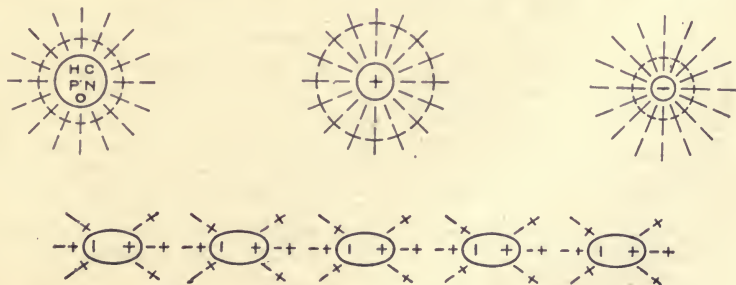


Fig. 1. Types of Molecules in States of Equilibrium and of Polarization. The ponderable molecular bodies are shown surrounded by fields of induction — the intermolecular spaces.

It may be necessary to call attention to the difference between molecular potentials and electric charges

spaces through extrinsic forces: The central or ponderable molecular mass is not dissociated except by

chemical action, but when this occurs it modifies the conditions throughout the molecular space. Small induced fields are occupied by ether, this being the only material so molecularly minute as to enter them. Into larger fields molecules of opposite quality to the primary molecule may enter, the opposite potentials mutually neutralizing inductively but not chemically, and thus altering the dimensions of the fields. Molecules of the same potentials are repelled and cannot enter, but by extrinsic pressure may distort the fields. The interspaces between the induced fields are occupied by material free from the inductive potentials of the primary molecules, as interstellar ether is free. They are analogous to the cytoplasmic spaces of cells, and to interstellar spaces. They may be occupied by ether or by ponderable molecules of either quality minute enough to enter. Molecules by solution or diffusion may so adjust themselves as to obliterate the interspaces. It is important to re-

member that ponderable matter entering the induced field or interspaces displace imponderable ether, thus producing an adjustment of the equilibrium, with the evolution of heat or light. Hence the heat of mixtures. It is obvious that minute particles (molecular chips) passing through a gas may chemically unite with its molecules, thus modifying their inductive potentials, allowing the ether in the induced fields to escape and the molecular masses to approximate and hence becoming electric conductors. Thus, certain rays render gas an electric conductor. Observing that occupancy of the interspace by ponderable matter displaces imponderable ether; that induced fields of opposite potentials may mutually overlap, and of the same potentials mutually distort; and that induced fields are endowed with elasticity, it will be easy to comprehend the fundamental conditions of partial pressures, absorption—co-efficiencies, and differential tensions.

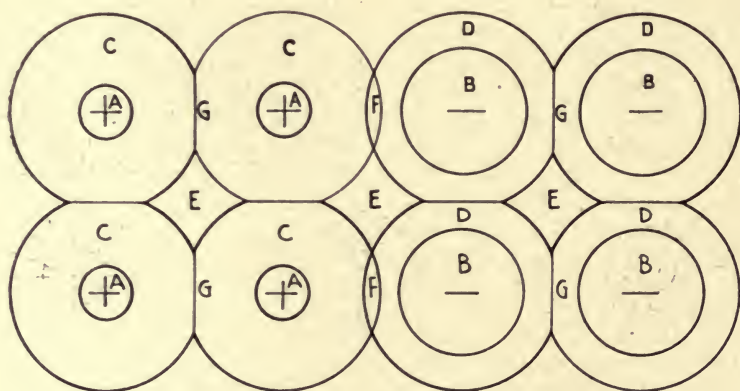


Fig. 2. Representations of electronegative and electropositive molecules of gas;

A, positive molecular mass;

B, negative molecular mass;

C, D, induced fields of positive and negative molecules;

E, free interspaces,

F, overlapping of positive and negative induced fields;

G, distortion of fields showing impenetrability of similar potentials. Their spacial occupancies are equal in dimensions (Avogadro's Law)

NEGATIVE PRESSURE. By this term is mean the force by which a body gains a kinetic potential by means of suction or a vis a fronte. It is physiologically in evidence in various circulatory conditions. Perhaps the greatest manifestation of this force is the pumping of water 400 feet in depth in the celebrated Comstock mines. These mines are drained by the Sutro tunnel at 1750 feet depth, and the engineering problem presented was to lower the water for another 400 feet. Fig. 3 represents the pumping apparatus.

A pipe extends from the surface to the 2150 feet level, whence it returns to the 1750 level. The water in this pipe has, therefore, a static pressure of 1750 feet. At the angle of the pipe at the greatest depth there is an opening covered with a net of wire. The tremendous kinetic force of the water rushing through the pipe has a sufficient negative pressure to suck additional water through the opening. The mine is thus drained 400 feet in

depth. Perhaps the frictional blow is a factor in imparting to the additional water its velocity. It has been stated that 2,000,000 gallons of water from the surface pumps 5,000,000 gallons additional water from the mine.

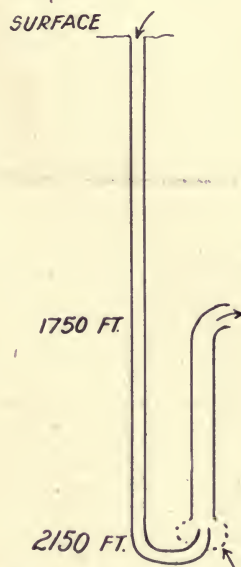


Fig. 3. Pump.

ON SEEING THE "TEMPEST"

BY CAROLINE SHELDON

A storm, a shipwreck, an enchanted isle;
 A banished duke, his daughter fair, a prince
 Who comes to woo; nymphs, elves, and magic tints,
 Strange sights and stranger music that beguile
 The wanderers; brother and friend that plot anew
 Treason and crime against a sleeping king;
 Airy sprite and earthy clod that bring
 His enemies and friends, all, all, unto
 Their lord for judgment. This did Shakespeare dream
 Upon some perfect day, when all the powers
 Of earth and sky and air together blent
 To give him visions, not in a fitful gleam,
 But steadily. Now years have brought the hour
 When the dream is made real. E'en he would be
 content.

The History, Origin and Meaning of Some California Towns and Places

(Continued.)

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BY G. E. BAILEY, E. M., Ph. D.

TREES.

32 A stranger in a foreign land, picking up a railroad guide to California, and reading only the list of names, would realize soon that the State has a wealth of timber, for the very names emphasize that fact. There are towns named PALO ALTO (Tall Timber); PALO BLANCO (White Timber); PALO CEDRO (Cedar Timber); PALO PRIETO (Black Timber); PALOVERDE, PALOS VERDES or LOS PALOS VERDES, all meaning "green trees;" and SILVANIA (Forest Town); SILVANO (Sylvian), or SOTO (a grove.)

MADERA COUNTY was named the "Timber County" because it is a lumber region, and the name serves also to distinguish its resources from Fresno County, which is mainly an agricultural region. The county takes its name from the town of MADERA (Timber), which is now its county seat. The county was organized in 1893, and has an area of 2,140 square miles. By studying the names alone, one could make a fair map of the distribution of the various kinds of trees found in the State.

ASH. ASHTON means literally "Ash Tree Town," coming from the Anglo-Saxon, while FRESNO (Ash Tree) means the same in Spanish. FRESNO COUNTY was organized in 1856, and has an area of 5,940 square miles. The county seat and the river have the same name, all showing the prevalence of ash trees in the district.

LINDEN LINDHURST comes from the German and means "Linden Tree Woods," while LOS LAURELES is Spanish, and means "the laurels."

NOGALES. WALNUT. There were walnut trees here at an early date, for one rancho bears the name LOS NOGALES (the Walnuts), and another CANADA DE LOS NOGALES (Valley of the Walnut Trees.)

OAK. ENCINO. ROBLE. Where one finds an ACORN they may expect to find an OAK, an OAKLAND, or an OAKLEY (Anglo-Saxon for "Oak Meadows"); or an

ACTON, Anglo-Saxon for "Oak Tree Town." The original name of ENCINO was SANTA CATALINA DE BONONIA DE LOS ENCINOS (St. Catherine of Bononia of the evergreen oaks), a name given by Portola in 1769. ENCINAL, EL ENCINO, and the diminutive ENCINITAS all mean the "evergreen oak," as ENCINAL Y BUENA ESPERANZA means the rancho of the "evergreen oaks and Good Hope." ROBLE, EL ROBLE, and LOS ROBLES mean "the oak" and "the oaks," and PASO ROBLES, or PASO DE ROBLES means "Oak Pass."

33. POPLAR ALAMO. *Populus Monilifera*, and *P. Augustifolia* are the varieties of the poplar that are known out West as "cottonwoods" or the ALAMO tree.

Creeks with the name COTTONWOOD are almost innumerable, while the Spanish equivalent are almost as common. One finds in many counties LOS ALAMOS (the cottonwoods); or ALAMILLO, ALAMITOS; and LOS ALAMITOS the little cottonwoods. An ALAMEDA is literally a "poplar grove," or in the colloquial, "a public walk," or promenade in the shade of the trees.

ALAMEDA COUNTY was organized in 1853, and has an area of 840 square miles. The county seat is most appropriately named Oakland, as that tree covers the hills near by. Ranchos are often found with such names as ALAMO BONITO (a good cottonwood); or LOS ALAMOS Y AGUA CALIENTE (the cottonwoods and hot spring.) ALISO, LOS ALISOS, ALISAL and EL ALISAL all mean the "alder tree"; and CANADA DE LOS ALISOS is the "Canyon of the alder trees."

PINE is the prefix to the names of fifteen or more towns located among the pine timber. The favorite Spanish titles are PINO EL PINAL (the pine); TRES PINOS (three pines); PINO BLANCO (white pine); PINOGRANDE (big pine); or such names as CANADA DE LOS PINOS (Valley of the pines.) PUNTA DE PINOS (Point of Pines) on the coast, was named by Vizcaino in 1602.

PALM. The name **PALM** is used with a wide range of meanings, covering many varieties of the order **PALMACEAE**, and including the giant **YUCCA** of the desert, the **CEREUS GIGANTEUS**. **PALMDALE**, **LOS PALMAS** (the palms), **DOS PALMOS** (two palms). **TWENTY-NINE PALMS**, and **YUCCA** all take their name from the giant cacti in their vicinity.

34. SEQUOIA. California has many trees that do not grow elsewhere, and are consequently objects of interest to every visitor. None attract more attention than those known as the **BIG TREES** or **SEQUOIA**. These trees received their name from Dr. Endlicher, who bestowed it in honor of Sequoyah, the Cherokee chief, who invented an alphabet for his language. There are two varieties of the coniferous trees, the "big tree" proper being the **SEQUOIA WASHINGTONIANA** or **GIGANTEA**; and the **REDWOOD**, or **SEQUOIA SEMPERVIRENS**. The redwood was first named by Portola, who called them **PALO COLORADO** (red wood.) There are a number of towns and localities bearing these names, Redwood City being the county seat of San Mateo County.

WILLOWS. **WILLOWS**, the county seat of **GLEN** County, is the translation of the older Spanish name of **SAUCE**. **SAUCITO**, and **SAUSALITO**, are the "little willows"; while **SAUSAL** is the colloquial form of **SAUZAL** (a plantation of willows); also found as **SAUSALITO** (a little willow grove), and **SAUSAL REDONDO** (the round willow grove.)

IN GENERAL. The **CYPRESS** was the funeral tree of the Romans, who dedicated it to Pluto. It receives its name from the island of Cyprus, where the Latins obtained it. The name **CHAPARRAL** is the title given to almost any impenetrable thicket of thorny shrubs. **MESQUITE** comes from a Mexican Indian word, **MEZQUITE**. There are two kinds, the Honey Mesquite (*Algaroba*), and the Screw Pod Mesquite (*Prosopis pubescens*) from which the digger Indians make a kind of bread. The **MADRONE** is the Spanish **MADRONO** (*Arbutus Menziesii*), whose edible berries are known as Madrona apples, and on that account it has been confused by some with the **MANZANITA**, which means literally "little apple," but in California the name **Manzanita** applies only to the shrubs of the species "*Arctostaphylos glauca*," or "*A. pungens*," whose clusters of red berries are a favorite food of the grizzly bear. The **EU-CALYPTUS** was introduced from Australia, and is now a common and well known tree. There are many communities now rich and prosperous that have been built up by irrigating land that was once a desert and covered with desert plants. All traces of the desert have vanished except the old

names, such as **CACTUS**, **LA PITA** (the agave); **ACERICO** (pin cushion), and **ES-PINOSA** (thorny.) In fact the very face of nature has been changed, in places, so that an old-timer would not recognize it. When Commandante Fages was hunting for deserters in 1773, he saw a great lake surrounded by marshes filled with rushes, and he named the place **LOS TULES** (the tules), or bulrushes ("*Scirpus lacustris*."). Farms and fields now cover the country where **TULARE LAKE** once existed. The **TULARE VALLEY** was named by the Spanish Lieutenant Marago, in 1813, the **VALLE DE LOS TULARES** (the valley of the tules); and **TULARE COUNTY TAKES** its name from the valley. It was organized in 1854, and has an area of 4,935 square miles. The county seat is Visalia. **LOS TULARCITOS** means "the little tules."

ANIMALS.

35. ANTELOPE. At the time when the gold hunters rushed into California, game was abundant, and bands of **ANTELOPE** numbered by the thousand, grazed in the Sacramento Valley. In 1851, they were still so numerous that a woodchopper furnished the hotel keeper at Colusa with an antelope each day for his board. To-day the graceful animals are extinct, but their name remains on numerous towns and valleys.

BADGER. The **BADGER** is a good fighter, and therefore loved by the boys in blue, who found plenty of sport teasing them at old **FORT TEJON**. The Spaniards call the animal "tejon," which means also "a wedge of gold"; but we take his name from the Romans, who called him "*Bladarius*," the "corn thief." Towns, hills, and a famous pass bear his name; but some of them may have been named by settlers who came from the "Badger State," Wisconsin.

BEAR. Ever since the "Bear Flag" was hoisted at Sonoma, in June 1846, the bear has found a place on most of California's emblems; but bruin was in evidence, and made himself felt, long before the Argonauts arrived. The soldiers of Portola had a great fight with them in San Luis Obispo County as early as 1767, killing 14; which was certainly enough to warrant them in naming the valley **CANADA DE LOS OSOS** (Valley of the Bears). It does not take so many bears as this, as a rule, to give a name to a place, especially if the bear is a grizzly and hungry; then one is enough, as for example, **OSO FLACO LAKE** (Lean Bear Lake.)

BEAR RIVER, Yuba County, is but a translation of the name **RIO DE LOS OSOS**, given by Captain Luis Arguello, in 1820. It is evident that bears were at one time, almost as innumerable as the good stories told about them, for towns, creeks, harbor, river and valley have simply the name **BEAR**; while other flats, gulch, hill and val-

ley are named for the great monarch of the forest, the GRIZZLY. The Mexican boys who could not cope with bruin tried their skill on the "wild cats," which were so numerous that two prominent places still bear their name in Spanish, LOS GATOS.

36. COYOTE. That thief of the wilds, the COYOTE, or LOS COYOTES, was ever in evidence around the pioneer, and like many other nuisances that both irritate and amuse, his name will go down in history with the towns that have grown up over his burrows. COYOTE HILL and COYOTE DIGGINGS take their name, not from the presence of the animal, but from the fact that the miners had to burrow like coyotes to reach pay gravel. COYOTE HOLES is a spring in the Mohave desert, where a colony of the animals have their home; and the dry borax lake near by takes its name from the springs.

DEAR. ELK. VENADO, the DEER, were as thick as sheep in many districts; while ELK were even more abundant, for it is stated by historians that as late as 1840 herds of 2000 elk were seen grazing around the shores of San Francisco Bay. Their name still remains prefixed to a score of places; but CARIBOU to only one.

GOAT. SHEEP. In the early days, goats were cheap, further south, and the ship captains bought them for food. While their ships lay at anchor in the bay, the animals were given shore leave on GOAT ISLAND until the ship was ready to sail again. AN-GORA PEAK is named for the angora goat, imported into the State; while the IBEX range is named for the Big Horn goats there which the miners misname "ibex."

LOS CARNEROS (the sheep) is the name of a rancho; CORDERO (a lamb) is the name of a town; and CIENEGA O'PASO DE LA TIJERA is the "Marsh or Pass of the Sheep Shearer."

CORRAL.

37. An enclosure or cattle pen of some kind is a necessity on a stock farm or cattle range. Such a structure was called a CORRAL by the Spaniards, and the word has been adopted into our language. If it was built of rocks it was called CORRAL DE PIEDRA; if of earth, CORRAL DE TIERRA; and if they were small, they were called CORALLITOS. The places chosen for the round up corrals on big ranches, were generally near springs, and the corral became first a land mark, and later on the name was adopted by the new town that sprung up there. Other places that have sprung up on land that was once a vast cattle rancho have adopted the name of the boss of the herd, EL TORO (the Bull.)

SMALL ANIMALS.

The small game has not been overlooked in seeking names for places for we have

CHUCKAWALLA, which is the Indian name for a large lizard which they consider dainty food; CONEJO, EL CONEJO, and CONEJOS are named for the "rabbit"; and LA LIEBRE means the "hare." POINT LOBOS (Wolf Point) was named by Rivera in 1774; and PORTUGA means "a tortoise." Even the pests have been immortalized, for we find EL ESCORPION (the scorpion); PULGAS (the fleas); and even EL PIOJO (the louse.)

FISH.

38. The waters, too, have contributed to the list. EELS were abundant in the river of that name. TIBURON means "a shark"; and BALLENA (whale) marks the spot where a leviathan of the deep was stranded. SALMON, from the Latin "Salmo," means the "leaping fish," as welcomed annually to our rivers, and the name helps to remind the outside world that "we can all we can, and eat what we can't can."

BIRDS.

39. ALCATRAZ ISLAND (Pelican Island) is known to every one who crosses San Francisco Bay, for it is a marked object, as it stands there alone and solitary, watching the entrance to the harbor with its guns. ALCATRAZ LANDING, farther south, was known to the Indians as TAJI-GUAS.

BALD EAGLE. The BALD EAGLE is not only on the coins minted here, but on many a crag and peak of the many ranges, and we have a dozen or more places bearing the name of the Bird of Freedom as a prefix; and one place that is known as REAL DE LOS AGUILAS (Camp of the Eagles.)

BIRD SPRINGS is a favorite resort of our feathered friends, in Inyo County.

BUTTERFLY. MARIPOSA. The BUTTERFLY is hardly a bird, but it has wings and associates with the birds, so it may be noted here. The name as used is a translation of the Spanish MARIPOSA (butterfly.) The beautiful Mariposa Lily (Calochortus) has very gay-colored blossoms that excite the admiration of all. It is a native of the State, and early explorers instinctively called it the "butterfly," and gave its name to the river where they first discovered it. MARIPOSA COUNTY and county seat take their name from the river. The county was organized in 1850, and has an area of 1,580 square miles.

CODORNICES Creek is the Mexican colloquial for "codorniz," (the quail.)

CRANE. The CRANE has left its name on flat and valley; in English and in the Spanish, LA GRULLA.

GAVIOTA. GABILAN is colloquial for GAVILAN, and means the "sparrow hawk"; LAS GALLINAS is "the hens"; and LA GAVIOTA is "the sea gull," a name con-

ferred upon the pass by Portola in 1769, the town taking its name from that. GAVINA is colloquial for GAVIOTA.

OWL HOLES is the name of a desert spring where burrowing owls are numerous.

PAJARO. Mexicans used the name PAJARO (bird) to denote all kinds of feathered game; the river in Monterey County received its name from Portola in 1769; the town taking its name from the river.

PALOMA. The bird most loved by the Mexican and American alike was LA PALOMA (the Dove); the name also of one of Mexico's favorite pieces of music.

MINERALS.

40. Many of the mineral resources of the State are advertised by the names of the towns where the crude product is mined, or the refined material is manufactured.

ALABASTER is the compact, translucent variety of GYPSUM that is carved into vases and other ornaments. These names mark three of the many districts where this mineral is mined.

ARRASTRA. Before stamp mills were used the miners ground their ores in the primitive arrastras of the Mexicans; a slow but sure method of saving the gold. In some of the camps these crude mills were so numerous as to give the name ARASTRVILLE to the place.

ANTIMONY is not mined to any extent here, but is found in many localities, a notable district being that around ANTIMONY PEAK.

BEDROCK is the miner's name for whatever formation underlies the gold bearing gravels of the placer mines. When they get down to it, they have reached the bottom, or end, of the pay dirt; hence the slang phrase, "down to bed rock," when funds run out.

BITUMEN. BREA. TAR. BITUMA. BREA and LA BREA all come from the deposits of asphaltum in their vicinity.

BORAX. California supplies most of the borax consumed in the United States. The first borax produced in America came from the waters of BORAX LAKE, in Lake County, in 1862. At BORATE, in the Calico Mountains, beds of borate of lime (colemanite) are worked by the same methods as are employed on mineral veins; and there are numerous springs, both hot and cold, whose waters contain this unique mineral.

CHROMITE. Chrome iron is one of the uncommon ores for which California is celebrated, the extensive mines at CHROMITE being well known to iron manufacturers.

CINNABAR. Quicksilver was mined in the State before gold was discovered, and CINNABAR (red sulphide of mercury) is in the center of a famous quicksilver district.

COARSE GOLD is in a region noted for the nuggets found in its placer.

COPPEROPOLIS ("Copper City") is the center of a large copper district.

DIAMOND. The towns in Contra Costa and Alameda Counties are named for the coal (black diamond) mined there; and LA CARBONERA is Spanish for the "coal mine." DIAMOND in Eldorado County; DIAMOND VALLEY, Alpine County; DIAMOND CREEK, Nevada County; and DIAMONDVILLE, Butte County, are localities where genuine diamonds have been found; generally in the placer washings, but their source remains undiscovered.

41. EL DORADO ("The Gold Field") is a far better name for a city than the old name MUD SPRINGS, which it retained until 1855, especially when it is the center of large mining activities; and EL DORADO COUNTY is the appropriate name for the district in which Marshall discovered gold in 1848. It was organized in 1849, and has an area of 1,891 square miles.

GOLD.

In estimating the value of bullion, pure gold is considered to be 1000 fine. Placer gold runs from less than 750 to over 900 fine, the rest being silver, or other metals. FINE GOLD GULCH miners were proud of the high grade and value of their precious metal. GOLD, and GOLD BLUFF, show the presence of the metal in those localities.

NATRONA is one of the many localities famous for the deposits of "natron," or native sodium carbonate.

OIL. The petroleum industry has advanced by leaps and bounds, and the list of places with OIL as the prefix to their names has just begun to grow.

ORO CHINO is a mining camp where many "Chinese" were employed in the early days in mining the "gold."

ORO FINO means "fine gold" or gold of high grade.

OROVILLE is "Gold City," an appropriate name for the county seat of Butte County, famous for its mines and the dredging industry.

PLACER is the name of many places where the gold-bearing gravels are worked. PLACERVILLE, the county seat of El Dorado County, was known first as the Old DRY DIGGINGS in 1848; then as HANGTOWN in 1849; but in 1851, Mr. Nugent succeeded in having the present name adopted.

SALINAS (the "salt mines") is the name of the county seat of Monterey County. It is named for the SALINAS RIVER, which runs past numerous salt springs. The old name of the river was RIO SAN ELIZARIO (River of St. Elisha), given by Portola in 1769.

SALINE VALLEY. SALT WELLS are districts full of salt springs, dry soda and salt lakes, and wells where the water is brackish.

SALTON is on the edge of the SALTON SEA, a dry lake of glistening white salt that is 25 miles long, and from 6 to 15 wide. is the sink of the Colorado desert, the bottom of an evaporated ocean whose shores and beaches can still be followed.

THE INFLUENCE OF OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

The pioneers of California, in 1849, poured into the country in floods that had their source in every nation. They represented all parts of the world, and as the months grew into years their thoughts turned back to the old home and the old associations. As they built up new towns they made them seem more homelike by giving them the old home name. Some were controlled by religious sentiment; others were moved by patriotic feelings; while a few were moved by the vanity and egotism that calls many a new born town a "city." Just as a hotel keeper in the backwoods names his place "The Astor House" or "Palace Hotel." The very names of the towns enable one often to tell where the pioneers were from, or even their religious faith.

42. **ANTIOCH** was given a Bible name in honor of Reverend Joseph H. Smith, who was buried on the townsite in 1851. The name comes originally from the ancient capital of Syria.

ARARAT MT. is named for the 17,000 feet high mountain in Armenia, where legend says the arc rested.

BETHANY is named for the village in Palestine that lies about two miles east of Jerusalem; in the Hebrew, the name means "House of Dates."

BETHLEHEM means in the Hebrew the "House of Bread," and is the name of the famous city five and a half miles southwest of Jerusalem.

CATHEDRAL PEAKS in the Yosemite, receive their name for their resemblance to cathedral spires. The Indian name for them was POO-SEE-NAH CHOOCK-KAH, "a hoard of acorns."

DAMASCUS, the name given to a new city in a new country, was borrowed from one of the most ancient cities in existence, the chief city of Syria. The ancient city was long famous for its plums, linen, steel, silk and roses, which are still known as "damask plums," "damask steel," etc.

EDEN means in the Hebrew "a place of pleasure," and authorities argued for ages before the discovery of California as to its location. Every traveler to the land of sunshine and flowers knows now where it is.

HAVILAH is a word taken from the

Bible, and means the "land of gold," which is certainly appropriate in the Golden State.

43. **ACTON** was named by Yankees for the town in Massachusetts.

ABERDEEN by a Scotchman for his native city, "at the mouth of the river Dee," (Aber-Deen.)

AETNA Hot Springs was named for the famous volcano in Italy. It comes from "Attuna" (a furnace.)

ALABAMA. A list of names of the State will show that there was a large immigration from the South, those from ALABAMA having named half a dozen places.

ALAMO (Cottonwood.) In 1849 the war cry "Remember the Alamo!" was fresh on the lips of the brave Texans, and one can but regret that the name should be changed to HEME.

ALBION. Sir Francis Drake sailed along the coast in June, 1579, and named the country NOUVA ALBION (New England) on account of the white cliffs he saw. It was the ancient name of Great Britain, given for the white cliffs of Kent as seen first by the Romans. ALBION Hills was named for the white bluffs in its vicinity; as was ALBION RIVER.

ALEXANDRIA was named for the city in Virginia.

ALGERINE by a native of Algiers.

ALLEGHANY by a settler from Pennsylvania.

ALMADEN is the center of a rich quick-silver mining region, and is named for the mines in Spain; the name in Arabic—AL MADEN—means "the mine."

ALTON. AMBOY were both named for the home town by settlers from Illinois.

ALTOONA by immigrants from Pennsylvania, and

ALUCHIOLA by one who had lived in Florida.

AMSTERDAM was named by one whose heart longed for the far-away Netherlands.

ANDERSON was decided on by settlers from Old Kentucky, and

AUBURN was the familiar name fixed upon by New Yorkers.

AVON is Celtic for "river," and is named for the English stream immortalized by the Bard of Avon.

BADEN —Teutonic "Bad," meaning "Bath"—is named for the famous Austrian warm springs.

BAKU is the center of a large petroleum district, and takes its name from the Baku oil fields owned by the Russians, on the Caspian Sea.

BALMORAL is the Queen's Castle, meaning in the old Gaelic a "majestic dwelling."

BANGOR was named for the city in Maine

which took its name from the city in north Wales, the Welch word meaning "High Choir."

BARCELONA. Hamilcar Barca founded the city in Spain that was named in his honor. Now his memory is honor by a town in the valley of the tules.

BAREGES is named for the famous springs in the Pyrenees, as the waters are similar in character.

BATAVIA was selected by a native of Illinois, for his home town.

BARNARD comes from the Green Mountain town, Vermont.

BEN LOMOND was named by a canny Scotchman who loved the big mountain on the east side of Loch Lomond.

BAYONNE is from the Bay of Biscay, and means "Good Bay."

BERKELEY. The rancho on which the University City is now located, was granted to Luis Peralta, in 1820, by Pablo Vicente de Sola, Governor of California. Pioneers from Virginia came to the rancho and named their new settlement for a city in their native State. In Latin the name means "Birch Field."

BERLIN. Sturdy men from the "Faderland" brought this name with them; but corporations can know nothing of "heimweg," so the railroad name has been changed to **GENEVRA**.

BERWICK comes from the river Tweed in the southeast end of Scotland, where a city was founded centuries ago by Scandinavians, who called it Aber-Wick (At the Mouth of the River.)

BEVERLEY is a good old English name that was once "Biberloc," or "Beaver Lake," in the Yorkshire dialect.

BLAIR was named by a settler from that city in Pennsylvania; the name coming originally from the Gaelic, meaning "A plain, or battle ground."

BLLENHEIM is the name of the palace in Oxfordshire, England, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, the name coming from the famous battle of Blindheim in South Germany in 1704.

BONNIE BRAE (pretty hillside) carries one's thoughts back to Scotland, and

BORDEAU (the dwelling by the water) to the quaint city on the Garonne, in France.

BRIGHTON, BRISTOL are both good old English cities.

BRIOCARA (Brio Cara) means "strong face," or "great courage."

BRYNMAW turns one's thoughts to "The Great Hill—Bryn Maw—in Wales, a name that has been changed by soulless commercialism to **REDLANDS JUNCTION**.

BUCKEYE. Natives of the "Buckeye State (Ohio) made their influence felt from

the beginning here, and towns in half a dozen counties keep their memory green.

BURLINGAME is named for the manufacturing city in England.

45. **CAPE HORN.** The Dutch navigator, Schoutens, named the famous South American Cape for "Hoorn," his native place in Holland. This was quickly corrupted to "Horn," owing to the shape of the peak. The title is now used freely to denote any point difficult to get around. One of the sharp curves, and heavy grades of the Central Pacific Railroad is at a promontory where the view from the precipice is magnificent, and the spot has been known to travelers for years as "rounding Cape Horn." The town of the same name in another county is named for the "horn-like" promontory near by.

CARLISLE, CARLSBAD. Names that look alike often have very different origins, as in this case. Carls-Bad is "Charles Bath" from the famous bath town of Charles IV of Bohemia; but the other is, not "Charles Island." The name of this old English city happens to be Welch, and was originally called "Caer-Gwawl," or "Fort at the Trench," the pronunciation corrupting it to Carlisle. Its history is a long one, going back to the Roman invasion, when the Latins called it "Luguvallum," or "The trench of the Legion." Many of our common names originate thus in some event that is almost lost in the fogs and mists of antiquity.

CHESTER was brought from Pennsylvania; but the name comes originally from Cheshire, England, where it meant "Fort" in the Anglo-Saxon, as the city was built on the site of an old Roman fort.

CHINQUAPIN comes from North Carolina.

CLAREMONT from New Hampshire, and **CLAYTON** is from Georgia, where the Clay family are held in highest esteem.

CLIFFORD means the "ford at the cliff."

COLUMBIA was conferred by the patriotic Major Farnsworth, in 1850.

COVELO was named by Charles H. Eberle, for a fortress in Switzerland, in 1870.

46. **DAGGETT** comes from the Indiana town.

DAHLONGA was brought here from far-off Australia, where it means a "place of gold."

DAYTON was the name as given by settlers from Kentucky; but the name has been changed to **GRAINLAND**.

DELHI comes from the capital city in British India, where it means in the Sanscrit, "a quagmire."

DESERET does not mean the desert, but

is the Mormon name for Utah, the word being taken from the Book of Mormon, where it signifies the "Honey Bee," a type of industry.

DUBLIN. The children of Erin do not forget the Land of St. Patrick when they emigrate; therefore this name, which means in Irish the "Black City."

DUDLEY, DUXBURY are both names of cities in Massachusetts.

DUNKIRK and ELMIRA are cities in New York State.

ESSEX is named for the English county Es-sex, "the land of the East Saxons," a name given in opposition to "Wessex," the land of the West Saxons.

ETNA MILLS takes its name from the famous volcano which was originally called "Attuna," the "furnace."

FLORENCE is from the Latin "Florentia," and means "flourishing."

FONT is the Latin for "fountain."

47. GENESEE is the Indian name for the lovely little valley in New York State, and means "a beautiful place."

GIBRALTAR in Arabic is Gebel-al-Tarih, or "The Mountain of Tarih," and was named for the Moor who erected a fort on the Rock of Calphe, A. D. 711.

GUALALA. The river in Mendocino County was originally called VALHALLA, for the beautiful stream in Germany, but this has been corrupted into Gualala.

HAMPTON and HAMBURG are both Teutonic in origin, meaning the "home city."

HAYWOOD is Anglo-Saxon for the "enclosed woods."

HELVETIA. Sutter named his fort New Helvetia, the Latin name of his old home, Switzerland.

HONOLULU. Natives of the Hawaiian Islands brought this name with them from the land of Aloah.

JOHANNESBURG. "The farmers who discovered the mines" borrowed this name and RANDSBURG from the South African mines they hoped to rival.

KESWICK, the great copper smelting settlement is owned by an English company, and takes its name from an English city that was settled by Scandinavians ages ago, and means in their tongue "The Town of Cissa."

KENT is also English and comes from the Latin "Cantium." (The Dwellers at the Headland), the first land sited by the Romans.

KHARTOUM was named in memory of General Gordon, who was killed at Khartoum, the Arab city, near the junction of the Blue and the White Nile.

KINGSTON comes from the English city in Surrey, where the Anglo-Saxons crowned

their kings. In the center of the town there is still shown the "stone" used as a throne when their "kings" were crowned.

48. LANCASTER was settled by people from Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

LIVERPOOL is named for the English metropolis.

LISBON was named by Portuguese settlers for the capital of Portugal, whose history goes back to the Phoenician times, when it was "Ollisippo," the "walled town."

LA PORTE. Frank Everts did not think that RABBIT CREEK DIGGINGS was a good name for a growing town, and persuaded his neighbors to change it to La Porte, the name of his old home in Indiana. It is of French origin, and means the same as the Spanish LA PORTA, the "door," or "port."

LEXINGTON was named by a patriot in memory of the battle for liberty in 1775.

MALAGA. The Phoenicians carried on a big trade with Spain in "Malac (salt) and the word became the name of the Province the California town is named for.

MANCHESTER is Anglo-Saxon for "the place of tents."

MARENGO was named by an Italian in memory of the bloody battle field of 1800 in Italy; literally the name means "a marshy field."

MESSINA is the name of a province in Italy.

MELROSE Abbey is a famous ruin in Scotland, but there is little sentiment in the Celtic name, "Maol-ros," the "bald headland."

MILTON, in Kent, England, was once, in times long ago, a "half-way house," for it means "Middle Town."

MOHAWK VALLEY was named for the famous New York valley.

MITCHELL was named by settlers from the Lone Star State (Texas.)

MONTEZUMA is in honor of the last Aztec Emperor of Mexico.

MOSCOW is one of the reminders that Sonoma County once belonged to the great Czar of Russia; the name originally being "Moskua," or "Mossy Water."

49. NAPLES means in Italian the "New City."

NASSAU comes from an old German settlement in Florida and means "the moist meadow."

NASHVILLE is but one of the many names brought by settlers from Tennessee, and other parts of the South.

NEWARK was brought here from New Jersey, but it is a Nottingham, England, name, of Scandinavian origin, "New Wark" meaning "New Fort."

NAVARRO is for the city in Spain of that name.

NEWPORT BEACH is a Western claimant for Eastern honors, by the authority of Mr. McFadden, of Santa Ann, the founder.

NEW YORK OF THE PACIFIC is one of the high sounding names that has sunk into innocuous desuetude, for it is now known as NEW YORK LANDING, an humble stopping place for the river boats; and this in spite of the fact that it was backed by no less persons than General William Tecumseh Sherman and General Persefor Franklin Smith as "The Boom City of '49."

ONTARIO was founded by the Chaffey Brothers, who came from the city of that name in Canada.

OPHIR CITY, named for the lost city of gold, was once the name of OROVILLE, but Judge Burt had the name changed to the present one in 1855.

OREGON was named for a colony of miners who came from that State.

PACIFIC CONGRESS SPRINGS claim all the virtues of its famous Eastern namesake.

PALERMO was named by Italians for their home city in Italy.

PENRYN (Head of Promontory) is one of the names brought here by the Cornish miners from their home borough.

PITTSBURG, Pennsylvania, where so many steamers land, has a namesake here.

QUINCY, the county seat of Plumas County, was named by H. J. Bradley, one of the founders, for his old home in Illinois.

RAVENNA is named for the Italian city that was originally built on stakes, like Venice, the word meaning "marshy."

RICHARDSON was founded by settlers from the county of that name in Nebraska.

RICHMOND was named by men loyal to Old Virginia.

RIPON is for the town in Yorkshire, England, on the "banks" (Latin "Ripa") of the river Ure.

RIVIERA is a close rival of the beautiful coast region of France, famous for its mild climate.

ROCHESTER. Men from New York clung to this name in their new home. It comes from the city in Kent, England, and is of French origin, meaning the "Fort on the Rock."

RUBICON is from the city in Italy, made famous by Caesar's crossing it. The name has been given to a town here; and also to a point on Lake Tahoe, where a sheer precipice of 300 feet goes down into water 1600 feet deep, making it "a hard point to pass."

SARATOGA in Santa Clara County was

formerly known as McCarthysville, for Martin McCarthy, who founded it in 1851. It now bears the name of the famous springs in New York State, the word being a Mohawk Indian one, meaning the "healing waters."

SEBASTOPOL. The original city in Russia, was made famous by the siege of 1854, during the Crimean war. The name is Greek, and means "The August City."

SHANDON, in the original Gaelic, means the "Old Fort."

SOMERSET was the "summer seat" of the west Anglo-Saxon kings.

SURREY means in Goth "The Southern Kingdom."

SWANSEA, in Wales, is the city of smelters, like its Western namesake.

SPADRA was named by Mr. W. Rubottom for his old home at Spadra Bluffs, on the Arkansas River.

THERE, in Egyptian, is "Taba," "the Capital."

TUSCAN SPRINGS was named for the borax fumeroles of Tuscany, by Dr. John A. Vetch, who discovered there the first evidence of the existence of borax in America. This discovery was accidentally made in 1856.

51. VALPARAISO was named by Chileans for their home city, "Val-Paraiso," the "Valley of Paradise."

VERNON is named for the home of Washington.

WAKEFIELD. Men from Massachusetts named their new home for the old one. It comes from the Anglo-Saxon, and means "Wayside."

WATERLOO reminds one of the famous battle field of 1815. The name is of Teutonic origin, meaning the "Watery Marsh."

WEIMAR was settled by Germans, who chose a name that means "abounding in vines."

WESTMINSTER. Rev. L. P. Webber selected the name as one dear to members of his faith.

WESTPORT. The old name was BEALS' LANDING, for Samuel Beal; but James T. Rogers came from Eastport, Maine, so he persuaded his neighbors to change the name.

WILMINGTON. OLD CAMP DRUM was established by Major James H. Whitlock, but the founder of the new town, Hon. Phineas Banning, changed the name in 1853 to that of his old home in Delaware.

WINDSOR was named by its founder, Hiram Lewis, in 1855, who came from England; but it was known for a long time by the nickname of "POOR MAN'S FLAT," a strange contrast to England's sovereign castle. The name in Anglo-Saxon is Windlesora (The Winding Shore.)

WYANDOTTE was located by a party of Wyandotte Indian miners in 1850.

DOON is on a bonnie stream, and was appropriately named for the river in Scotland.

NEW ALMADEN was named for the quicksilver mines. See ALMADEN. The Indian name was MO-HET-KA, meaning "Red Earth" paint."

MEN WHO MADE HISTORY.

52. The broad tracks of the marches of Lewis and Clark, and of J. C. Fremont, tell the history of those who redeemed whole regions from the dark limbo of the unknown and brought them into the realm of everyday knowledge and fact.

The men who made history have left their names on the localities where they toiled and struggled.

ALEXANDER VALLEY was the home of Cyrus Alexander, who owned a large rancho there as early as 1845.

ABBOTT SPRING bears the name of its discoverer, Joshua Abbott.

ALVARADO keeps green the memory of Governor Juan Baptiste Alvarado, whose name means in Spanish "the white road."

ALVISO is named for Ygnacio Alviso, the owner of the old rancho the town is on. The name means literally "the view," being colloquial for "Alvizo."

AMADOR is the name of county, city and valley, given in honor of Jose M. Amador, once the manager of the old Mission of San Jose; literally the name means "Lover." AMADOR COUNTY was organized in 1854, and has an area of 568 square miles. The county seat is Jackson.

America is for the Florentine adventurer, Amerigo Vespucci.

APPLEGATE. The town in Modoc County is named for Lindsay Applegate, an early settler there; and the place in Placer County for Jesse Applegate, one of the well-known guides and mountaineers of '49.

ARBUCKLE is named for its founder.

AVILA is for Francisco Avila, an early settler there.

AVISADERO is an old Spanish family name. Point AVISADERO is the translation of the name it bore in 1776, PUNTA AVISADERO.

53. BABBE'S LANDING is for Frederick Babbe.

BACHE MT. was named in honor of Alexander D. Bache, the philosopher and scientist, who was superintendent of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. The Indian name was O-UM-OU-HUM.

BAILEY. Town and ferry were named for Captain G. Bailey, U. S. A.

BAKERSFIELD is the county seat of Kern County. It was laid out in 1870 by Col. Thomas Baker.

BAKER STATION bears the name of Greenburg C. Baker, owner of the town-site.

BANNING was named by Dr. Welwood Murray, the founder, for George Phineas Banning.

BARBER CREEK bears the name of its first settler.

BARTLETT discovered in 1868 the springs that bear his name.

BEAL'S LANDING. See Westport.

BEALE. The old name was BEALVILLE, in honor of Lieutenant Truxton Beale, of the U. S. Navy, who was at one time a midshipman under Commodore Stockton; and later became U. S. Minister to Austria.

BECKWITH was named for Lieutenant E. G. Beckwith of the Pacific Railroad Exploring Expedition of 1854.

BECKWITH. The Pass bearing this name was discovered by James Beckwourth, the trapper and guide. He kept a frontier hotel there in 1851.

BENICIA, in 1853, was for a short time the capital of the State. It was named for the wife of General M. G. Vallejo, the warrior and statesman. Her maiden name was Senorita Benicia Francisca Filipsa Carrillo.

BENNETT'S WELLS were named for the ill-fated Bennett party of immigrants from Salt Lake, most of whom perished a few miles north of these desert wells. See Death Valley.

BENTON. Both town and mills were named for Senator Thomas H. Benton, father-in-law of General J. C. Fremont.

BERRYESSA is in memory of Jose Nazarrio Berryessa, an old settler who was killed near the townsite.

BIDWELL'S BAR was discovered by Gen John Bidwell in 1848.

BIEBER. Mr. N. Bieber opened the first store there in 1877.

BIGGS is named for Major Marion Biggs.

BIGLER LAKE, see Lake Tahoe.

BLOCKSBURG. Ben Blocksburger was the founder.

BLUNT'S REEF is for Captain Blunt of the Hudson Bay Fur Company.

BODEGA. The BAY was discovered by Lieut. Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Cuadra, commander of the ship Sonora, in 1775. It was called ROMANZOFF by Russians. The Spaniards called the town LA BODEGA DE LOS RUSSOS (The Store House of the Russians) as they had a warehouse there.

BOLINAS is a corruption of Bolanos; the town and bay being named in honor of Francisco Bolanos, who was the pilot of Vizcaino in 1603.

BONPLAND. The lake was named in

honor of Aime Bonpland, the French botanist.

BOONEVILLE was founded by W. W. Boone in 1866.

BORDEN is named for Gail Borden, the manufacturer of condensed milk.

BRECKENRIDGE. In honor of John C. Breckenridge, Vice-President of the United States.

BREWER. The mountain was named in honor of Prof. W. H. Brewer, of the U. S. Geological Survey.

BRICELAND. In honor of Mr. Brice, an early settler.

BRIDGER. Jim Bridger, one of Fremont's famous guides, was even better known in the early days than Kit Carson.

BROWNSVILLE. In honor of Hon. John Brown, the quartermaster under Governor John McDougal.

BUCKSKIN was named for "Buckskin" Joe, a well known scout years ago.

BUCKSPORT was laid out in 1851 by David Buck.

BUCK'S VALLEY. Horace Bucklin, who lived there in 1850, was popularly known by the nickname "Buck."

BULLARD is for a pioneer who settled there.

BUNTINGVILLE was founded in 1878 by A. J. Bunting.

BURBANK. The fame of Luther Burbank, the wizard of fruits, flowers and vegetables, is not confined to California, but is world wide.

BURNETT was named in honor of Hon. Peter H. Burnett, who was Governor of California in 1849.

54. CAMERON LAKE is one of the dry lakes of the Mohave Desert that is worked for salt. It is owned by Mr. Cameron.

CAMP GRANT. The town and old fort were named for General U. S. Grant.

CAMP DRUM. See Wilmington.

CANADA DE LOS NOGUES. The "Valley of the Nogues" bears the name of early Spanish settlers.

CANADA DE POGOLINI. The Valley of the Pogolini bears the name of its first settlers.

CANBY recalls the sad fate of General R. S. Canby, U. S. A., who was treacherously murdered by the Modoc Indians.

CANTUA was named for Ignacio Cantua, an early settler.

CAPE CABRILLO is for the great Spanish explorer, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who sailed along the Southern coast in 1542.

CAPELL. Town, mountain and fort, were named for Captain Capell, U. S. A.

CAPE MENDOCINO was named in honor of Mendoza, Viceroy of Mexico.

CAPE VISCAYNO is named in honor of the commander of the Spanish fleet that sailed into San Diego Bay on November 12, 1603.

CARSON. Hill, pass and valley bear the name of Kit Carson, Fremont's famous guide, who first visited California in 1829; then a second time with Fremont; and the last time in 1859.

CASTRO. Several places bear the name of General Jose Castro, who was Governor in 1835.

CATHEY'S CREEK. The name of its first settler.

CHENEY CREEK. The name of an old settler.

CHEROKEE. A number of Cherokee Indians found they way to the coast, with the Government expeditions, and their presence gave names to towns in four counties.

CHICO (small.) William Dickey named the creek ARROYO CHICO (small creek), in 1843. General Bidwell's rancho was named for the creek in 1845; and the town for the rancho in 1850.

CHILES. The valley was named for Col. J. B. Chiles in 1844.

CHINA LAKE is a borax lake in the Mohave desert, where Chinese laborers were employed.

CHINO. See Santa Ana.

CICERO was named by a university man for the celebrated Roman orator.

CLARK. Many towns keep green the memory of Captain William Clarke, of the Lewis and Clarke exploring expedition.

CLAYTON was founded by Joel Clayton in 1857.

CLOVERDALE was known as MARKLEVILLE, in honor of R. B. Markle, who founded it in 1859, but the name has been changed to mark it as a prospering alfalfa region.

COLBY LANDING is where G. W. Colby had a store in 1858. His wife gave the Teutonic name of NORD (North) to the town he founded two miles north of the landing, in 1871.

COLLIS is named for Hon. Collis P. Huntington, the statesman and railroad builder.

COLTON. The Reverend Walter Colton was the first American clergyman, judge and editor in California. He was one time Alcalde of Monterey, coming there as a chaplain in the U. S. Navy, under Commodore Stockton.

COPPERNICUS MT. was named in honor of the great Polish astronomer.

CORONA (The Crown) was named by Geo. Wharton James.

CORONADO. The expedition of Francisco Vazquez de Coronado, through Arizona and New Mexico, in 1540, has been the source of many legends about the seven mysterious golden cities he sought for in vain; but **CORONADO ISLAND** (The Crowned Isle) was named by Vizcaino in 1603.

CORCORAN MT. The mountain was named in honor of the Hon. W. W. Corcoran, the wealthy philanthropist of Washington, D. C.; and the town was named for the mountain.

CONLY is the name of an early settler on the creek.

CONNESST MT. was named for Hon. John Conness, U. S. Senator, 1863-1869.

CRAFTON is the old home place of Geo. Craft, the able and irrepressible editor at Redlands.

CRAYCROFT bears the name of its founder, John Craycroft.

CROCKETT bears the name of Judge J. B. Crockett.

CRONESE. This dry soda lake bears the name of an old desert prospector.

CUDDEBACK is named for an old settler.

55. DANA'S POINT marks one of the spots visited by Richard Henry Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast."

DANA MT. bears the name of Prof. Jas. S. Dana, the eminent geologist.

DARWIN shows that "The Descent of Man" was appreciated in the West as soon as in the East.

DAVIS CREEK was named for its first American settler.

DE LA MAR is named for the owner of the copper mines there.

DELANO is named for A. Delano, a man of mark in the pioneer communities, who was known to his friends as "Old Block."

DELGADA POINT is named for the Spanish explorer, Delgado.

DOBBINS is the name of an old settler.

DONAHOE. Peter Donahoe was the builder of the Northern Railroad.

DON BRIETOS was the head of one of the prominent Spanish families of Santa Barbara County.

DONNER. The tragic story of Jacob Donner and his party has been told often and his party has been often told. In the winter of 1846 they attempted to cross the Sierras by the Truckee Pass, but were snowed in at Donner Lake, and many perished from cold and starvation.

DOUGLAS was named when the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, was running against Lincoln for the Presidency.

DOWNIE was known for years as **DOWNEVILLE.** It was founded in 1849 by John

G. Downey, who became Governor of California in 1860.

DRAKE BAY is the place where Sir Francis Drake anchored in 1579, and just missed becoming the discoverer of San Francisco Bay.

DUARTE. Andres Duarte was a Mexican military officer who settled there on a land grant received from the Mexican Government.

DUNCAN MILLS were erected by Mr. A. Duncan in 1847.

DURGAN FLAT was once the name of Downieville, for James Durgan.

DURHAM bears the name of Hon. W. W. Durham, 1870.

DEL REY was named in honor "Of the King" of Spain.

56. EL PRIMER CANYON is the name of an old rancho, and means "The first Canyon"; it was also known as **RIO DE LOS BERRIENDOS** (River of Two Colors.)

EATON CANYON. Judge B. S. Eaton was one of Pasadena's first settlers.

ELIZABETH TOWN was named in honor of Miss Elizabeth Stark, the only young lady there in 1852; but the place was nicknamed **BETISYBURG** by envious rivals.

ELLWOOD was named in honor of Ellwood Cooper, one of the best known olive growers in the State.

FAIRFAX was named for Charles Fairfax, a resident of the place, who was the possessor of the titles "Lord Fairfax" and "Baron Cameron" in the peerage of Scotland.

FARALLONE. The islands received their name from Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542. "Farallon" in Spanish means simply "A small rocky island in the sea." The **BAY** was named from the islands by Portola, on October 31, 1769. He called it the **ENSENADA DE LOS FARALLONES** (Bay of the Farallones.)

FENNER is in honor of Governor Fenner of Rhode Island.

FILLMORE is the name of mountain and town, given in honor of a U. S. Naval officer.

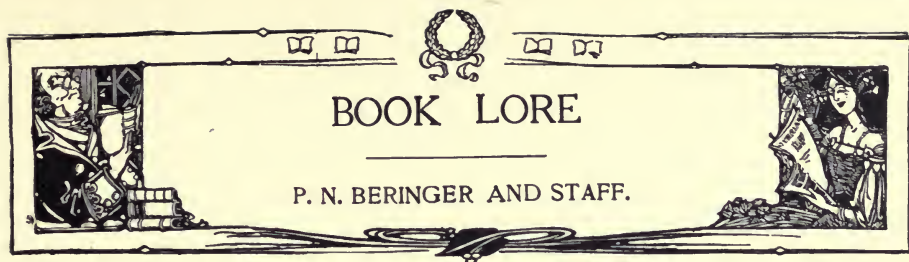
FITCHBURG. Mr. Fitch was the owner of the Spanish rancho the town was built on.

FOLSOM. Captain Folsom, of Col. J. D. Stevenson's regiment, was the first acting Quartermaster General of California. He owned the land the city is on.

FORT BIDWELL is named for General John Bidwell.

FORT BRAGG is named for General Braxton Bragg.

FORT DEFIANCE is the name that was given to the house of Isaac Roop, in Susanville, when it was used as a fort in the "Sage Brush War" of 1854.



BOOK LORE

P. N. BERINGER AND STAFF.

Let the World Judge.

The author of this so-called "Romance of the Pacific," Charles E. M. Brock, gives as a reason for publishing this superfluous piece of work: "My assertions have been met with incredulity; tired of being ridiculed and maligned, I turn wearily to the World—to the discriminating Public—that will not laugh at me." We can quite indorse the "wearily," after the task of reading the book, but if the Public can get a laugh out of it, they are much more fortunate, or more easily pleased, than the reviewer.

Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

In Search of a Siberian Klondike.

This is an account of a search for gold in Siberia, as narrated by Washington B. Vanderlip, the chief actor, and set forth by Homer B. Halbert. It is illustrated with many photographs, the publishers announce, and it may be further added that these photographs are exceptionally good quality and add very much to the effectiveness of the volume. The writer, or rather the chief actor, was engaged by a Russian firm to make an extended exploring tour in Kamchatka, through the territory north of the Okhotsk Sea, and along the shores of the Bering Sea. He was treated with every consideration by the officials, who appeared to realize the value of the work. It may interest Californians to know that the au-

thor refers pleasantly to the little mistake made by the United States authorities when they would not surrender eight convicts who had escaped from Saghalier, and in a very short space of time were compelled to themselves execute seven out of the eight.

This book will be found to be full of interesting reading. As far as the main object of Mr. Vanderlip's wanderings is concerned, success did not by any means follow his efforts. Meeting some Americans on his return, he describes the report which he made to them. "I told them the situation, how that we had carefully prospected all along the coast, but had found no gold. I felt I was doing them a favor to let them know that there was no use in spending time and money in a search for gold along the Siberian coast of Bering Sea. Whether or not they believed me, I cannot tell." It is a record of hard work, with considerable suffering and privation; it is simply and modestly told, and one of the most fascinating of recent books of travel.

The Century Company, New York.

The Trail of Lewis and Clark.

The story of the great exploration across the continent, and with a description of the old trail, based on actual travel over it, and of the changes found a century later, is told in two fine volumes, by Oliver D. Wheeler, Member of the Minnesota Historical Society, and author of "6,000 Miles

through Wonderland," as well as of other books dealing with the history and topography of the Middle West. "Wonderland" is an annual publication of the Northern Pacific Railway, of the preparation of which this author has had charge for several years, and in pursuance of his labors in connection with the magazine, has traversed much of the route followed by Lewis and Clark during the years 1804-1806. How carefully the work of following this trail out has been performed, may be shown by the fact that the writer had at all times with him the printed reports of the original explorers, and had careful photographs made. The book begins with an account of the Louisiana Purchase, and certain reflections thereupon, which are not perhaps acceptable to everybody, but show a certain amount of careful thinking upon and actual knowledge of the subject. The author thus expresses his own views with regard to the aims of his narrative: "In the narrative proper, it has been the aim, first, to recount the great epic story of Lewis and Clark; second, to supplement this with such material, drawn from later explorers, as bears upon and emphasizes or accentuates, the achievements of the original pathfinders; third, to interpret, exemplify and criticise such parts of the original narrative as the studies and experiences of the writer, one hundred years later, seemed to render advisable, thus connecting the exploration with the present time; fourth, to show, without undue prominence, the agency of the locomotive and the steamboat in developing the vast region that Lewis and Clark made known to us; and fifth, to make plain that the army of tourists and travelers in Northwest unknowingly see and visit many points and localities explored by Lewis and Clark a century ago.

As far as the main events of the history are concerned, and the chief

occurrences of the famous journey with which the book is engaged, the writer will be found to satisfy all the necessary requirements and to furnish all the materials necessary for a comprehension of the main facts, but in other places, where the reflections of the author and his own comments upon conditions occupy the text, it will be seen that he is entirely inadequate as a guide, and indeed almost naively ignorant on subjects with which one would have imagined that he, being acquainted with savage tribes, would have been conversant. Thus, certain customs among the maiden Indians, are referred to as immorality and carelessness of decencies, whereas they are at heart as decent as any of our civilized actions, and as for morals, closely follow the laws of our own particular epoch in social progress. It must be admitted in all fairness, however, that he quotes authorities against the accusation of immorality, but does not seem to fully grasp the idea that our ideas and practice in such matters by no means form a standard, and that it does not follow that because the Indians acted differently they therefore acted worse.

The story of the adventures of Lewis and Clark, and the descriptions of the trail are considerably more interesting than many romances, and to an intelligent boy they should prove a veritable mine of information and delight. The illustrations are excellent, the type is clear, the binding strong, serviceable and attractive, and the whole book is exceedingly creditable.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

William Hawley Smith, the author of "The evolution of Dodd," has written a new novel, published under the above title. It has the distinction of being a novel without a woman. It is no better and no worse than the general run of prosperity books, if

the term can be applied to a peculiar class of literature which was brought into being by the trade inflation of the last few years. The most intricate accounts of the management of business are published with an air that seems to say: "You see now what wonderful people these commercial magnates are. Are you not glad to be allowed the liberty of breathing in the same planet with an American millionaire?" This air, with a knowledge of detail such as a banking Fagin might be supposed to give a group of Artful Dodgers and other aspiring students of his craft, is distinctive of this class of writing. It is not healthy, maudlin morality, to the contrary notwithstanding, and, worse still, it is not even interesting. This does not imply that Mr. Smith's book calls for any particular stricture; on the contrary, it is a more than ordinarily good specimen of this kind of work. It is a little belated, however, for Frank Norris and a few others, who caught the fashion at its height, helped to make it, in fact, have gained all that is likely to come from this vogue.

Rand, McNally & Company, New York.

"As a Chinaman Saw Us" is a fairly interesting and in some respects very interesting account of the impressions of a Chinaman who spent some years in the United States in an official capacity, and who looks at our manners and character through Oriental spectacles. There is plenty of amusement to be had out of the book, but the point of view of the Chinaman is too much like that of a supercilious Englishman to furnish all the interest which the title promises. However, it is one of the breeziest and pleasant books of the kind published since Max O'Rell found employment beyond the sphere of the literary critic.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Corrections in English Speech" aims to give definitions with the correct usage of these parts of speech as far as pertains to their office as connectives in the construction of English phrases and sentences. It is a very satisfactory little work, and should be found of considerable use to students and literary men.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

"The Ellwoods" is a novel by Dr. Stuart Wells. It has a high moral tone, and contains a fairly good love story. He has particular and individual ideas upon the marriage state and considers it the key to that most elusive of all conceptions, which is nevertheless continually hunted, called the Millennium. It is one of those novels with a purpose, which are caviar to the vulgar, but which, nevertheless, always secure some sort of an audience.

Morgan M. Runner, New York.

"A Story of the Red Cross" is a brief account of the work of the Red Cross during the past twenty-five years. It is small, but very interesting, and gives a better account of the work of that organization than could be found in many volumes of statistics. Clara Barton, who knows more of Red Cross work than any other person, and she has the sure, clear style of one who knows her work and all its details. It may be thoroughly commended.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The Poems of Henry Abbey" is the fourth edition of the collected poems of this well-known writer. His excellencies and defects are too well-known for further discussion. He has many admirers all over this country, and they should be pleased with so satisfactory an edition of his collected works. This little book will make a valuable edition to any library of contemporary writings.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The Book of School and College Sports" is useful to have as a complete compendium of sports and games most in vogue at the present day, together with tables of statistics showing the records made, and a compendium of rules governing the various sports. This has been well done by Philip Henry Barbour, and his book should prove to be of great satisfaction to all interested in such athletic matters.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"I Dine with my Mother" is simply a translation from the French farce of Pierre-Henri-Adrien De Comcelli. Why it should have been translated at all does not appear, for the farce possesses no particular merit, and the translation has no distinction. The author is Evelyn Clark Morgan.

The Neale Publishing Co., New York.

"Violina," a "romance," called also "The Passing of the Old Adam and Eve," by Mary Ives Todd, is simply an abomination. It is a miserable excrescence and should be proceeded against as a public nuisance.

Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

"Under the Sun" is a story dealing with the passing of the Incas. It is therefore a story of old Peru. It possesses no merit as a story, but evinces some knowledge of the manners and customs of the ancient Peruvians. The author is Charles W. Buck, formerly United States Minister to Peru.

Sheltman & Co., Louisville.

"The Cost of Something for Nothing" is a small volume of essays written by Governor Altgeld just before he died, and now published for the first time. The arrangement has been made by Clarence S. Darrow. These essays consist of reflections upon men and things in Mr. Altgeld's peculiar vein, and derive their value according to the way in which their author is regarded by the reader, for it is impossible for one to read a book by so strong a man without prejudice of some sort or other.

Published by the Hammersmark Publishing Company, Chicago.

Some Maxims of Herbert Spencer.

Some people are beginning to see that the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal.

Reading is seeing by proxy.

Monotony, no matter of what kind, is unfavorable to life.

Despotism in the State is associated with despotism in the family.

"Easy come, easy go" is a saying as applicable to knowledge as to wealth.

Complete truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. Exaggeration is almost universal.

Everyone is from time to time surprised by others' behavior, and even by the deeds of relatives who are the best known to him.

The system under which we at present live fosters dishonesty and lying.



CHEMISAL FALLS

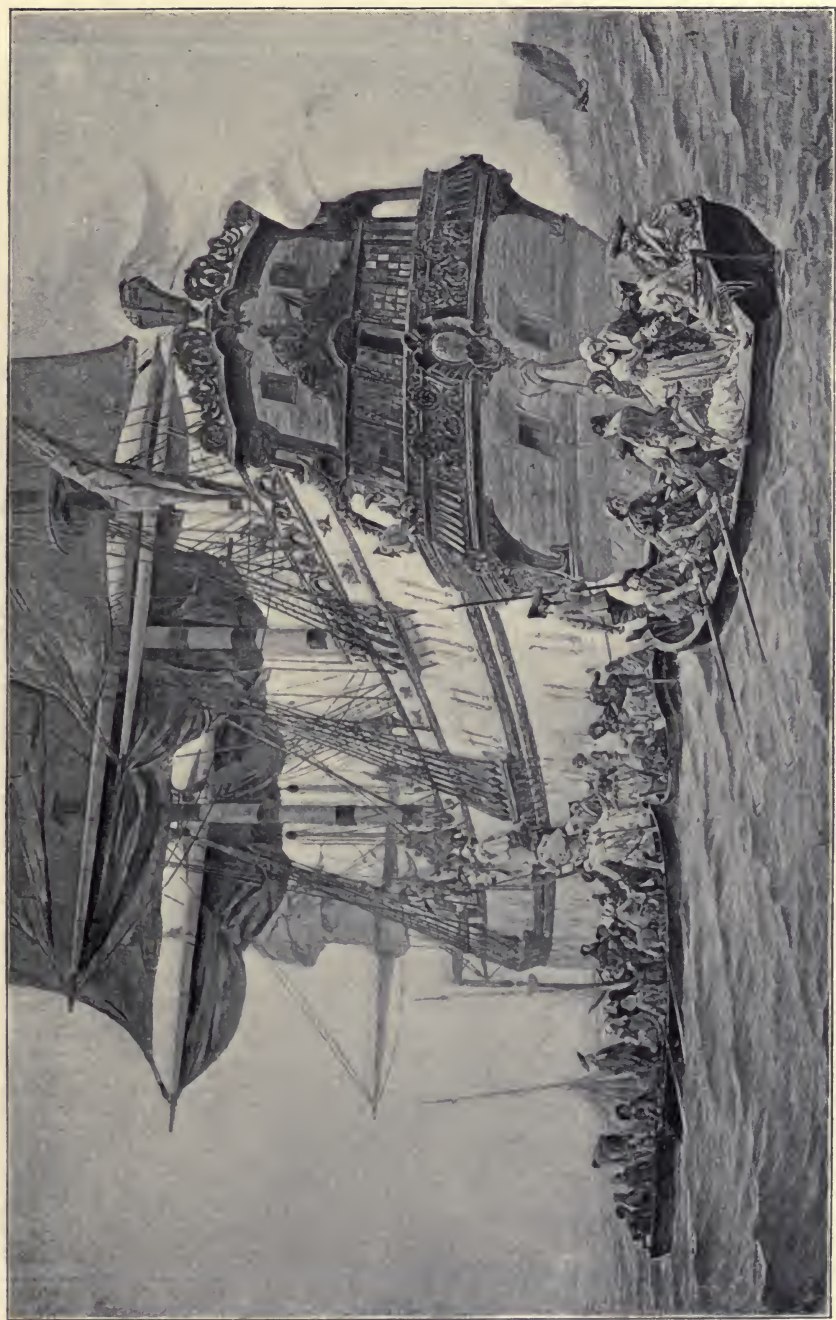
Photo by Carpenter



MARIE LOUISE GERSTLE

See Successful San Francisco Women

From a Miniature by Lillie O'Ryan



THE LANDING



WILLIAM KEITH (Artist)

See Successful San Francisco Women

From the miniature by Lillie O'Ryan



SENATOR CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS (of Indiana) Republican Vice-President Candidate
(From his latest Photograph)



A FAIR CALIFORNIENNE IN A THEATRICAL ROLE

Union Photo Engraving Co.

Boyé, Photo

Overland Monthly

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No 5.

CALIFORNIA'S NEWEST OIL FIELDS

BY H. A. CRAFTS

THE United States have seen some very remarkable developments of oil fields, but none of them have been more remarkable than that of the Kern River fields near Bakersfield, California. Although but five years have elapsed since this development began, the fields are the largest producers in the country to-day. The fields lie about six miles northeast of Bakersfield, and although they cover, as at present developed, only about fifteen square miles, they contain not less than 876 producing wells that are estimated to produce on an average of one hundred barrels of oil daily.

The total product of crude petroleum of the State of California for the year 1903 amounted to 25,000,000 barrels. Of this amount the Kern River fields produced 16,000,000 barrels, or nearly 66 2-3 per cent of all the oil produced in the State. In fact, the output of oil in these fields has been so enormous that the product has become a drug in the market. Three years ago, the price of oil at wholesale at the wells was one dollar per barrel. To-day the price is twenty cents per barrel, as quoted on the market. And it is said that some sales have been made as low as fourteen cents per barrel. The market has become so overstocked that the oil well men are

discussing the expediency of curtailing the output.

At the same time, strenuous efforts are being made to extend the market. The Kern River oil being almost exclusively a fuel oil, with a heavy asphaltum base, it is the endeavor of those interested to extend its use in the lines of creating heat and of supplanting the use of coal in the creation of motive power with that of oil. The oil has been found extremely well-adapted to the firing of locomotives and of marine engines. One-half of the locomotives now employed on both the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railways are fired with oil from the Kern River oil fields, and it is only a question of time when oil will entirely supplant the use of coal on those roads. At the same time there are one hundred and more steam craft plying in and out of the Golden Gate whose engines are fed by the same class of fuel. It is said that petroleum at twenty cents per barrel is equivalent to coal at seventy cents per ton, and as coal in California sells from \$7 to \$14 per ton, the economic advantage of oil over coal is at once apparent.

Oil is also being substituted for coal in the conduct of factories and foundries, in the heating of buildings. The development of the oil fields has stimulated manufacturing



A View of the Kern River Oil Fields

throughout the State to an enormous extent. The output of manufactures in California for the year 1903 was valued at \$150,000,000, a large part of the product being due to the cheapening of fuel consequent upon the discovery of such vast deposits of oil. It is said that one hundred distillates valuable in the arts and sciences have been already obtained from this petroleum, while experiments are constantly being made to add to the number. It is said rubber may be made from this petroleum that in quality is superior to the natural product. Strenuous efforts are also being made to find outside markets for this enormous outpour of oil. The railroads entering Bakersfield have supplied themselves with a vast equipment of tank cars, and it is estimated that not less than 60,000 barrels of oil are being shipped out of the town daily. It is no uncommon spectacle to see on the coast lines immense train-

loads of oil hauled by double-header engines. The asphaltum derived from the oil is also shipped in large quantities to Chicago, New York and Boston. At the same time, the Standard Oil Company, which is in the field as an agent and transporter, has a pipe line extending from Bakersfield to Point Richmond on the bay of San Francisco, a distance of 280 miles, through which great quantities of the oil are conveyed to the larger market of the coast. At the same time the company is converting nearly its entire asphaltum product into coke for smelting and furnace use. There being large deposits of iron ore in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada range, within easy transporting distance of Bakersfield, initial steps are being taken to establish smelting works at that point, which may be made to utilize considerable quantities of the by-product of the oil fields.

But in spite of all the efforts be-

ing put forth to dispose of the surplus output of the Kern River oil fields, oil accumulates upon the hands of the producers to an enormous extent. The Standard Oil Co. alone has over 6,000,000 barrels on storage, and is constantly enlarging its storage facilities. For a time it constructed the regulation tubular steel tanks, but long since abandoned that line of work as being too antiquated and too expensive. Now the method is merely to excavate immense storage reservoirs in the earth and run the oil into them. Some of these reservoirs hold half a million barrels, being from 400 to 500 feet in diameter, and fourteen feet deep in their centers. The reservoirs, as soon as the excavation has been completed, are roofed over with one-inch boards to prevent as far as possible the evaporation of the stored oil and also to protect it from foreign substances. At first it was the custom to cement the bottoms of these reservoirs to prevent seepage of the oil, but even that process came to be considered both laborious and expensive, and it was consequently abandoned. Now, the earth forming the basins is simply well tramped before the oil is turned in, and is allowed to go at that.

The Kern River oil fields are situated near the southern extremity of the San Joaquin Valley. Thirty miles south of the fields the Sierra Nevada and Coast Ranges form a junction. The San Joaquin Valley is a level plain, 300 miles north and south and 80 miles on an average from east to west. It is almost completely surrounded by the two mountain ranges referred to above.

The oil fields lie among a group of sand hills a few miles north of the Kern river, and have an elevation of 400 feet above sea level. They appear to exist in the form of an immense basin filled to an unknown depth with loose material, such as

sand, shale and clay, with the oil held in a series of strata.

The land upon which the oil was discovered had been considered of but little value. It was even a poor quality of grazing land. It had been largely owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which had sold many an acre at \$1.25 per acre. Just previous to the discovery of oil the land had been selling at \$2.50 per acre, 50c. per acre down, the balance in five years at 7 per cent interest. Immediately upon the discovery of oil, this same land went to \$5,000 per acre, and some oil men, judging by the amount of oil it is producing, claim that it is easily worth \$30,000 per acre. J. J. Mack, John M. Keith, John Bunting and others, made millions by the advance in the price of these lands. John M. Wright had bought large quantities of this land at \$2.50 an acre. As soon as oil was discovered, he began developing, and made his millions by unloading. E. L. Doheny, another large holder of these once-supposed cheap lands, closed out his holding for \$1,400,000.

Oil was discovered on the banks of the Kern River about six miles from Bakersfield, in May, 1899. The discovery was made by Elwood and son, who had been engaged in chopping wood in the neighborhood. They went down about sixty feet, with pick and shovel, and then drilled forty feet further. The first derrick was erected in July, 1899, and the well was drilled to a depth of 350 feet, when oil was struck, and the well began producing at about thirty barrels every twenty-four hours. Other wells have been sunk to a depth of 1,000 feet, but the average depth of the wells to-day is about 650 feet.

The wells are not what are commonly known as "gushers," but require to be pumped. The majority are operated under lease, paying the owners from one-eighth to one-half of the output as royalty. The out-

put of the wells range from thirty to four hundred barrels each, every twenty-four hours. The oil has a gravity varying from 13 to 16.

Those acquainted with the working of the Kern river oil fields say that the output of oil could be increased to almost any extent, and declare that not more than ten per cent of the actual oil territory has thus far been developed. On the west side of the San Joaquin Valley and within the same belt, is a proven oil

territory forty miles in length and from one-half of a mile to a mile and a half in width. The Midway oil fields, forty miles west of Bakersfield, are ten miles long by half a mile to a mile in width, and are only awaiting an extension of the California oil market to be developed. There are wells in the Midway district that produce from 25 to 400 barrels of oil per day. The gravity of the Midway oil runs from 16 to 25 degrees.



Interior of an Oil Reservoir (Under Construction)



THE TRENT WATERWAY

The Peterborough Hydraulic Lift Lock

BY C. H. ALLISON

THE Trent Waterway is the name given to that magnificent series of water stretches connecting Georgian Bay and the St. Lawrence River (Lake Ontario) at Kingston. Traveled by Champlain, sailed by Indian warriors, later considered as a military route by British soldiers, these waters are now once more the center of interest—a greater interest than that of war, for henceforth this beautiful system of lakes and rivers is dedicated to commerce and industry.

Seventy-five years ago or more the work of canalizing this natural water course was begun. Internal dissensions, a lack of funds and more or less opposition to the scheme both in and out of Parliament have caused delays, and it is only within

the past decade that steady, consistent work has been done by the Canadian Government. Of the total distance of 203 miles, 165 are now navigated by steamboats, and only three miles of actual canal remain to be constructed in order to open up the Trent Waterway from end to end. The route finally selected is from Midland, on Georgian Bay, through Lake Simcoe, the Kawartha Lakes, the Otonabee and Trent rivers to Trenton, on the Bay of Quinte (an arm of Lake Ontario). It will provide the shortest water route for grain from the Northwest to tide water, the distance from any common point on the Great Lakes via the Trent Waterway and Montreal to Liverpool being over 700 miles shorter than via Erie Canal



The locks at Peterborough, Ont., showing one Hydraulic lift down and the other up



A nearer view of the immense lift chambers.

and New York. The Canadian Government has expended nearly five million dollars on the work, and another five millions will be required to finish it, but unless something unforeseen happens, in a few years more Canada will see the final completion of its great national undertaking.

Undoubtedly the most striking and interesting feature of the canal work is the Hydraulic Lift Lock recently put in service at Peterborough, Ont., where a fall of 65 feet has been overcome by the construction of a single lock which operates automatically and does the work of five ordinary locks. There is nothing else of the kind on the American continent; and while the principle is not new, there being similar locks in England, France and Belgium, it is a decided novelty and a noteworthy engineering feat on this side of the water. The Peterborough lock is, moreover, twice the size of the old country lift locks, and it embraces many modern improvements not possible in the rather antiquated structures abroad. It was designed

and built entirely by Canadians, who feel justly elated over their brilliant achievement.

A glance at the accompanying illustrations will give one a very good idea of the appearance and method of operation of this lock. It is a huge structure of concrete and steel. The towers, whose function it is to guide the chambers in their vertical course, are 105 feet high from the bottom of the pit, which is 27 feet below the level of the water in the lower reaches. Over the center tower is the lockmaster's cabin, from which the entire operation is controlled. It will be noted there are two large chambers or vats, into which vessels are towed from the upper and lower reaches. One is always up, the other down. These chambers are steel basins measuring 140x33 feet, with a plating of 9 feet 10 inches in depth. The basins weigh about 400 tons each, and when filled with water to the depth of 8 feet weigh 1,700 tons. They are each supported by heavy steel trusses of the double cantilever style, upon a cast-iron ram 90 in.

in diameter and weighing 120 tons. These rams have a 65 ft. stroke, and work in two steel water-tight presses, one under each chamber. The foundations for the presses are on solid rock in wells 70 feet deep. The pressure caused by this 1700-ton weight on the 90-inch ram is about 600 pounds to the square inch. A 12-inch pipe connects the two presses, and when the valve regulating the presses is opened, the chamber at the top, which has been loaded with about 8 extra inches of water, giving it an increased weight of 100 tons, will slowly descend, forcing the chamber on the other side up to the higher level. The end gates are opened and closed by means of a hydraulic engine, vessels being towed in and out of the chambers with a capstan which is also operated by hydraulic engine.

Small steamers and 800-ton barges are handled readily in this lock, the total length of time required to make a lockage being about twelve minutes, from the time a boat en-

ters the chamber on one level until it leaves it on the other. The lock has been in operation for some months and works perfectly.

Throughout its entire course, the Trent Waterway is designed for the passage of 800-ton barges having a capacity of 25,000 bushels. These barges will sail in tows of four, drawn by a steam barge, giving a total of 120,000 bushels in one tow. They will receive their cargoes from the big lake freighters at Midland, make the trip to Montreal in seven days or less, and trans-ship direct into ocean steamers there, the barges acting as floating elevators. A three-cent rate on grain from Port Arthur to Montreal is promised.

Our Canadian cousins will soon be in position to make a strong bid for commercial supremacy in the matter of carrying export grain from the West, and the Erie Canal, in spite of its enlargement, will have to face the keenest kind of competition.



"Come on boys! Let's make a soup."

A SEAT OF LEARNING

Its Relation to the Commercial World

First Prize Essay Contest.

BY SAM F. BATDORF

A VERY few years ago there need have been no hesitation in saying that no relation existed between our institutions of higher learning and the business world.

It was the accepted view of business men that college teaching was too theoretical for commercial usages; and, for the most part, educators did not admit that their instruction should cover this field.

But there is a continuous evolution within both the commercial world and the college. The business arena is constantly growing wider and more complex, and the university curriculum is ever becoming more comprehensive. Hence it was certain that these two forces, in which are bound up the best interests of the nation, would not always remain out of touch with one another.

In order to arrive at an intelligent understanding of this fact, it will be necessary to consider, briefly, the changed conditions of the world of commerce.

A few years ago, James Bryce wrote: "Commerce plays a larger part in the life and movements of the world than ever before. It is a more potent factor in international politics than ever before."

With the dawn of the twentieth century we can go further and say that it is the most important factor in the life of the world, and in directing the policy of nations.

A great war growing out of commercial questions is now raging in the Far East. Who can say where or when the next will be?

At the same time a great and complex commercial war, national and international, is continually waging. The citizens of each nation struggle

among themselves, and every nation is a contestant with all the rest.

On this great field of activity, known as the commercial world, is found almost every imaginable pursuit; and those who would successfully trace their way across it must be fitted for success in the very best way. The business world is, indeed, a living picture of the "survival of the fittest."

What part does a great educational institution play in this strenuous struggle? Mr. Bryce goes on to say: "In this state of facts every possible mode of promoting the commercial success of each nation begins to be studied and discussed. One such method is the cultivation of aptitude and skill of the individual man, who is the ultimate factor. Here, then, begins an answer to our question. For since the individual man is the final agent, and since it is the office of a university to equip the individual man with the means of doing things and of working out problems, it ought to be the university which most efficiently fits men to solve the difficulties in the business arena.

Let us see how this has worked out in practice: As soon as the German States became a unit and began to reach out after foreign commerce they established thorough commercial colleges—not like our technical schools, but wherein was taught the ESSENCE of business and all the underlying PRINCIPLES of commerce.

France and Belgium soon followed suit. England dubbed the Teutons "theorists." Yet England had soon enough to regret the commercial success of this nation of theorists. All things considered, Germany has had

an unparalleled commercial growth, with but one special reason for it, viz., the training which she gives her business men.

France and Belgium, too, have held their own uncommonly well through the same means.

The overwhelming success of American engineering works all over the world is another example. It is acknowledged that their ability to overcome competitors everywhere is due to the education of the profession which is among the best-trained in the country.

This shows that college training in business has proved far superior to any rule of thumb method, even when the latter is practiced by experienced men such as the English nation produces.

Now, then, since this is a truism we ought to establish the reasons for it. This will be done most easily by comparing the man of a college-commercial education with one who has started in business without this special training. As an example, suppose that a young man with a very common education has entered a hardware establishment as an office boy and has worked his way up through every detailed portion of the hardware business connected with that establishment. By the time he has reached the manager's chair, do you say that he has a thorough knowledge of the hardware business? Suppose he has been ever so apt a student, has his experience taught him the relation between his own line of business and other lines? Between the business and financial world? Can he carefully gauge the involved question of demand and supply? Can he meet the effect that "hard times" will have upon his business? Is it probable that he is even acquainted with all phases of the hardware trade, or more likely that he knows only a branch of it—say the wholesale or retail line?

Yet these are matters vitally connected with the hardware business.

And in order that the industry may occupy a befitting position in the commercial world, some one must thoroughly understand them. But the men who can gain all these things by experience in one business career are very scarce.

Furthermore, their experience is bound to be narrowed because they have no acquaintance with the REASON for things. Now, suppose that another young man enters the same establishment four years later than the first, fresh from the commercial department of a great university, where he has been studying the broader commercial questions and learning the principles of business. Let him enter as an office boy, since a great many of our prominent business men still insist that this is the only way. In a very short time his mental culture will make up the time lost to practice in acquiring it, he will catch up with his rival and very probably outdistance him. And when this man reaches the manager's chair he has all the practical knowledge of the uneducated man and twice as much more that is of greater value. His knowledge of governing principles is given an additional worth from the fact that the business world presents so many phases and changing features. And while the practical lad must go on substituting knowledge for thought, traveling in the trodden paths, working out no new problems, the college man starts out with a brain scientifically cultivated and trained to thinking out perplexities of every sort. He is well equipped for successful struggles with the world, and for seizing the opportunities and meeting the responsibilities of the highest positions for which all may strive. He is the man who will be among the "fittest." More than that, his fellows will acknowledge his leadership. This is one of the marks of a college man, that he is usually to be found in places of leadership in the world's work. It is coming to

be the case in commercial pursuits no less than in any other. Here, again, then, we find an answer to our question.

In his article, "True Functions of a Great University," Mr. G. T. Ladd says: "The truly best men ought to lead—of this there can be no doubt. And the truly best education is the education that makes men truly fit to lead."

There is just one other requisite—that the leader be in touch with those whom he would lead. It would seem from this, then, that the ideal leader in commercial circles is the EDUCATED and experienced man—the college man who has passed his term of practice. And this is the real case.

To be sure, I do not mean that all students of the commercial college will become leaders in the business world, and that no others will. A great many of the captains of industry are men of experience only, and not of schooling. But these men belong to an earlier generation. To the company who made their position secure before the fierce commercial struggle began. It is significant that these men invariably give their sons a good education, and as much special training besides as they can

get, before launching them into business. There can be no doubt that the successful business man of the near future will be the college man. Any others who hold a place beside them must be the exceptions. That aspiring business men understand this is shown by the fact that there is a steadily increasing demand on our universities for commercial training. Only a short time ago, we had no such instruction. At the present time seven of the great universities have well-equipped and well-attended colleges of commerce. These are the universities of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Michigan, Chicago, Harvard (limited), Cornell, and our own University of California. Since it is demand that gauges supply in education as well as everything else, it is evident that the beneficial effects of the broader business education are recognized. And whether or not the time is at hand when a special commercial training is to be considered as essential to success in business as the years of preparation are thought necessary in other branches, nevertheless the college has assumed the position of a supervisor of the commercial interests of the country and she will hold that position.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The First Prize in the Essay Contest was won by Sam F. Batdorf. The Second Prize goes to Inez Buckner. Mr. Batdorf is a student in the Berkeley High School. Miss Buckner is a student of the Santa Barbara High School. Her essay will be published in the December issue. The Third Prize goes to Katherine Odenbaugh of the Eureka High School, and her essay will be published in the January issue. Miss Rose Sturla of Mountain View carries off the Fourth Prize. The essay will be published in March. In the December issue will be published the photographs of all the successful contestants.

The essays are published without revision or help from the editorial staff, just as they were written by the contesting children, and some of them may serve as examples in the art of composition to many literary men or women occupying positions on the daily newspapers.

AFTERMATH

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

How is it when the wind is from the south
I breathe again the perfume of your mouth?

How is it when the skies are crystal blue
I look into the cloudless eyes of you?

How is it when the mating birds rejoice
I hear the mad enchantment of your voice?

Why is it that when little children play
I smile for childish words you used to say?

Why is it that the murmur of the sea
Repeats your prattle everlastingly?

When you were near, O love, I never knew
How sweet the song of birds, the skies how blue;

For you were child and singing bird to me,
The blue of heaven and the murmuring sea;

But now that you are gone, I feel your breath
In all the haunting aftermath of death!

Over me falls the abundance of your hair,
When ivies, creeping down the stony stair

Of some old wall, in cataracts of grace,
Caress the troubled aspect of my face;

The sun, arising with a blush of red,
Smiles on me like the red lips of the dead;

And when he sinks into the evening skies,
Alas! you fall asleep, and close your eyes!

THE JOSS THAT ANSWERED PRAYER

BY T. DUNCAN FERGUSON

THERE are three things whose influence I have endeavored to keep wholly out of my life—a mouse, a woman and a lie.

A strange notion this, perhaps, but who among us is without his or her eccentricities?

I am not effeminate, but the presence of a mouse ever gives me a creepy sensation.

A woman—believe me, I mean no disrespect when I say she probably has her particular place in the world, and I may remove all offense when I add that I have ever seemed totally unable to understand them.

This may mean a mental incapacity on my part, but forty years of single solitude has confirmed opinions, whether good or evil. Being not altogether unhandsome, and, withal, gentle to our rival sex, I sometimes marvel that I am as I am. I can remember testimonies to my virtues in my younger days.

Thirty-three, I think I was, when my poetic dreams were extravagant, and my passionate, bubbling youth sought some congenial soul to accept my devotion. I found her; she with the black tresses that ever battled with the breeze; she with the flashing eyes that demand your obedience and you stand seemingly firm, yet irresolute, and say within yourself "I won't," and move at length to do her bidding; she with the rippling laugh that you'd know among a million, the last thing you hear at night before you sleep, start from it in your dreams, and wake with it in your ears in the morning, feeling as though you have imbibed some subtle narcotic whose spell is sweet for a space, but leaves an awful void in its absence.

I met her, I say, and told her the

whole story with an eloquence that would have moved a murderer's jury to tears.

At length she spoke, though foreign to the subject: "Have you ever had much sorrow, Mr. Brandon?" "Not an unbearable amount," I replied; "why?" "I was thinking of the proverb that sorrow has a tendency to soften one, and I questioned if you had not had a goodly share."

This tender reference to a virtue of which I was never cognizant won the day. I pressed my suit, but she seemed to grow more foreign to me, and the matter ended in a manner inexplicable. From that day to this, I have lived alone, beyond the constant companionship of a faithful, though uncommunicative, Chinaman.

Then as to the lie—well, moral philosophy teaches that spontaneous falsehood betokens insanity, and I dread the thought of ever being called peculiar.

Wong was a poor literary enthusiast's necessity, and be my personal wants small or great, I never failed to pay that Chinaman his twenty dollars a month. I have few visitors, and these only come for the almighty quantity. Wong answered these calls, and being capable of grasping my unenviable position, the sum total of the conversation on his part was: "Me no sabbe." How often from my room in the garret I have heard that creature, intensely human, retire from my humble quarters, indulging in a vernacular not found in any ethical system with which I am familiar.

Again, often becoming absorbed in my work, I took my meals at unreasonable hours, and, strange to

say, Wong never complained.

With the coming of Wong, I was forced to take another into my family, and herein lies my tale.

I noted the fact that his worldly goods were limited to two pieces of luggage, one being a large sack in which he carried all his clothes, and the other a huge something wrapped with the care of a mummy, the which he allowed no one to touch save himself, and he staggered under the load.

I was somewhat curious, since grave necessity demanded that we occupy the same room. With gentle touch he unwrapped the bundle and stood the thing next to the cot in which he was to sleep. One look was enough. I forbade the thing in my room, and to my chagrin he informed me that he went with the object.

I had seen them before, but when it came to sleeping in the same room with that cross between a totem pole and an inebriate's dreams, the hideousness of it fully dawned upon me. To Wong it seemed sacred, and I was forced to consent to this increase in my family in order to retain the Chinaman. Once or twice during the first month I awoke to behold those hideous eyes staring straight in my face, and the effect was rendered more frightful by the faint glow of the moon through the window, and settling on its form. At length, however, we became better friends; not on speaking terms, of course, but that friendly indifference that brings neither good nor evil.

Thirteen years that Chinaman served me faithfully, and in that proverbial year he took his celestial flight. Thirteen years of much the same thing, day in and day out, probably made me careless to the fact that there is ever a turn in the road, and when it came, this hard old heart of mine was touched, since putting all the sweet things out of

my life, I was attached to that Chinaman alone; yet we have much for which we may be thankful, and even in my dire extremity I was not without sympathy.

A certain widow who resided several doors from me, on learning that I had death in the family, came to offer her condolence, and suggest a means of disposing with the remains of my faithful servant and friend. I could not notify any of his race of his death, and I did not have the heart to give his body to the medical students; so without the help of this Angel of Mercy I should indeed have been in a sorry plight.

I was ashamed of my antipathy to women when she offered to defray the expenses of his burial, and to save my feelings, suggested that I might pay it back as I found it convenient. And so this sad chapter came to a close.

I may lack that fine sense of feeling, but a week later found me longing for something else in my life beside solitude. Perhaps the old longing of my youth had been kindled anew for aught I know, but, be that as it may, I lived in a state of constant unrest. Perhaps it was money I needed; perhaps it was the widow. She had enough, and to spare, but whatever meanness forms a part of my nature, believe me, I could not stoop to such means to obtain it. No! If she should accept me, she must feel my desires were prompted by love, and love alone. But to demonstrate even this, I must have some of the filthy quantity.

At last, strain and want deprived me of sleep, and night after night I lay awake, thinking, dreaming of a million fancied wrongs on the part of providence, until more than once I resolved to drown my sorrows and liquidate my indebtedness in the ebbing tide.

What would the widow think of my proposal? Would the publishers accept the work of my life? And

last of all, the strange thought: What had Wong done with the money I paid him? Thirteen years at twenty dollars per month—three thousand one hundred and twenty dollars! Not a mean sum, that, and I wagered some fellow celestial held the whole.

And lately, to add to my unrest, that god of Wong's had been making peculiar sounds at night, and this I determined to end, planning to lay with my revolver beside the bed, and let him have the contents if the offense was repeated. Constant strain had robbed me of all sentiment in the matter.

At length the dreaded night came. Now, I have never been a praying man, but I confess that this night I expressed wishes to an unseen power that means might be forthcoming for escape from the dreadful groove into which I had fallen.

I slept a space and awoke with a start. Hark! That god again. I reached for my revolver and waited, and presently I heard the same peculiar jingling sound. I aimed in the direction of the sound and fired.

Now, I don't believe I am a coward, but a crash followed that left me in the cold, clammy sweat said to come before death. At length I found courage to strike a light, and my floor was covered with twenty dollar gold pieces, the god split in twain lying in the midst of the glittering gold.

On examination, I found he had been made of two pieces hollowed from his mouth to his stomach and glued together. Before glueing he had been carefully padded, so that any ordinary jar would betray no sound of the matter within him. Each month Wong had taken his twenty, dropping it in the mouth of the god, and the weight had long been too great for his construction. My aim was true, for I struck him fair in the middle, causing a rent that continued to spread from the weight of gold, and he lay, a pitiful wreck. Pieces of padding, gnawed into bits, explained the mystery of the noise. Some mice, creeping down his throat, found a well-made nest, and running over the gold at night, caused it to jingle.

If Wong had any heirs, I did not know any course to pursue to find them, so figured I had every right to the treasure.

The mice? Well, I feel so tenderly toward them that I have had a gold-plated image made for a paper weight, that while I write I may be reminded of the good fortune for which they are in a measure responsible.

The woman? Well, we are very happy since closer relationship has, to a large extent, removed many of my faults and revealed many of her virtues.

The lie? Well, I still retain my antipathy to falsehood.





“HULDAH” —

Grace McGowan Cooke

“**E**F you l’arn to
love the path
you go by, to take
each step the very
best you know how,
to think how sight-
ly the little bushes
and grass by the
wayside is, never to
fergit that the blue
sky is over your
head; w’y, youve
walked your path
the way God meant
you to.”

CRIME AND CRIMINALS

IN THE UNITED STATES

BY JOHN F. CARRERE, Secretary of the Legislative Committee of California for the Insane

THE last session of the California Legislature appointed a committee to study and investigate the prison system of this and foreign countries, with a view of improving the penal methods in that State. As a preliminary to this work the committee has, after much labor, collected reports of nearly all the penitentiaries, reformatories and similar institutions in the United States, and it is from these reports numbering some 62 pamphlets, that the statistics and data in this article are drawn.

Unfortunately, there is absolutely no uniformity in the method of compiling the reports even when they come from different institutions in the same State. Thus in some States the race of the convicts, whether black or white, is not given; in others, there is no mention of their sex. Ohio makes no mention of their nationality; North Carolina gives no details of their crimes, while in still other States, and indeed I might say in a majority, the statistics are based on one number of prisoners for one class of information, and on another number for another; thus, the age of the prisoners will be given for all those in the prison on a certain date; but the data for nationality or crime is based on the number of inmates received during the previous year or two years. Crimes, too, are classified and divided differently in nearly every State; and the technicalities used are in some cases difficult to understand, even by lawyers, while for laymen they are simply incomprehensible. Thus we have "assault to murder" and "assault to

kill" put down as different crimes in the same report, and in another "assault to rape" and "assault to ravish" are distinguished from each other. In some States, the convicts include prisoners sent up for crimes unknown in other States, as, for instance, "violating the prohibition law" in North Dakota. In those States which have no reform schools the convicts include children as young as nine years of age; while in others we have reformatories with inmates over sixty. Statistics as to cost of maintenance are of little value, because the systems under which the prisoners are handled differ so widely. In the South, the convicts are almost invariably leased out; in some of the Northern States they are paid in part for their labor, while in still other sections of the country they are maintained entirely by the State, and get nothing for what labor they perform. Again, in the South, it appears to be the system, very largely to send only the weak and infirm to the State prison, keeping the strong and healthy in the county jails so as to utilize them on road work. In this connection, the Warden of the North Carolina State prison says in his report:

"The population of the prison is gradually diminishing. In 1894, the average number of convicts was 1,234; in 1896, 1,198; in 1898, 1,091; in 1900, 860; during the present year 819. The reason of this is easily understood. Many of the large counties are now engaged in road building, and use their convicts upon this work. Not only is this true, but the strong and robust convicts from

neighboring counties, by order of the presiding judge, are usually sent to re-inforce these county chain gangs, while the female and the weak, feeble and maimed are sent here to become a burden on the resources of our prison. I am an advocate of good roads and road building, but think this policy is unfair and unjust to the prison management. Every county that wishes to do so, should be permitted to use its own criminals, but it should retain them all, except those who are sentenced for life or for a long term of years. Convicts from those counties that do not maintain a chain gang should be sent to the prison so long as the Constitution requires the prison to be as nearly self-supporting as possible, and the public expects it to be entirely so. I can see no difference in permitting a county to demand and receive the convicts of a neighboring county, and permitting it to demand of the prison, without cause, all the convicts it may need—either the one should be prohibited or the other allowed—and if the latter is permitted the logical and inevitable result will be the maintenance of the prison by State appropriation.

"There is still another injustice in the present plan: the retention of the strong and robust convicts in the counties and the sending of the weak, sick and enfeebled to the prison, necessarily increases the death rate; consequently a comparison of this institution with similar institutions in other States creates a wrong impression and reflects upon the management."

The statistics of temperance and intemperance; the use of tobacco; church membership; the habits of parents, etc., are equally unreliable, unless we are to believe that criminals are largely total abstainers; that church goers furnish most of the murderers and rape fiends in the country; and that thieves, burglars, and highwaymen are largely the

children of respectable, law-abiding people. If the convicts' statements of their home surroundings and family associations are correct, there is absolutely nothing in all the theories of heredity and environment, and the best blood under the best circumstances produces the worst result. In the penitentiary at Animosa, Iowa, for instance, the character of the homes of 387 convicts was "good" in 362 cases and "poor" in 25. Their fathers were "good" in 368 instances, and their mothers the same in 395 cases. Only 25 had intemperate fathers, and only 8 intemperate mothers; while there were 40 per cent of the convicts who did not use liquor at all. In Kentucky, out of 609 convicts 397 were temperate, and only 212 intemperate. In Pennsylvania, 36 per cent of the convicts at the Eastern penitentiary are described as "intemperate" and 3 per cent as "occasionally intemperate," while 60 per cent are either total abstainers or moderate drinkers.

The statistics of church membership are equally extraordinary, and apparently very few convicts are not devoted church members; as out of 13,000 prisoners in the various penitentiaries 9,500 claim to belong to some denomination. Probably the figures on the subject are most reliable in the Tennessee report, which, out of 1,434 convicts, puts down 1,160 as of "no religion," although three of its convicts are said to be "ministers of the Gospel." Its neighbor, Kentucky, reports 312 prisoners who have attended Sunday school and 297 who have not; Missouri has 1,314 church attendants out of 1,674 prisoners. Any one who knows anything of criminals, however, will readily understand that they (not unlike their more honest brethren) endeavor to represent themselves in the most favorable light possible, even if the result is incongruous. At nearly all the penitentiaries there is at least

one chaplain and usually two, a Protestant and Catholic, though the resident chaplain in all cases seems to be Protestant.

In dividing the prisoners by races other peculiarities arise; at Folsom prison, California, we are told in the summary of races that there are 25 "Mongolians," while the detailed list gives 23 Chinamen and 5 Japanese. As the summary names only Caucasians, Negroes and Indians, besides the Mongolians, it is evident that some of the Japanese must be included under those heads. In Texas and Arizona, Mexicans are given as a distinct race, while elsewhere they are included with the Caucasians, although probably by reason of their mixed blood and characteristics, it would be more correct to call them Indians, after their mothers, just as the other mixed races, the Mulatto, with negro mothers, are denominated negroes in the reports. In New Mexico, Italians are given as a race by themselves.

The data of length of terms for which the commitments were made are of little value, as they vary for the same crime in different States and depend, besides, largely on the circumstances under which the crime was committed, the penalty prescribed for a given crime by the statutes of the State, and the inclination of the sentencing judge.

It will be seen, therefore, that the greatest care has been necessary to correctly analyze the numerous reports, and compile the statistics they give; and it has only been found possible to arrive at any degree of accuracy by collecting separately each class of information sought, and excluding those convicts from the tables concerning whom the particular information desired was not given. Thus, Ohio is not included in the data given concerning the nationality of convicts; nor North Carolina in the details of crime; because, as I have said above,

the Ohio reports lack statistics of nationality, and that of North Carolina those of crime. In all statistics for 50,790 convicts have been examined, the inmates of reformatories exclusively for juveniles of either sex, work-houses and city or county jails are not included in the count; nor reports from the Hawaiian Islands or other island possessions of the United States. Alaska is not included, nor the States of Wyoming and Delaware. Wyoming publishes no report, and Delaware has no State prison, and its officials absolutely refuse to give any information about their penal system; and were the only persons corresponded with either in this country or abroad from whom courteous replies to inquiries were not received. No statistics for the Indian territory can be given, and the data for Oklahoma is included in that of Kansas, prisoners of the latter territory being cared for in the Lansing, Kansas, penitentiary.

The South has by far the largest number of criminals in proportion to its population, due to its immense number of negro convicts. Texas, for instance, with a population of 3,048,710, has 3,865 convicts, while Ohio, with 4,157,545, has only 1,939, and Pennsylvania, with 6,302,115 population, only 2,369. Georgia has 2,315 convicts, Iowa, with a slightly larger population, only 820. Mississippi and Minnesota 1035 and 692 respectively; Louisiana has 1,142, Nebraska 286, and so on through the whole list. But of Texas's convicts, 2,192 are negroes; of Georgia's, 2,058; of Mississippi's, 928; and of Louisiana's, 983. Fourteen Southern States, including Missouri and Maryland, 13,480 colored and 4,704 white convicts, and of those States, Missouri is the only one with more white convicts than black.

In the whole country, out of 40,563 convicts whose color is given, 22,117 were white, 18,050 were black, 119 were Chinese or Japan-

ese, and 270 were Indians, though the latter number would be very largely increased if it were made to include the so-called Mexicans or Indian half-breeds. It may be interesting to add that while the negroes compose only 12.5 per cent of the population of the United States, excluding Alaska and the islands and States not included in these statistics, they furnish 44.4 per cent of the criminals. The yellow race furnishes 0.1 per cent of the population, and 0.3 per cent of the criminals, and the Indians 0.2 per cent of the population and 0.6 per cent of the criminals.

Comparing the number of convicts in the East and the West, the showing is most unfavorable to the Pacific Coast, but the region between the Mississippi and the Rockies has a very small percentage of criminals. California, however, has nearly three times as many convicts as Massachusetts; Oregon has 300 to 187 in Rhode Island, though the population of both States is nearly the same, and if Washington be compared with Maine, the Western State has more than twice as many inmates in its penitentiaries as are reported from the Eastern State, though the latter State has the larger population. Vermont, with twice the population of Idaho, has only 35 more convicts than the Panhandle State, and Arizona has only 25 convicts less than New Hampshire and Vermont combined, while Montana and Connecticut have about the same number. New York, of course, has the largest criminal population, and Nevada naturally the smallest, although Nebraska has the smallest number of prisoners in proportion to its population, and she is the only State which does not report a single convict received in her State prison for two years for murder.

Out of 39,650 convicts whose nationality is given in the reports, 5,009 were foreign born. Of the 20,-

731 white convicts whose nationality is given, 4,851 are foreign born, or 23.4 per cent. In the States from which they come they constitute only 11.5 per cent of the population. The principal nationalities were represented among the 5,009 as follows: Austrian Empire, 180; Australia, 37; Canada, 632; China, 104; Denmark, 50; England, 446; France, 74; Germany, 849; Ireland, 613; Italy, 502; Japan, 15; Mexico, 505; Norway, 77; Poland, 88; Portugal, 11; Russia, 253; Scotland, 114; Sweden, 146; Switzerland, 47; Wales, 24.

In the South, as a rule, the number of foreigners is very small; thus, North Carolina reports only five; Virginia only one, and Texas only nine; while in New York there are 1,037; in Illinois, 354; and in California 637. Deducting the negroes, Mongolians, Indians and foreigners from the criminal population of the States giving statistics for all of those races, you have 15,880 white Americans to 23,247 of the other classes named, or 40 per cent.

In the matter of crime, there were 9,580 convicted of murder or attempt at murder; 3,138 for rape or crimes against decency, and 22,543 for robbery in some form, out of 49,974 convicts, the balance being for various other crimes, such as arson, selling liquor to Indians, etc. Some of the crimes charged are peculiar. Thus, Iowa has a convict charged with "boot legging," and another charged with being a "safe keeper." In Kentucky, strange as it may seem, considering her political sympathies, there are 32 convicts guilty of "confederating," and mule stealing is carefully segregated from purloining horses or other live stock. In Louisiana, one convict got in the penitentiary for an offense "not stated," while in Tennessee "Klu Kluxing" is one of the crimes mentioned, and "white capping" another, and 108 prisoners were sent up for "violating the revenue law." In Vermont they have very wisely

shut up in the penitentiary a man because he was "unsafe to be at large," an idea, however, if it were to become general over the country, would undoubtedly add enormously to our convict population.

In the matter of age, the prisoners range from nine years of age to over ninety. The largest number is between 20 and 30. Out of 39,627 convicts whose ages are given, 6,993 are under twenty; 18,805 were between 20 and 30; and 13,241 were between thirty and sixty. Only 588 were over the last mentioned age.

In some of the States where there are no reform schools, the youth of some of the convicts is phenomenal; thus, Nevada has an Indian boy nine years of age, and his brother thirteen years of age, sent to the penitentiary for two years for "assault with intent to kill and grand larceny." Arkansas has three convicts under twelve years of age and Florida 1 eleven. Georgia has four under twelve and fifteen under fourteen years of age; but Illinois leads the record with thirty-two commitments for life under twenty years of age, two of the youths being only fifteen years old. Illinois includes among her life convicts one 74, and the other 75 years of age. Massachusetts has a child under fifteen in the reform school for drunkenness, it may be noted in passing, and Pennsylvania has a boy of fifteen convicted of murder in the second degree. Virginia has two convicts under ten, 1 eleven, 2 twelve, and 1 thirteen years of age. It would seem as though the penitentiary is not the place for children whatever their crimes, and certainly it is not the place to reform them, and reformation, especially in young convicts, should be more the object of imprisonment even than punishment. Many of the reports call attention to this very matter, and it is a subject that the National Conference of Corrections and Charities should take up and endeavor to remedy; certainly,

it is not a conditions of affairs creditable to American civilization that children of ten or twelve years of age have to be confined in prisons with adults. The moral results are simply horrible to contemplate; and in one penitentiary the warden wisely kept two young boy convicts in his hospital to save them from the fate that would have been theirs had they been sent where they could associate with the adult prisoners.

Ten thousand three hundred and ninety-five prisoners have been married, and 14,684 were single; while 26,460 had some education, and 10,646 had none.

Forty-two thousand two hundred and ninety-five were males and only 1,569 were females.

In occupation, every profession, trade or calling is represented, from ministers of the Gospel to prostitutes, gamblers and tramps. The vast majority, 6,733, are put down as "laborers." The "honest farmers" number 2,651, the bankers 9, the doctors 21; the lawyers 26; the clergymen 39, of whom Georgia has 16; newspapermen 15, and teachers 33. Cooking seems to be an occupation prolific of crime, for there are 770 cooks in the list, and teamsters also have a large representation, 534. waiters number 466, the printers 98, while there are 348 carpenters and 112 bricklayers.

The reports from nearly every Southern State condemn in the severest terms the system of dealing with the criminal population. Thus, the Alabama report (evidently written by humane men and careful students of penology), has a description of the treatment of county prisoners by President of the Board of Convict Inspectors, J. M. Carmichael, who writes:

"Three-fifths, at the least calculation, of county convicts, hired outside of the counties in which they are convicted, are only guilty of misdemeanors, not involving moral turpitude, such as assaults and battery,

gaming, violating prohibition laws, carrying concealed weapons, using obscene language and the like. When these people are placed in the mines—white or black—they are worked "cheek by jowl" with the worst type of thieves, robbers, rapists and murderers, many of whom would not hesitate if opportunity presented itself, to kill a man for two dollars. This, notwithstanding the law forbids it.

"Two boys fight together, willingly, in a public place, and thereby become guilty of an affray. They are tried in some inferior court, having jurisdiction, and fined twenty-five dollars each. One of them is the son of a man of means, and secures the fine and cost, and goes at liberty. The other is the son of a widow woman, and he her only child. She is without means, and he cannot secure the fine and cost, and therefore goes to hard labor for the county in some mining establishment, where, as has already been suggested, he is liable to associate with the worst class of criminals, and possibly loses his life from sickness, accident or the violence of some desperate outlaw, or becomes a bad criminal."

And the Physician Inspector, Dr. Shirley, says:

"The death rate among convicts must ever remain high, in my opinion, without a radical change in the administration of justice, and the temporary confinement of those awaiting trial in the various jails of the State. The condition of many of the jails in Alabama beggars description; prisoners are herded in them like sheep, with no ventilation, no sanitation, no bathing facilities and no change of clothing (although they may be confined for months), reeking with filth and covered with vermin; this with food of the roughest and poorest character not only invites but produces disease. This is a mild picture of existing conditions in many of the jails of the State. Those suffering from

constitutional and contagious diseases are placed in the same room and cells with the healthy, and I have known strong and able-bodied prisoners placed in jail come out both physical and mental wrecks; in fact, it is no common occurrence to receive a prisoner in the penitentiary who literally brings his death certificate from the jail, and it is further known that prisoners have had executive clemency extended to them because death would have claimed them before they could reach the penitentiary."

The Georgia report discusses at great length and most intelligently the best methods of employing convict labor, especially that employed in chain gangs by private individuals, which the report says is worked "in most cases contrary to the provisions of the law." In Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi there has been a great improvement in prison methods lately, and no doubt in a few years the prison systems of the country will be models in that respect both North and South, for as a rule, bad methods are due to the fact that the public and the authorities have given penal methods no thought or intelligent study; and not to a desire to treat convicts inhumanely or brutally. In many States, prisoners are paroled instead of being pardoned, which seems to be a wise provision, since it continues the restraining influence of the prison on the convict even after he has left its walls.

Another excellent plan seems to be the scheme of paying convicts for what they do in excess of their cost of maintenance, the surplus going to the support of their families, if they have any; if not, it is laid aside until they are released.

The confusion in the character of the reports which makes it impossible to gather full and satisfactory data on almost any desired point, might be avoided if the Federal Census Bureau, which has now

become a permanent branch of the Government, were to prepare forms of reports that could be used by all wardens and other prison officials in making their reports. Penology and criminology are now studies of recognized value and importance, and it should be, and no doubt would be, the pleasure of every one engaged in prison management to furnish all the data possible upon which to base conclusions.

It is very evident in reading the reports that their authors as a rule pay but little attention to what their neighbors are doing in the same line of work. From some of the most pro-

gressive States come the poorest reports; from some of the least progressive the best, though that does not apply to Pennsylvania, which has, not even excepting New York, the best, most thorough and most scientific reports issued by any State. Undoubtedly there is great room for prison improvement, but there is evidently a desire and a determination all over the union to progress as rapidly as possible. The figures and data given may perhaps point some of the directions reform should take, especially the need of stopping, if possible, the alarming prevalence of crime among the young.



Palace of Electricity—Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN WHO HAVE ACHIEVED SUCCESS

BY E. P. IRWIN

NOWADAYS we do not hear so much about the new woman as we did not many years ago. It is not necessary. Woman has her rights, as she always had them and always will. That they are different now from what they were fifty years ago is not the result of agitation or legislation, but of natural evolution and changed conditions. And with this evolution has come the New Woman—not the short-haired caricature that we feared, but woman as feminine, as gentle, as womanly as were ever the women of by-gone days. Quietly, unassumingly, she has taken her place, entering into almost every field of labor and endeavor that is open to her brothers, and withal making so little noise about it that the man has hardly noticed that he is rubbing elbows with the woman in fields of work that he was so long accustomed to look upon as exclusively his own.

And in every line of work that women who have proved their ability to succeed, to get results. Nowhere is this more true than in San Francisco. In no city in the United States, or, for the matter of that, in the world, has woman so fully demonstrated her ability to climb to the top of whatever profession she has entered into. San Francisco woman artists, writers, musicians are known from one end of the country to the other.

Yet despite the fact that she has proved that when she wishes she can be as successful in her chosen lines as can her stronger brothers, there are comparatively few women who ever achieve great success—that is, in the commonly accepted

meaning of the term. The woman who has devoted her life to being true wife and mother has in reality accomplished as great a success as her more ambitious sister who has taken up work which, successfully accomplished, brings her before the general public. But in the narrower meaning of the term, the fact remains that of the many women who start out upon careers in art, letters, law, medicine, etc., few ever become greatly successful.

The reason, or reasons, are not far to seek. Two in particular may be pointed out. The first and perhaps lesser reason is that excitability of woman which renders her more diverse in her aims and less capable of following steadfastly one particular purpose. She is more liable than the man to stray after strange gods, to leave unfinished work she starts out to do, and to take up something else which for the moment, at least, appeals to her more strongly. The women who can set before themselves one object in life and follow it unswerving to the end, are few in number. But those who can do this thing are women of whom the world hears.

But the chief obstacle that lies in the way of woman's success is the fact that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she is not whole-hearted in her work. She has an anchor to windward, or, to change the figure, the bark of her ambition goes ashore on the shoals of matrimony. There is always the possibility in her mind—it may be but vague and undefined—that she will marry, and marriage, with a woman, too often means the abandonment of what she may previously have looked upon as her life work. The lives of some of San-

Francisco's successful women have proved that this need not be so, but nevertheless the fact remains that it usually is so.

Yet woman, be she married or single, can achieve success. Perhaps in no other line has this been so well demonstrated as in literature. The woman writers of San Francisco include several who have made names for themselves both in this country and Europe.

And at the head of this list should unquestionably be placed the name of Ina Coolbrith, as the writer who, by length of residence, by the character of her work, and by her endearment to the people of the city by the Golden Gate, is pre-eminently a San Franciscan. No woman in all the West has reached a higher place in literature than she has.

Coming to California in her early youth by the long overland route, Miss Coolbrith has made the State her home ever since. Here she has done her work, and here she has become the most typically Californian poet since the days of Bret Harte. Cramped as she has been by adverse circumstances, the poetic genius that burned within her has yet weathered the ill winds of Fate and she stands to-day as a woman loved and honored by all who have read her poems.

Yet recognition came slowly to her, and nowhere more slowly than in the State where for so long she has made her home. California is too careless, too prodigal, and merit that is not backed up by pushing self-assertiveness, goes often unrecognized. The East is kinder to its children of genius than the West. Miss Coolbrith has never been one to push herself forward, and so to-day the true excellence of her work is better recognized in the East than in California. She is an idealist, not only in her writings, but also in her life. No one can meet her and fail to be impressed by the Woman as well as by the poet.

Miss Coolbrith has not been a voluminous writer. Her life has been too busy, too filled with uncongenial but unfortunately necessary work. What she might have done under more favorable circumstances can only be inferred from what she has done. The record of a life-time is comprised in the one small volume containing not more than a hundred poems, entitled "Songs from the Golden Gate."

The scope of this article will not admit of a lengthy discussion of her work. And it is not necessary. Those who have read her poems will need none. Those who have not would be little benefited. Suffice it to say that her poems breathe the highest and purest ideals, the truest womanhood, the most patient resignation. At times one may catch a glimpse of a wild bird beating its wings against the cage that holds it back from freedom, from flight into its native element. A plaintive strain runs through some of the poems, a longing expressed in a minor key. The poetic genius cramped by the stern restrictions of Fate cries out for freedom.

And there is the love of life, of Nature. No woman who had not in her the spirit of the mountains and the forests, of the broad sweeping plains and the rush of mighty rivers could have written "Longing." The love of it all is passionately expressed in one stanza of that incomparable outcry:

"And I could kiss with longing wild
Earth's dear, brown bosom, loved
so much

A grass blade fanned across my
hand

Would thrill me like a lover's
touch."

Of late years, Miss Coolbrith has done little writing, more's the pity. Her time has been too fully occupied with other work. From 1874 to 1893 she filled the post of librarian of the Oakland City Library.

She is now librarian of the Bohemian Club, of which she has the distinction of being the only female member.

In her earlier days, Miss Coolbrith was the intimate friend of Bret Harte, who, with Joaquin Miller and others of the strong, sturdy writers of California's more strenuous days, was a frequent visitor at her home. Whittier recognized her worth, and was glad to greet her as a kindred spirit.

To-day she remains the same quiet, stately, dignified woman she has always been—the sweetest singer of the Golden West.

Gertrude Atherton.

Gertrude Atherton is too well-known as a writer of fiction to require more than brief mention. Although San Francisco has seen but little of her of late years, she is truly a San Franciscan, for it was in this city that she was born and grew up. Much of her time now is spent abroad. Her life in the city of the West has had its influence on her work, as how could it do otherwise, and several of her books have their scenes laid in California.

Probably the books of no other woman writer of fiction in the United States have a wider circulation than those of Gertrude Atherton, to mention whose name is to call to mind "The Conquerors," "Senator North," "The Californians," "A Daughter of the Vine," and other books of which she is the author.

Miriam Michelson.

Among the younger writers of San Francisco, none is better or more favorably known, especially to the people of the city in which she lives, than Miriam Michelson, whose novel, "In the Bishop's Carriage," is at present in such demand among readers of fiction. Before the appearance of her book, Miss Michelson was probably best known

to the people of San Francisco through her work on the daily papers, for she has been connected at various times with several of the big dailies. In this work she has been eminently successful, as well as in the writing of short stories, which have appeared in the different magazines of the country.

A young woman of charming personality, Miss Michelson gives one the impression of having an immense amount of reserve force which some day may be called upon to good purpose. Successful as she already is, her work is as yet hardly more than begun. She expects to bring out another book in a short time, and is also planning other work.

Geraldine Bonner.

Geraldine Bonner, the author of "Hard Pan" and "To-morrow's Tangle," is a woman whose fame is not confined to the limits of the city wherein she has lived for the greater part of her life. Her writings have made her widely known. Born in the State of New York, she came to San Francisco in early youth, and has made it her home most of the time since. Her literary work began in 1887 as a writer for the *Argonaut*, to which she has been a contributor ever since. Aside from her books, she has done a great deal of writing for the magazines.

Miss Bonner is now in Paris, where she is engaged in literary work. She is a woman who has set herself a goal, and working steadily on, has attained a measure of success which is vouchsafed to few women. Her latest book, "To-morrow's Tangle," has been enthusiastically received by the reading public. At the Mechanics' Institute Library of San Francisco, it is called for oftener than any other book.

Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs.

The name of Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs is one dear to the hearts

of all true lovers of good books. Mrs. Riggs, or, as she is better known by her maiden name under which she has published all her books, Kate Douglas Wiggin, is a native of Philadelphia, but came to San Francisco when she was very young. She founded the first free kindergarten on the Pacific Coast, and she has never lost interest in that work. She has, indeed, published several books upon kindergarten subjects.

Her writings are of a varied character. She has written for both young and old. To girls her books are ever a source of delight. It is needless to enumerate her writings. "The Birds," "Christmas Carol," "Polly Oliver's Problem," "The Story of Patsy," "Timothy's Quest," are they not written already in the hearts of her readers? And where are her readers not to be found? The freshness, simplicity and piquancy of her style have endeared her to children and to those who, having left childhood behind, look back with longing upon what they have lost.

Frances Charles.

Among the women litterateurs of San Francisco, few hold a higher place than Frances Charles, journalist and writer of stories. Her work has not been voluminous, but it is of exceptional worth. "In the Country God Forgot" is a book which alone was sufficient to make her reputation as an author, and which was well received by the reading public. Her latest book, "The Siege of Youth," is at present attracting much attention and favorable comment. It is a story the plot of which is laid in San Francisco, and deals with characters and incidents of the present day. Journalism and art have their place in the story. The characters are exceptionally well-drawn, while the love episodes are such as cannot help but appeal to all who read the

book. The work is bright and entertaining all the way through.

Emma Wolf.

Emma Wolf is a San Francisco woman who has made herself known as a writer of books. She has written "Other Things Being Equal," "The Joy of Life," "Heirs of Yesterday," and "The Prodigal in Love," which are all volumes appreciated by the lovers of good fiction. Miss Wolf is still a resident of the California metropolis, her home being on Washington street.

THE ARTISTS.

The climate of San Francisco seems peculiarly congenial to the artistic temperament. In no other city in this country outside of New York are there so many artists engaged professionally. According to the records of the Mark Hopkins Institute, there are over two hundred in the city, many of them doing extremely good work. A large number of these are women.

Nor is it surprising that there are so many here. It would rather be a cause for surprise if the number were less. Who that has an artistic soul, a love for the beautiful, can look unmoved upon the scene that the San Franciscan looks out upon every day—can see it without desiring to give expression to what he feels? There are so many who feel and appreciate but are unable to express that it would seem a sin for those who can give fit expression to their emotions to keep them shut up within themselves.

Miss Lillie O'Ryan.

Those who have read Paul Leicester Ford's "Janice Meredith," will remember the picture which adorns the outer cover—the picture of a young girl with a beautiful, sweet face, delicately featured, dreamy, romantic, with each line clear, drawn and distinct. This picture, which, according to the pub-



Miss Ina D. Coolidge.

lisher's statement, went far toward giving the book the popularity which it has enjoyed, is a reproduction from a miniature painted by Miss Lillie O'Ryan at the request of the author. Mr. Ford sent to the artist a part of the manuscript of his story with the request that from his description of the heroine Miss O'Ryan should paint a portrait of her. The beautiful miniature was the result. She also painted a portrait of Mr. Ford from life, which is accounted the best in existence of the author, whose life met such a tragic ending a short time ago.

Miss O'Ryan came to San Francisco about four years ago from New York. She states that when she came here she did not expect to be able to make a living by means of her art, but she has been most agreeably disappointed. Her success has been all that she could ask. She now has the best people of the city as her patrons, and has all she can do.

Miss O'Ryan studied at Cooper Union, New York. In 1897, in a competition held at the University of New York, she was successful in carrying off the first prize for a type of American head.

The artist is a woman of medium height, slightly gray, and of a vivacious and energetic manner. She has the distinction of being the only miniature painter of any renown in San Francisco. However, she does not confine herself entirely to miniatures. Whenever she can find time she works on full length portraits, finding, as she says, that the bolder strokes of the brush which this allows, enable her to avoid that common failing of many miniature artists of weakening the force of their lines by the delicacy of the work. Miss O'Ryan's latest miniature, that of Mrs. Willard Drown, and Mrs. Worthington Ames, have created much favorable comment, and is considered by many as the best thing she has yet done.

Mrs. Thomas Richardson.

Among the first names that come to one's mind when San Francisco portrait artists are mentioned is that of Mrs. Richardson. This well known artist is one of the pioneers of California, having come to San Francisco in the spring of 1850, and being, therefore, eligible to rank among the historic Forty-niners. She is a pleasant-faced, matronly woman, whose natural dignity is increased by her silvery hair. Her studio is in her own home, on the very top of Russian Hill. From its windows she can look down upon the panorama of the city spread out below her, with the encircling bay and the tall masts of the shipping, and to the West, the Golden Gate, opening out into the swelling waters of the Pacific. It is always beautiful up there. Even the fog rolling in from the ocean is majestic in its silent march. One could hardly help doing good work in such a place.

Successful as she has been as an artist, Mrs. Richardson believes that her duty to her home comes before her art. Her studio is the most popular room in the house, and it is there that the family assembles in the evenings.

Like many other successful women, Mrs. Richardson is greatly averse to notoriety. "I am not a woman with a career," is the way she puts it. "I am just a worker." Yet the success of the "worker" is attested by the fact that she has all she can do, and that her pictures do not remain long in her studio. The people of San Francisco appreciate good things when they see them.

Helen Hyde.

Everybody who knows anything about art or artists knows who Helen Hyde is. She is probably better known outside of her home city than any other San Francisco artist. Miss Hyde has lived nearly all her life in San Francisco. Her

earliest work was in colored etchings, the subjects chosen being the children of Chinatown. This work at once proved most popular, and Helen Hyde's comical little Chinese tots are only less widely known than her later studies of Japanese children.

About four years ago she went to Japan, where she has spent most of her time since. Naturally since then her work has been mostly Japanese in subject and character. She took up successfully the Japanese wood-cut, and when she returned to the land of the Mikado, two years ago, after a brief visit home, it was with the intention of learning the Japanese art of carving directly the blocks from which the colored cuts are made. She has also done in Japan some important work in water colors.

Mrs. Albertine Randall Wheelan.

One of the women who has demonstrated the fact that marriage need not interfere with a woman's work in the world is Mrs. Albertine Randall Wheelan. Although she, like Mrs. Richardson, says that her work is subordinate to her home she has nevertheless acquired an extensive reputation as an artist. She says that the interest taken by her husband in her work has been the greatest help to her.

Mrs. Wheelan is perhaps best known through her work as an illustrator for the *St. Nicholas*, with which magazine she has been connected for the past fifteen years. She has also been an occasional contributor to the *Overland Monthly*. She has also published a number of wedding and children's picture books. Nearly all of her work has been for children.

At present Mrs. Wheelan is about entering upon a new line of work, that of designs for stained glass windows. She recently sent East a design for a Cupid window, intended for a private house. As fig-

ured windows are most commonly thought of in connection with churches, this is something of a novelty, and promises to become very popular.

Mrs. Wheelan is now, however, chiefly interested in the artistic training of her son, a young man who inherits his mother's genius, and who gives much hope for his future as an artist.

Nonette V. McGlashan.

In a little building at 912 Jones street works Miss Nonette V. McGlashan, who enjoys the unique distinction of being the only woman sculptor of any prominence in San Francisco. Although hardly more than a girl, Miss McGlashan has already produced results which easily give her the right to be classed among the successful women of San Francisco. Rather small in stature, she is of a prepossessing manner, jolly, vivacious and filled with an ardent enthusiasm for her chosen profession, and a big ambition. Her studio is not a luxurious lounging place. It is filled with plaster casts, clay models and all the evidences of hard work. She does not go there to lounge—she goes to work. "I have not done much yet," she says, "but I will some day."

Miss McGlashan studied at the Mark Hopkins Institute, and later went to New York, where she studied under Barnard. Before going to New York, she was chosen to assist in the work on the Donahue Fountain. She hopes to go to Paris in a year or two and continue her studies.

Miss McGlashan is now preparing for the Bohemian Club a figure which she intends shall surpass anything she has yet done. It represents the goddess Bohemia, standing with upraised arms, the elbows bent and the hands resting on the chest. The points of the elbows thus bent will form the horns of an owl—the symbol of the



Miss Nonette McGlashan in her studio.

Bohemian Club—while the rest of the bird's body will be formed by the draperies and the flowing hair of the goddess. The design is original and unique, and the work, so far as it has progressed, leaves room for no doubt that Miss McGlashan will fulfill her promise of this being her best piece of work.

Florence Roberts.

San Francisco has given her complement of women to the stage, where they have proved their ability as well as they have in other fields. Among them are three women who have achieved signal success, and whose names are ranked among the best actresses of America.

A typically Western actress, and the only one of prominence who gives her time and talent exclusively to the West, is Mrs. Louis Morrison, known to theatre-goers and the theatrical world under her stage name of Florence Roberts.

Miss Roberts commenced her career on the stage in 1889 as a supernumerary at the California Theatre in San Francisco—the same stage where she this fall appears as a star. She made her debut with Alice Harrison in "Little Jack Shepherd." She was an extra girl for two years before ever she got a speaking part. Nowadays, as she says, girls are expected to get speaking parts in about two weeks.

Miss Roberts first made a hit in San Francisco when playing at the Alcazar in support of her husband, Louis Morrison. She became very popular with San Francisco audiences, and Fred Belasco, seeing in her the promise of the actress which she has since fulfilled, took her up and put her on as a star, she taking her husband's place at the end of his engagement at the Alcazar. Her first appearance as a star was in "Camille," the emotional play which still remains one of her favorites.

In plays of an emotional nature,

Miss Roberts is at her best. Zaza, Camille, Sapho, The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch, have given her the opportunity to demonstrate her wonderful ability to depict the stronger emotions of the heart.

Not only in San Francisco, but in all other cities of the West, Florence Roberts always proves a drawing card, and her appearance on the stage of any of the theatres always means a full house during her engagement.

Blanche Bates.

Blanche Bates, like Maude Adams, has been practically all her life an actress. Her aptitude for the profession was inherited, her mother being herself an actress of no mean ability. The daughter was fortunate in coming in contact with a man like David Belasco, who recognizing her extraordinary talent, was in a position to help her to make the best use of it. Blanche Bates is too well known as one of the famous actresses of America to need more than brief mention. She has been in California but little, of late, most of her time being spent in the East. At the present time she is in Detroit, where she has spent the summer.

Nance O'Neill.

Nance O'Neill is another San Francisco actress who is too well known to make it necessary to mention her more than casually. It is the fortune of the people of the stage that whatever they do is well known, for though not all people read books, nearly everybody goes to the theatre. Nance O'Neill in her success does not entirely forsake her home State, but appears with much regularity in the cities of the West. She is now making her home in the State of New York, where she has a beautiful country residence. Her first engagement for the present season is in New York.

DON RAMON'S REVENGE

BY MRS. W. DAVENPORT HUDNALL

AWAY down in Old Mexico, Senor Ramon gloated over his vast possessions. Day by day he became more and more discontented and morose, as he looked upon his broad acres, fields of coffee, sugar and hemp, and as far as the eye could reach, and beyond, he could call the land and all who dwelt thereon his. But Don Ramon was a widower, because all the pretty señoritas and the widowed señoras looked upon him with fear.

It had been whispered abroad that somewhere away back in his life there had been a young and pretty Donna Ramon, who had mysteriously disappeared, after she had gone with him to the far away land of the Gringos.

Be that as it may, only he knew, and when he courted pretty Senorita Inez Santora, just fresh from the convent and devoted care of the good sisters of Sacre Coeur, he never could fathom the evident fear she had of him. Inez was the only daughter of a noble Mexican family, consisting of three brothers and her widowed mother.

All wanted her to marry Don Ramon because of his broad lands and great wealth, and upon her shoulders rested the responsibility of recouping the lost fortunes of the noble Santora family.

The boys either would not or could not work, and as soon as they found Senor Don Ramon had fallen in love with gentle Inez, their future seemed assured.

Surely no girl in her right mind would refuse such an offer, much less Inez, who was simply a penniless girl, with naught but a sweet, gentle disposition and a beautiful face. Inez kept her own counsel,

and almost broke her heart over the turn affairs had taken. She loved her mother, and brothers, too, as she knew nothing of their escapades. But she had been to mass at the great cathedral on some of the sacred feast days of the church, and her lovely eyes had wandered around many times when she should have been saying her prayers, and they encountered the admiring glances of Don Pedro Garcia, he of the powerful form and graceful carriage.

Inez always looked for him every time she went to the cathedral, and he was always in the same place, no matter at what hour she was there. She wondered how it could be that he knew when to find her.

After she left the care of the sisters and went to live with her family, no matter when she attended the mass, he was always there. Heart answered heart, and her eyes returned his loving glances, and some day she knew she should meet him. Surely, the Blessed Mother Mary would bring all around right. So Inez continued her work among her flowers; and sang the live-long day, as she nursed her secret love for Don Pedro. She knew who was under her window at night, singing the old love songs to the twanging of his guitar, and the stray notes she found in the early morning, as she strolled in the garden surely could only come from one source.

But alas! one day as she came home from a visit in the country to an old school-mate, imagine her astonishment upon entering the room to see Don Ramon chatting familiarly with her mother and brothers, and her mother addressing her, saying: "Inez, dear, Senor Don Ramon has conferred the great honor upon

us of asking your hand in marriage, and we have accepted him for you. Come here, dear, and let us congratulate you upon your good fortune."

Inez looked from one to the other, and great tears welled up in her eyes. "Oh, mother mia, I don't love Don Ramon. I—I—oh! don't ask me to marry him. I cannot—I cannot."

She ran out of the room, and up to her little shrine, and poured out her heart to the Mother of Sorrows.

Senora Santora made the best of the situation, and laughingly excused her by saying it would all be right by to-morrow; it was because the proposal was so unexpected, so sudden.

After Don Ramon had gone, Senora Santora went in quest of her willful Inez.

"What do you mean?" she said. "Don't you know we are as poor as we can be, and it only remains for you to wed the Don to keep us from beggarly poverty, and the Don has promised to help your brothers, and me, also. You must and shall marry him. I had pledged my word."

Poor Inez! Her life became one long torture, and at last she gave her unwilling consent, and then the Santora household became one vast workshop of preparation.

All the girls and widows shook their heads and prophesied dire disaster to follow the marriage. But Don Ramon showered his passive bride-elect with costly jewels and richest fabrics for her apparel.

Alas! one evening as Inez was sitting in the garden, as she thought alone, she heard the love song she knew so well, and some one else heard it also, and watched her as she listened. The rapt and sweet expression on her face was one he had never been able to bring forth, no matter how magnificent the gifts or how sweet his compliments and love-making might be, and he resolved to see who it was that brought that love light in her eyes.

He climbed over the hedge, but just in time to see Don Pedro vanish round the corner. His jealousy was aroused, and he determined to take her far away, when she was his bride, far away to the land of the Gringos, and then he would keep her shut up so no one could see her.

He kept his own secret, and Inez knew not that he had spied Don Pedro. After the wedding, which was the most brilliant affair that had ever been known in that part of old Mexico, he hurried his bride away to the solitude of a new home in a comparatively new country.

Inez was all alone, and saw no one except her old nurse, and the servants around the house, all of whom were brought from his old home, and had been his abject slaves, ruled by fear for years. He built the most peculiar house for their home.

It was shaped like a hexagon, with windows everywhere, and a cupola on top, so he could scan the country for miles around.

The house was situated on a lonely road, far away from the settlements, and approached through a long lane of eucalyptus trees, running north, south, east and west.

The house at the apex of the trees upon the knoll was so peculiar, and altogether so queer and uncanny that the straggling settlers gave it a wide berth, and it was whispered around that there were many dark deeds done under its roof. There was a large cistern some twenty-five feet deep, near the house, and that tapped a living spring which supplied water for the house, and large domain around it; orchard and garden blossomed and grew under the careful care of the servants, and Donna Ramon should be happy with such a home, but she was a prisoner and never was seen on the roads driving except with the Don.

One day he left her, saying he should not be back until the following evening, as he was going to town to attend to some business af-

fairs, and Donna Inez, being left alone, ascended the stair to the cupola, to watch the moon rise over the far-distant water. Oh, how unhappy she was, ever since her marriage, and for six months she had heard nothing from her family.

Could it be that Don Ramon destroyed the letters? She sat there she knew not how long, and it seemed to her the most peaceful time she had spent since leaving her own sunny land.

She heard a sound that made her heart beat faster, and faster, and she leaned far out on the window sill, and there stood—could it be possible? Oh, blessed Mother! Yes! it was none other than her beloved Pedro, singing the old love song, and looking up toward her.

What should she do—she must see him, but how—how? The old watch dogs, the servants, were not all in bed, and what if they should hear. She would write him a note, and fling it down from the window.

He must go until later. She flew down stairs, and penned the note, and put it through a ring she took from her finger, and flung it far down in the grass. Then she watched, and knew that Pedro knew and would be still and wait—and what joy!

She could see him in the garden and Don Ramon would not be there to interfere. Would the hours never pass? At last she stole down, and out to Pedro, her lost love. She told him of her misery, and Don Ramon's jealousy; how she was a prisoner, could go nowhere, or see anyone, and how she had heard of his hard name among the settlers, and all her troubles.

How nice to have sympathy and love from an old friend from home!

He, in turn, told her of his wanderings and loneliness without her, and it was almost morning ere he started to depart. But hark! what was that step she heard over there by those rosebushes; surely no ser-

vant could be around now. She was bidding Don Pedro a long farewell, when an angry face, black with passion, and the gleam of an uplifted knife, was all—and Donna Ramon's sorrows were o'er, and Don Pedro and Don Ramon were in deadly combat, struggling over her dead body in the moonlight. One gained the mastery, and Don Ramon was left, but not dead, beside poor Inez.

When the morning dew roused him, Don Ramon's first thought was how to get rid of the grewsome thing there on the grass. Surely there must be some way; he had done the deed before and still was free.

What could he do now? Something must be planned before the servants were stirring, and he must not be seen until to-morrow eve., when he was expected, and then he would join in the search for Donna Inez. Ah! there was the cistern.

He dragged her lifeless body toward it, and lifting a board, plunged the poor creature down headlong into the water.

Then it was the work of a few moments to rid his hands and clothes of the evidences of his crime, as water was plentiful, and he would go away, perhaps never to return.

Which he did, and the queer house and its occupants still remained on the knoll on the hill for many years.

No one asked any questions; if they did, all they got for their trouble was: "Quien sabe"—and one by one the servants dropped out, and the old house and grounds went to ruin.

But belated farmers, passing by there at night, say the air is rent with a woman's screams, and the voices of two men in deadly combat, then a silence, a splash, and all is dark as before.

Does Donna Ramon come back from the great beyond, and is the tragedy all enacted over again?

The taxes on the grounds are always paid by some one unknown,

to this day, although no one knows who. If they do, silence is golden.

There had been some talk of dragging the cistern, and one night a light was seen near; the next day

disclosed evidences of some one having been there. What did they do? What did they find?

Echo answers—what!

FEATHERED CALIFORNIANS

The Chaparral Wren

BY VIRGINIA GARLAND

FIND a chaparral patch anywhere in California, and you will hear a small bird, low in its cover, hopping and rustling in the underbrush, curious of your presence and evasive. You will hear its resentful, clattering, wren-like voice raised against you; but what manner of bird it is you will not wholly discover until, after loving and intuitive patience in watching. It is always there, winter or summer.

Sometimes when you have wandered afield, climbed the hills, stood in the low, bunchy, tangled manzanita and ceanothus, out on the breeze that comes up from blue-hazed distances, will quaver a queer calling, tremulous note. Vibrant, trenchant, it is now in the air about you, now seems to come from the ground at your feet; then faint, elusive, afar, it echoes from distant slopes. At once sounding from everywhere and yet from nowhere. Where is it? What is it? Bird, or some ventriloquist sprite? You wait, breathless, listening. There it comes again. It is futile to try and locate it; it breathes from the ground, from the sky; it vibrates all around you, leaving you unsatisfied as the finished melody of a well-rounded bird's song never does; but leaving you expectant, thrilled, ringing in your ears long after the chaparral hills are shut from your

sight. You may not hear it again that day, but you can hear it every month in the California year. It is the little brown bird in the bush. He it is who rings such wonderful, subtle, occult changes on one monotonous rising note. He is the Wren-Tit, called often, inaptly, I think, the scale bird, because of his sometime manner of running down the gamut, or dropping to a minor note at the end of his phrase. But he rarely does this, and a part of the charm and carrying quality of his strain is then lost.

You seek for him in vain; his voice is so resonant of power you never think of looking twice at the wee, tilting bird in the underwood if you should happen to catch a glimpse of him. You are looking high in the tree tops for some strange, large bird, or you think that he must be singing down in the valley below you, so he throws his voice the while he is watching you low in the brush beside you.

But when you know your chaparral ground well, when you know the creatures that home there, when all the low brushwood growth is familiar to you, manzanita, mesquite and cactus, sagebrush, salt bush, candlewood and creosote, chamiso, and ceanothus, thorny, stubborn, fascinating; when you love the heat that burns over it, the red, crumbly

earth under; the winds that sweep up sudden and cool from far, wide places, then you may often see the little brown wren droop his tail, throw up his head, spring open his slender, curved bill and whistle once, twice, thrice his clear, strange notes, followed by that haunting, quavering, questioning tremolo.

As the chapparal grows low, level, unrisng, echoing into far, dim reaches, so comes his song, level, unrisng, stretching into far, dim reaches. He has no cool, tinkling speech like the canon wren; no pretty, metallic tones like the rock wren; no reedy song as the wren of the tules. The wide, neutral mono-

tone of desert and sagebrush patches, mesas and chamisal stretches is his. He sounds the same note of sadness these spaces give, the same clinging, colorless power of charm. You will find him in the lowlands and the highlands, wherever the brushwood creeps; on the desert, pallid like the gray, alkaline soil, flitting in cactus and greasewood thickets, or up the slopes of the Sierras, with browner breast, as far as the matted manzanita climbs, he climbs after. And always his song is the same, long-drawn, ringing, clear, itinerant, haunting; a voice mysterious, the song spirit of the chapparel.

EASTERN MENUS

BY JANET MacDONALD

Tells where and how they serve food in the Eastern portion of our common country.

ARISTOTLE, the father of philosophy, who dominated the intellectual world for 2,000 years, was an exception to the most of great men, who, having intense likes and dislikes, have generally been exceedingly fond of particular kinds of food, and alas! drink also. He lived so frugally, that he might almost be said to have feasted on fancy. He speaks of himself, indeed, as a fit person to have lived in the world where men fed on acorns.

A noted French lady said she would commit a baseness for the sake of fried potatoes. A similar avowal with regard to some other favorite dish might be truthfully made by more than one disciple of Epicurus. It is well known that the English king who died of a surfeit

of lampreys was one of the foremost statesmen and warriors of his age, besides being a brilliant scholar. Alexander Pope, who was an epicure, would lie abed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would arise instantly and hurry down to the table.

His host, the brilliant orator and politician, was temperate at the table, but an over-roasted leg of mutton would strangely ruffle his temper. When Bolingbroke invited the cynical Swift to dinner, told of the tempting dishes that would be set before him, the Dean replied: "A plague on your bill of fare! Show me your bill of company."

Dr. Johnson had a keen relish for a leg of mutton, and for a veal pie with plums. "At my Aunt Field's,"

he once wrote, "I ate so much of a leg of mutton that she used to talk of it." Being once treated to a dish of new honey and clotted cream, he ate so voraciously that his entertainer was alarmed. Dryden, declining in 1699 an invitation from a lady to an attractive supper, wrote: "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

The great Greek scholar, Dr. Parr, avowed that he had a great love for "hot boiled lobsters with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Byron was inordinately fond of bacon and eggs, in which he would indulge in spite of what he knew would be the inevitable result—an attack of indigestion. Another and a harmless passion of the poet was that for soda water, on which and dry biscuits, he at one time almost exclusively subsisted. In this he was rivaled by the famous Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, the millionaire author, who, during the days and nights of continuous work in which he dashed off his "Vathek," an eastern tale, to which Byron said that "even Ras-selas must bow," subsisted mainly on the same gaseous fluid.

Like Byron, Leigh Hunt would treat himself at late suppers to the indigestible foods, though he had repeatedly suffered from them—"nightmare producing things," as he himself confessed, "that had nearly killed him."

Aristo had a ravenous appetite for turnips. Goethe had an immense appetite, and ate more than most men, even on days when he complained of not being hungry. He took no refreshment, however, until 2 o'clock, except a cup of chocolate at 11. Of wine he took two or three bottles daily. Handel, who was a large, bulky man, ate enormously, and when he dined at a tavern always ordered dinner for three. When

told that the dinner would be ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den pring up de dinner prestissimo. I am de company."

Beethoven, who in general cared little for the pleasures of the table, yet was very fastidious and even whimsical regarding his food, soup was his favorite dish, but it was hard to make it so as to please him. He told a servant who had lied to him that she was not pure in heart, and therefore could not make good soup. Once, when his cook set before him some eggs that were stale, he threw, one by one, the whole batch at her.

Dr. George Fordyce, a celebrated London physician, author and lecturer on chemistry, who died in 1802, had a singular theory regarding meals. He asserted that as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. In accordance with this opinion he for more than twenty years ate only a dinner during the entire day, which he took regularly at 4 o'clock in the afternoon at Dolly's Chop House. But then, like the one meal of the lion, it was a meal indeed. A pound and a half of rump steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a gill of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale—these satisfied nature's cravings till 24 more hours had passed, and occupied one hour and one-half of his time. Half an hour afterward he delivered his lecture on anatomy and chemistry.

Confronting the foregoing historical facts regarding the appetites of famous men, we find this most discouraging and uncomplimentary criticism.

"Plain living and high thinking are no more discouraging because susceptible of immediate proof by comparison."

One must require only to study the bills of fare—which from Sherry's, Delmonico's, Waldorf-As-toria's, or any other high-class cara-

vansary to the meanest imitation, bearing, however, the same names, are without exception called "menus," and again without exception, abound in French names for American people, incomprehensible to nine out of ten patrons in any class, to prove the truth of the trite remark.

Lobster en brochette Americaine; Chataubriand en casserole; Cream of Leeks au Croutons Souffles; Petits Marmites; Timbale a la Reine; Noisette of Lamb, a la Helder; Coquille Mancille; Sauce Bernaise, and Bordelaise, Pate de foie Gras, and numerous others with which one becomes familiar by experimenting, always providing he has the price.

One hotel in New York City has recently adopted a descriptive aside, in the bill of fare. For example, au gratin (baked with a covering of cheese); oyster sandwich a la Beguey (paprika toast, lettuce, fried oysters and English bacon), etc. It is worthy of comment also that the hotel above referred to is a swagger house, and entertains guests who should, perhaps, understand the different languages in vogue in American bills of fare. It has been suggested that the use of this nomenclature is of great value to foreigners, but I observe that the price is always the coldest, straightest English.

It is small wonder that San Francisco has gained a reputation so enviable and so wide-spread for catering to the inner man. A few years ago, a prominent physician in St. Louis, who had just returned from a visit to the coast, said to me: "My practice is for sale. My only desire is to get back to California, where I can live for the remainder of my days in the restaurants of San Francisco."

I take, quite at random, figures representing moderate prices in the cities of New York, Boston, Washington, D. C., Albany, Rochester,

Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, New Orleans and St. Louis:

We find, per order, canvass back duck, \$3.50; this, we understand, price and all. Then we have medalion of beef tenderloin Victor Hugo, \$3.50; chicken salad, \$1; tomatoes, 75c.; cucumbers, 50c.; French asparagus, \$1.25; new asparagus, 75c.; pate de foie gras, \$1; California prunes, 30c., and our simple little orange marmalade, which we buy here in every market for ten and twenty cents a jar, all spruced up, appearing on the bill, California orange marmalade, 30c., and when you order it, a tablespoon will hold the amount they bring you. One order of beefsteak costs from 70c. to \$3, and one order of eggs from 30c. to 70c.

Of the strictly exclusive hotels, the Holland has scored at least one peculiarity. Any one deemed sufficiently financially acceptable to dwell therein, may drawn on the house for any amount from \$1,000 to \$20,000. I have never yet heard any one say that the Waldorf-Astoria was, or is, exclusive, but it is barbaric in the splendor of its interior, and is noted for the opportunities presented for spending money and seeing ultra people.

MODERN EASTERN METHODS OF SERVING.

The Audubon in New York is a hotel with two roof kitchens and no dining room, meals being served in your rooms. This house commands the highest class theatrical patronage very considerably.

At 830 Broadway is the Automat, a new and most unique elective contrivance for satisfying the inner consciousness of an aching void. There are but two Automats in the United States, the second one being located in Philadelphia. It is the invention of a German, whose name I do not know how to spell, and who cannot speak a word of Eng-

lish, but who paid \$70,000 to establish this one plant in New York, where they serve more than 4,000 people daily. Through his interpreter, I learned that it is his purpose to establish a number of these eating houses in America.

By a peculiar electric system, a patron, selecting any plain or mixed drink, a soup, entree, roast, sandwich or dessert—may insert the amount of coin into a slot and have the order mechanically and instantly delivered hot or cold as desired.

The walls are lined with glass doors behind which appears the food corresponding with the printed bills of fare, with the prices attached, and a slot for the exact amount, with a lever which you must turn after having made your selection and inserted your coin. Instantly, you hear a buzzing sound, as if, indeed, by magic appears a glass shelf or dumb waiter, with a tray, plate, knife, fork and napkin, spotless and dainty, and—your order. Should you want a cup of tea or coffee, you pass down the room, and from another glass shelf you select a small tray, upon which you find a cup and saucer, a small bowl of sugar and cream in a dainty jug. Again you deposit the proper coin, hold your cup under a faucet, and this time push the button, and behold, your cup will be filled—just enough, not another drop. On the opposite side of the room, from a rack, you select a glass of a size to correspond with the character of your indulgence; this you invert on an electric device placed upon a shelf, and with your hand pressing it gently downward, when the inside of the glass is instantly deluged with water, but not a drop touches the outside surface. Being thus assured of the absolute cleanliness of the glass, you select your drink. Should it be anything so simple as Vichy it will be served free, but should you enter into complications, the price will correspond, and again you insert the proper sum,

again resort to the faucet and the button, and again will that glass be filled—no more, no less.

Ah, I exclaimed, what a heavenly consummation this would be for some San Francisco restaurant men, for there is no tipping here. You are not proscribed as to the number of orders you give, providing your money holds out, and you are tempted almost beyond your comfortable capacity by the attractive manner of serving, and by the ingenious method of presenting the daintily prepared morsels.

The Cafeteria is, I fancy, indigenuous to all large Eastern cities, for wherever I have been I have found these self-serving eating houses. I should think it would do a woman's soul good—a woman, I mean, who has spent the best part of her life in serving a husband, son or other masculine relative, to see these men come rushing into a cafeteria, taking his tray and passing along in front of a large counter (generally made of marble), and meekly (for indeed their humility is wonderful), selecting a soup, a meat, sandwich, tea or coffee, or, as I have seen them do, some sweet trifle and a glass of milk. Between the counter and the table is a long metal railing, and at the end a turnstile, where a good-looking young woman stands, inspects each tray and drops upon it a check to correspond with the order, when these lordly creatures pass meekly through the gate, select a table, and with the inevitable newspaper before them, bolt their luncheon, rush up to the cashier's desk, fling down the amount due, and flee from the restaurant as though they were going to a fire.

At Dennet's, on Newspaper Row, I have seen one thousand female stenographers taking lunch. They seem to have a peculiar fondness for pie and all manner of indigestible sweet stuffs, though some of them stick to pork and beans and sand-

wiches. A great proportion of them wear diamonds. Oh, the real thing—the rich only may wear paste.

A number of years ago the W. C. T. U. decided to establish a system of eating wagons or vans in New York. Now they have seven stationed in various parts of the city. Every cent of the proceeds over and above the actual expense of supporting these wagons is given to charity, and last year they cleared for this purpose over \$27,000. The wagon is about the size of our moving vans, and contains in one end a gas range, a refrigerator, shelves, a cook, and a counter, in front of which are three revolving stools; along the side and other end is a shelf and more revolving stools. The van is entered from the side and is clean and neat.

They serve sandwiches hot and cold, of various kinds, pies and doughnuts, tea and coffee and milk. The cook told me that egg sandwiches, pie and coffee have the call. In Rochester, I found a cafeteria where they serve meals without tables. A broad arm to your chair serves the purpose.

Whilst the women of the temperance cause are dispensing food and temperance drinks, a much different method obtains amongst their sisters in the shopping district. In the largest department stores in New York, it is against the law to dispense strong drink in smaller quantity than a small flask. An immense waste basket placed in the ladies' retiring room is emptied of whiskey flasks (and empty ones, too) three times each day.

Fine restaurants are maintained in each of these department stores to accommodate the shopping patrons, and delicate and well prepared food is served from 11 to 4 each shopping day, and at fairly moderate prices, for New York. Down on Wall street I watched a woman doing a basket restaurant business. At about the same hour

as the fashionable shopping lunch come hungry boys and men. Small clerks, messengers, street workmen and hangers on of the stock market are her clamoring patrons. She sells sandwiches, pickles and chow-chow, and the everlasting fried cake. I modestly asked the price. She looked at me in fine scorn, and remarked: "I guess you don't want none of my sandwiches." Upon insisting, I learned that she sold them for "One for 5, or three for 10." She did a thriving business, and on more than one occasion, I saw her dispense unostentatious charity which would have put to shame many a would-be philanthropist. Through the sad school of experience had she conned the lesson of privation and suffering.

In busy Chicago, the lunch counter with the high stool and a railing upon which to rest one's feet, seems to be the favorite quick lunch counter, although the cafeteria flourishes extensively. Good restaurants in Chicago are practically unknown, and long suffering humanity has simply accepted the existing condition of affairs, for they are quite too busy to bother about trifles.

One morning, passing down the street from the Auditorium, I was approached by a little lad who asked me if I would give him two cents to buy his breakfast. "Why," I said, "can you get breakfast for two cents?" "Oh, yes," he replied; "I can get a fine breakfast. A bowl of soup, a slice of bread, and a cup of coffee." "Come," I said, "show me the place." "Aw," he replied, "you wouldn't eat there." "Come on," I said, "we will both eat there," and we did, for after walking some distance, we came to a little shack of a house, where meals were dispensed to newsboys, and there I partook of the cheapest meal I ever ate, and as it turned out, in the company of a prince.

On the way he had confided his troubles to me, a custom prevailing

amongst many people of various ranks in life.) He said that he was a news-boy, but he had for some cause "got busted up in business." I asked him, not the particulars of his misfortune, but about the amount of capital it would require to put him on his "financial pins." He saw light ahead, and he said: "If I could have a nickel, I would buy some papers, and it would start me fine." But I said it would take two cents of that for breakfast. "Oh, no!" he interrupted, "I would not eat until I had sold some papers." But I said: "You have not eaten since yesterday morning, and you must be very hungry." "I am hungry (and his looks attested the truth of the statement); but I could wait that long." But I was adamant. I had made up my mind to take breakfast with that wreck of embryo manhood, and after we had breakfasted, I gave him a quarter of a dollar, and told him to lay in a large supply of newspapers and buy him a farm with the balance.

There is a sequel to this story, for

a couple of years later that same boy, again in the streets of Chicago, stood before me. I had forgotten him, but he remembered me, and with his cap in his hand (remembering my advice, which is not common to all to whom I gratuitously distribute it), and this time it was a good luck story he had to tell. He told me that he was getting along fine, that he had money in the bank, and wished to pay me the money I had loaned him. (This, also, has been an uncommon occurrence in my experience.) "No," I said, "that is a lucky quarter; keep it, and when you see some other chap who is 'busted,' use it to start him in business. And say, mind you don't ask him how it happened. Let us see how much good we can get out of that money."

It will not surprise me if that boy is some fine day the President of the United States, and anyhow, I am proud to remember that I took breakfast with him, even though it did only cost 4 cents for a double order.

A UNIQUE JAPANESE TRAMWAY

BY CHARLES LORRIMER

ATAMI, a little, insignificant Japanese fishing village creeping down the slopes of the hills to bathe its feet in the sea, has the honor of being the terminus of a unique tramway line. We heard of it by the merest chance (for the little town stands well off the beaten track), while we were whirling through the hot streets of Tokio, wrapped in a dusty cloud. After a week of city noise and bustle, the prospect of "green and pleasant fields" and the "brooding peace of woods," attracted us greatly. Con-

vinced that by far the best way to rid ourselves of such a harmless temptation was to yield to it, we started early the next morning by train on the first stage of our journey.

The big railway station resounded with the click-clack, click-clack of clogs as the crowds waddled down the long platform and disappeared into the second and third class carriages. Japanese of all kinds and conditions are the most inveterate travelers you can imagine. We watched them hurrying by our win-



The Tram going up hill. The open car is a first-class car.

dows in bright coveys, in groups, in semi-circles, in little bunches, separating and combining themselves into all the patterns of a kaleidoscope.

Presently several passengers, after repeated bowings and scrapings, climbed into our car; one, an old lady especially quaint and interesting, because she might have stepped straight off a screen. Her manners I should say dated from the Age of Chivalry; that is, if one might judge by the delightful farewells she gave to a friend as old and picturesque as herself—who solemnly repeated in return as the train began slowly to move, one poetic, musical phrase over and over, “Rokkon Shōjo Oyama Kaisai” —“May your six senses be pure and the honorable mountain weather—for you—fine.” Compared to the soft, flexible Japanese, what a clumsy, square-toed vehicle of expression English is, and how it tramples on the thousand beauties

of an Oriental thought garden!

The railway runs at first through fields of pink and white lotus which, as we passed, were in full flower for miles—and of a beauty and sweetness indescribable. Another lovely member of the lily family was blooming, also, along the little green dykes separating the rice fields—a vivid scarlet lily growing in a full, feathery cluster on a single, strong, wine-colored stem. When the wind tossed the hundreds of blood-red tassels they fluttered like tiny flags; a charming sight, until one of our party bereft of any artistic sense, sucked the poetry out of our imaginations by prosaically declaring that the fields had broken out with scarlet fever.

After an hour the train set us down at Kodzu, close to the seashore. While diminutive porters piled our bags and baggage into the tram car which runs a few miles farther on, we took tea in a pretty inn room—all windows as Japanese

rooms invariably are in summer. A fine view of the wide bay, with long hump-backed rollers of surf, stretched in front of us like an impressionist picture in three colors—all pure blue in the bowl of sky and in the sapphire carpet of the sea, white to blind you in the sunlit foam and dazzling line of shore, and black-green in the huge old pines standing like sentinels there to set a limit to the impatience of the tides.

Presently the rattling tram, after four jolty miles, deposited us at Odawara, a sad stronghold of departed grandeur. Once, in the days of Hideyoshi, it held out fiercely against that conquering chief—but the one effort left it exhausted, prostrate, and uninteresting. We said good-bye to our polite old lady, who was going on further, grasped our bags and alighted. From Odamara it is a five minutes' walk to the point

where the Atami road branches off, the fork being marked by a little station with a swinging sign "Jinsha Tetsudo"—Jinricksha Tramway.

The inside of the station is like a doll's house—three people and a bag fill it to overflowing. As our party consisted of four, each of us had to stand outside in turn, while the rest negotiated at a tiny stall in one corner for the Asahi beer and lemonade, destined presently to chaperone our luncheon of sandwiches.

Meanwhile the Jinricksha "train" was being made up. Three little cars, marked ostentatiously 1st, 2d and 3d, with the dumpy figures of shoe boxes, were pushed towards us on a track without exaggeration only two feet broad. No visible motive power appeared. Where there should have been dynamos or engines, there were only primitive brakes. Nor were the cars coupled



Atami. The tram terminus.



The cross shows where the tram line comes over the hill to Atami.

together. How power could be applied separately to each little box was a pretty problem over which to puzzle our heads.

A tin horn manipulated by a fearful and wonderful official was the signal for "all aboard." Our car, open at the sides, and on top covered only with a fluttering awning, had two little seats facing each other. The space between left scant room to put our knees, for the scale of everything connected with the car was like a child's make-believe toy, rather than a serious, grown-up passenger train.

First, the conductor pompously closed and locked our half-doors himself. Next, he verified his original calculations over our fares (we each paid 97 sen—44 cents gold—for 16 miles) with a gilded official behind the ticket office window who, almost consumed with curiosity over the unusual sight of four Americans, had great difficulty in delivering his parting instructions im-

pressively. A little tin box like a specimen case, containing our fares and accurate descriptions of each passenger, his destination, occupation, the color of his eyes and hair, with other details, was slung about the conductor's neck, giving him the look of an ardent naturalist. Then we were quite ready.

At this last moment, the motive power appeared—five stalwart coolies for each car. More splendid specimens of manhood I have never seen. Their muscles were like gnarled trees; their chests like Sandow's. This, then, is the peculiarity of the Atami train. It is a "Man-Push-Train," to translate literally from the Japanese, a thing known nowhere else in the world, a primitive method of locomotion soon to be replaced by electricity.

Off we started with a whoop and a shout, the men trotting and pushing as though they enjoyed it. Our car, by reason of its dignity, went ahead, the second-class following

about six paces behind, the third next, the baggage car last, which proved an unsuitable arrangement, for it was by far the heaviest, and came down the hill upon us periodically, in spite of brakes, causing terrifying shouts from the coolies, and thumping the poor third-class passengers.

The road from Odawara to Atami is the loveliest in Japan. On one side the sea rolls up to the foot of it, sometimes lapping gently against the little stones, sometimes breaking on the rocks with a wild roar. A veil of tinted spray hung between us and the sun, a vivid reminder of the Cornice, and, as in dear, sunny Italy, when our little cars ran gaily through a flat and sheltered valley, we passed orange groves still carrying the late blossoms here and there—so soon to turn into wrinkled and deliciously sweet Mandarin oranges.

Close down beside the beach stood

those splendid pines known to the Japanese as "Hama-matsu," coast firs, for they grow as near the sea as ever they can, having no dread of salt water or briny breezes. The wind twists and contorts them into every variety of shape, like giants writhing in mortal combat.

After about three miles, our most important conductor, in his wonderful uniform, blew a little tin horn, and suddenly we ran into a village that appeared instantly as if at the call of the cracked trumpet. We slowed up between two lines of cottages, with sliding screens pushed back, leaving them, according to summer custom, open to the day. In nearly every one the process of silk spinning was going forward, for we had happened on the season when the cocoons being ripe, they must be stripped of their precious threads before the moths begin to break a way through to freedom. It was a



A picturesque bit along the line.



Inhalation house. The famous Geysers at Atami.

pretty sight, the little brown cottages filled with piles of cocoons light as puff balls, snowy white or delicate cream color, mingled here and there with larger cocoons of a pale yellowish-green, spun by a silk worm that lives on the wild oaks. We saw mostly old people reeling off the thread—those who were too feeble to do rough work in the fields.

Leaving our little car, we looked into one cottage, then into another, and discovered sometimes a lonely old woman, sometimes a wrinkled couple sitting on the ground among the piles of fluffy white balls. They reeled off the silk on the roughest of little hand wheels, and it was wonderful to see with what care and delicacy the knotty old fingers manipulated the strands. The sight set me thinking of the Buddhist proverb comparing the life of man to that of the silk worm: on earth a larval state of greedy helplessness, followed by that death which so

nearly corresponds to the pupa sleep out of which we soar a free, perfected butterfly into the everlasting light. The old country people are certainly very like the silk-worms, whose simple wants are so fundamentally identical with the necessities of the peasants—food, shelter, warmth, safety and comfort. Our own endless social struggle, on a larger scale, is after all mainly for these things; our dream of paradise is the dream of obtaining them free of cost—in pain. But we struggle frantically, while the silk worms and the humble peasants, with scarcely any effort, realize on a reduced scale our elusive Heaven of Contentment.

Another blast of the tin horn broke in on these comparisons, and summoned us to rejoin the train. We ran absurd risks of choking with laughter at sight of the conductor, who appeared, evidently for our benefit, in a semi-military suit of fearful and wonderful make. The material was ticking, blue and white

ticking, which, combined with the natural plumpness of his figure, made him look like an over-stuffed pillow. For ornaments, he had white cotton covered buttons in dazzling rows which began where his celluloid collar and coat met uncertainly—like the brook and the river—and then continued straight down to his native waraji (straw sandals) that contrasted strangely with the enormous pith helmet finishing off the other end of him. He looked altogether like some prehistoric copy of a Government official—and he was immensely proud of himself.

From this first station the road wound up the hills. Our coolies pushed hard the whole day puffing regularly like engines and uttering grunts of encouragement to one another periodically. At the top of each incline we stopped, rather to let them wipe the streams of perspiration off their faces than to rest, for they were such splendid men that the effort hardly appeared to tire them at all. Really they seemed to be playing rather than working; laughing and joking continually, as if they enjoyed the idea of pushing us immensely.

One of the fellows on our car appeared to be a "head man"—a practical leader rather than a gilded functionary like the conductor. He was a splendid, powerful youth, a very Hercules for muscle, and for endurance hardly to be matched by that ancient demi-god. At the end of each mile he seemed fresher and stronger than at the start. He told us that his "run" was twelve miles, six with the up-train to a certain unpronounceable little station, then six back to Odawara with the down train, and this he did every day of his life, winter and summer, for the sum of thirty yen (about \$15.) It sounds little enough, but in reality this is a big wage for a man of the coolie class. Farm laborers and even mechanics receive a good deal less. But then, they work steadily

for the greater part of their lives, whereas these tram coolies can only endure the physical strain for a few years. In addition to their hard work the convivial life of the roads leads the men into temptations, induces them to squander their pay by gambling, or worse, drink the deadly hot sake wine. Instead of regarding their splendid muscles as invested capital, they draw continual overdrafts on their strength, and after a time lungs or heart weaken, so that it is rare to see a "pusher" over 30 years of age.

Skirting a fence of hills, we reached our second little station on the summit of a green ridge. There were the same little brown houses with their piles of white cocoons like snow-drifts, the same picturesque sheaves of rice straw tied across poles or stacked in decorative collars round the tree trunks. We made a very short stop, then were off again—gently down hill this time, and actually overhanging the sea without more than a twelve-inch margin between our track and the jagged spray-washed rocks—which made it the more exciting. Our coolies at once divided in two groups; half climbed on to the little step in front of each car, the rest on behind. The men ahead manipulated a very primitive brake between them; except for that we were entirely at the mercy of our own impetus.

Feeling the gentle slope of the down grade, each little car leaped playfully forward, then along at a growing speed. We whirled past most lovely views of wooded promontories jutting out into a sea as blue as a periwinkle. We darted through groves of bamboos, hung with prayer-papers tied by pious pilgrims to the swaying branches in the hope that the fluttering wind might waft the desires there written down to Buddha. We flew past battered little wayside shrines, from which a thin odor of incense, the

never-to-be-forgotten smell of the Far East, was wafted to us. We crossed the most ridiculous little bridges, over rushing streams that made quiet pools of light until the little stones tossed along their beds intruded, and here and there broke up the water into wreaths, tiaras, sprays of airy diamonds.

It was a most delightful and exhilarating sensation, this quick run through the air, giving one the impression of a long, long switchback with the delightful element of wonder as to whether at the next corner we should get around it safely or not. With regret we came to the last bend, the other side of which our exotic conductor promised we should find Idzusan, the very last stop before Atami. It was a splendid corner, to be sure, this final one. All the coolies leaned as far as ever they could towards the bank, so close that the ferns and lilies brushed them—and with a whoop and a yell we negotiated it safely,—and entered Idzusan, a little hamlet, whose houses nestle against the rocks like swallows' nests. Under a bright sun, this cliff village has a particular charm of neutral color.

We left the car and walked a little way towards the beach, where our attention was at once fixed by a curious rampart of boulders. The natural rocky-break-water had been artificially strengthened by a quaint kind of basket work filled with rounded stones and held in position by inverted stakes.

One by one the picturesque fishing boats were putting to sea. They always go out a little before sunset and remain until sunrise, fishing by the light of torches. The long, pointed bows reminded us forcibly of the Italian gondolas; the rowers, too, had the same graceful motion, but when they sang, their songs were weird and cold monotonous dirges quite different from the Italian serenades, so warm and passionate. The coast folk of Izu have a saying: "The

sea has a soul and hears." And the meaning, being explained, is this: "Never speak of your fear if you are afraid of the sea—for if you say you are afraid, the waves will suddenly rise higher." Therefore, the fishermen, strongly imbued with this primitive fancy, sing their monotonous songs to propitiate the waters, and drown the surf-mutter of the "Sea of Soul."

We were inclined to idle there, drinking in the beauty of the scene, watching the clouds like skeins of glossy white silk cross the hollowed turquoise of the summer sky. But our conductor came after us, to beg that we "make the hundred-times-going"—that is, retrace our steps, which we obediently did. The coolies made a final spurt up the last hill. The reflection of the sunset was dazzling—as if a hundred signal corps heliographed to one another. Atami. "The honorable hot water," our coolies explained, by which they meant the geyser, pride of Atami, the only one in Japan.

It made the prosperity of the place, this famous geyser, by bursting up so kindly in the center of the village street, but a few hundred yards from shore. Three times a day, at eight, twelve and at four, it performs regularly—first an outburst of water, which boils and bubbles in its natural basin—then a thunderous roar of steam, the dull boom we heard so far away. Consumptives from all parts of Japan come to breathe the vapors, which work the most remarkable cures, wonderful stories of which the fishing folk can tell you.

Our little train reached the top of the hill, and then ran dizzily down into the little station. There we reluctantly alighted, charmed by our novel and unique experiences, and proceeded down the main street, past the puffing geyser in an atmosphere composed of equal parts of sulphuretted hydrogen and drying fish, to the little hotel.



Loading and unloading at Shanghai wharf.

FROM SHANGHAI TO HAN- KOW BY RIVER STEAMER

BY C. W. GREGSON

I RECOLLECT some years ago taking a trip from Shanghai to Hankow, on board of a river steamer, the captain of which was a type of the old American skipper, being a relic of by-gone days when Messrs. Russell & Co. controlled so much of the shipping trade in China. The hour for departure, 2 a. m., came along, the morning being a particularly dark one. No moon was there to shed a ray of kindly light around, nor yet a star to be seen in the heavens, while to make matters worse, the electric lights on the fore-shore appeared to shine out through

the gloom with unusual brilliancy, throwing a glare across the face of the river that completely dazzled the eyesight.

From the pilot-house I heard the order given to ring "stand by" to the engine room, and upon a reply being received that "all was ready below," the Captain called out to the chief officer, who, with some of the crew, was standing ready on the deck below, to "let go" all the forward ropes that were made fast to the shore and have them hauled aboard. At the same time, two gongs were sounded indicating to

the engine room to "go astern." In this manner, the steamer was by means of a large hawser secured to the stern made fast to the shore, backed completely round the pontoon until the bow was pointed out into the stream at a sufficient angle to clear all obstructions. Then the order "let go aft" and "go ahead" was given to the engines.

At this time, I was standing on the forward deck, watching with interest the able manner in which this noble specimen of the Stars and Stripes was maneuvering his ship, which to me appeared, with the strong ebb tide in her favor to be almost flying through the water. Right ahead might be seen a huge mail steamer, riding calmly at anchor, lit up from stem to stern with electric lights shining brightly through each port-hole. A little on the bow was a junk with sail half-hoisted, and no light visible, sagging broadside with the tide down stream, as the half-wakened crew walked round the capstan, heaving on board the anchor to the mournful dirge of a Chinese chantey. A little farther on could be observed the red, green and mast head-light of an incoming steamer.

"Port a little," I heard the captain say to the helmsman, whom he was standing close beside. "Steady, now, as you go."

"Pretty dark morning, Mr. —," said the skipper, addressing the night pilot, who stood alongside the gong.

"Well, yes, sir. I guess it's dark, all right. Can't understand why the Municipal Council don't have those electric lights on the bank turned off at midnight, when all respectable folk should be in their beds. It would be a saving to them and a benefit to those who have to navigate this river at night-time."

"That's so," replied the Captain, "probably when we get the river 'Conservancy Board' that has so long been talked about, there will be

wonderful improvements made on the Whang-Po to facilitate navigation."

In due course the signal lights at Woosung bar appeared in view, at which place numerous craft of all sizes and descriptions were met; but before long we were through the thick of them without mishap, and our steamer was heading up the great Yang-tse river with a roaring flood-tide in her favor. After which I retired to my cabin and had a sleep.

At daylight I was up and out on deck warmly clad, it being the month of January, and the weather bitterly cold. In the pilot-house stood the old captain and the pilot, with their heads protruding from the open windows, scanning the river ahead for the buoys and banks that mark the channels on the Lang-Shan crossing, while on either side could be seen the top of dangerous quicksands showing up. In the chains was an old and withered quartermaster, holding in hands that were blue with cold a dripping line from which, like the pendulum of a clock, swung to and fro the lead. Once, twice, the third time it shoots out towards the bow with a whir, disappearing into the pea-soup colored water, while a voice resounds in accents short, "18 feet." We were passing over one of the numerous banks, and great care had to be observed in heaving the lead. But soon the water deepened, and as every inch of line ran out, the leadsmen turned his ancient visage towards the wheel-house and drawled out "no gr—ound."

Steamers bound for Shanghai were in sight, and passed us quite close, with paddle-boxes and guards covered with icicles, which in their fantastic forms appeared resplendent in the morning sunlight. All were ploughing up the muddy Yang-tse water, while each one, like a fiery steed to win the race, was urged ahead by those who in the engine



Hankow, China.

room listen with anxious care to every throb and beat as shafts and wheels fly round, while pistons, glistening bright, rush up and down. Fishing boats with their nets trawling, were all about; also, the peculiar-shaped Nungpo junk with stern cocked up, tanned sails, and painted on the bows of each two immense eyes. The Chinese say, "No got eye, how can see? No can see, how can savee?" Which means that a boat to see the way must have eyes, even though they be painted ones. Wild duck were thick upon the river, as were the geese overhead, and the noise they made on the still morning, chattering to each other, was quite interesting to listen to.

After breakfast, I wandered down below into the comprador's quarters and watched the Chinese passengers having their morning meal. Large baskets of steaming white rice were turned out from the galleys, together with boiled cabbage, the odor from which was far from appetizing—at least I thought so. Hundreds of small Chinese basins and chinaware spoons were, amidst much noise, scrambled for, and a general rush made to obtain a share of the good things going. Meanwhile, the sight

was something to remember, as with bowl held close to the mouth, these hungry people fairly rammed, with chop-sticks, the food down their throats, pausing at times to adroitly pick up small and dainty pieces of pork covered with garlic.

Shortly after lunch was finished in the cabin, I heard the gong sound to the engine room, and on looking out saw that the steamer was slowed down and drawing near to the river bank. This proved to be the first passenger station and, where a stop was made to receive on board a number of natives, who came alongside amidst much excitement, in a huge Chinese boat of unwieldy proportions. The famous black Lang-Shan fowls are to be purchased at this place for a mere trifle, say 20 cents gold each, or thereabouts. Kiang-Yin—which is actually the gate to the Yang-tse, so to speak, the width of the river at that particular part being very narrow and strongly fortified—was passed late in the afternoon; and three hours afterwards we entered Silver Island Pass, eventually making fast at 10 p. m. alongside the company's receiving vessel at Chin-Kiang.

The unloading of the steamer was

performed by some hundreds of coolies, paid at the rate of about 10 gold cents per head. These men work in couples, carrying across their bared shoulders a stout split bamboo, from which is slung the cargo, and as each pair staggered along underneath a heavy load, shouting out in discordant notes: "Ho-ho, Eli-Ho, Ho-ho," the noise and clatter heard was simply tremendous. To add to the excitement were two head men, each provided with a ratan, with which the lazy ones were urged on to take their share of the labor. However, nothing but good humor seemed to prevail amongst these "strong-smelling natives," and if one poor wretch got a somewhat harder crack with the cane than another, and was seen rubbing the spot, it only afforded more amusement to the rest.

The various companies who possess steamers that run on the Yangtse are provided with receiving vessels at each treaty port, and alongside of which their ships can, under special bond, proceed at any hour of the day or night to discharge or take in cargo—a special permit to work having to be obtained from the

Customs House—between the hours of 6 p. m. and 6 a. m. This arrangement, as may be readily imagined, is a very great benefit to all parties concerned. It was just midnight as I returned from the shore, after a visit to some friends, and heard the chief officer report to the captain that the cargo was all discharged and steam ready. Here, as at Shanghai, great care and precaution had to be observed in handling the vessel, as the chow-chow waters (contrary current) are very strong at this port of Chin-Kiang. In due course I heard the voice of the second officer calling out "all clear aft." The engines were moving around, and our ship glided out into mid-stream.

It is only about two years ago that a band of pirates, armed with knives and swords, boarded a steamer at this port, and shortly after leaving attacked a comprador and passengers, from whom they stole both money and clothes, making their escape in a passenger boat which came alongside the steamer at Echeng a few miles up river, before any of the gang could be captured.

On the south bank of the Yang-



Chin Kiang, China.

tse, some little distance inland from Chin-Kiang, the country is hilly and very beautiful, abounding in game of all kinds, even to wild pig, many of the latter having, in past years, been shot by foreigners. The next morning at six o'clock, we steamed into Nanking, where numerous native passengers boarded us with their belongings, which consisted of nearly everything conceivable, even to a wheel-barrow, all being mixed up and tumbled on board in the greatest confusion. The principal sights at Nanking are the Ming tombs, the city walls, and the arsenal, while the picturesque hills near by, one mass of variegated color and beauty, gave an appearance of splendor in the noon-day sun that it would be difficult to imagine without seeing.

After leaving Nanking, I heard a great noise going on amongst the native passengers, and on looking in to see what was the matter, I observed the chief officer sitting at a table, surrounded by a number of Chinese, for whom he was making out tickets to various points on the river, the names of which places the comprador interpreted to him; while the shroff tested minutely all

money that was presented in payment for passage, by skillfully balancing each dollar separately and in quick succession upon his finger tip, and tapping it with another coin, listening meanwhile to the ring, which, if not pure, was instantly detected, and the spurious coin returned to the owner with much abuse for endeavoring to swindle. I noticed one or two poor wretches who had no money to pay their fare begging in a most pitiful manner for a free passage. There are numerous natives in China who, at every chance, endeavor like this to travel on the cheap; in fact, the practice is not peculiar to the Chinese alone.

Whilst sitting on deck and watching the different points of interest, the steamer being only a very little way from the shore at the time, I noticed numbers of beautiful pheasants strolling leisurely about on the river bank, feeding, also several deer, all apparently quite tame and fearless. At noon we passed between the east and west pillars, two large rocks on either side of the river, and at 2 p. m. Wuhu was reached. The country in the surrounding neighborhood of this city,





Wuhu—Site of the riots of 1891. Jesuit cathedral. British Consulate on the right.

except for a few pretty hills on which some of the foreigners have their houses, is mostly flat, being admirably suited for what it is used—namely, the production of rice. On the south bank of the river near the town stands a pagoda many hundreds of years old, which the natives hold in great veneration. An intelligent and well-educated native once informed me that this building contained many white foxes, which the Chinese in their superstition believe to be spirits of the departed ones, and that on no account must I ever go inside, else the Feng-Shui of the neighborhood would be destroyed. But as I was never able to effect an entrance to the weird place, either by bribe or otherwise, I am unable to say how far true the story is.

The Wuhu cargo was soon discharged, and in the midst of a gale that had sprung up since noon from the northwest, we started. Several native life-boats with nicely varnished hulls and clean-cut sails were cruising about the harbor, their crews being on the lookout for those who needed assistance. The life-boats on the Yang-tse are quite an institution, and do a grand work during the winter months, when strong gales prevail, and junks are

continually being wrecked. After dinner I had a chat with the skipper, who told me some interesting stories about his home in America, and during the course of our conversation, I made mention of leaving Shanghai upon an ebb tide, to which the old man replied: "Well, you see, if we are to make good time up the Yang-tse, it is necessary for us to take these chances in order that the first of the flood tide may be caught at Woosung, thereby enabling us to reach Chin-Kiang and discharge all cargo manifested for that port by midnight the same day of leaving; and by which means our steamer is enabled to keep ahead of other vessels, which make a start from Shanghai at daylight. In this way we secure the bulk of the native passengers at the various way-stations on the passage to Hankow. Further," he said, "there are some people who to this day believe that the Yang-tse skipper's job is an easy one, all that is required being for him to sit in his cabin and watch the steamer going along, the pilot doing the rest, and so on. But let those who think so come and try it, and then we shall probably hear a different yarn.

To which I replied: "Most assur-

edly there are many anxious times on the Yang-tse for a captain, more especially when the banks and various marks are hidden from view by floods, or during the winter months, when perhaps there is only sufficient water in the river to float a steamer over some of the dangerous crossings. And it is just at such particular moments that the experienced skipper comes to the front and proves himself invaluable to his owners by conning the steamer, often on dark and dirty nights, safely past all dangers, thereby avoiding anchorage, and by which means the vessel is kept running on time, not losing either passengers or cargo at the numerous way stations."

It was not late when I bid good-night to the captain and retired to my nicely-heated, cosy cabin, where, once beneath the blankets, sleep soon followed, nothing disturbing me during the night. The next morning I was up early, the wind had in the night calmed down, and the air was clear, fresh and crisp, with not a cloud in the sky, which was of the deepest blue. Vast quantities of wild fowl covered the water in front of the steamer, arising with a tumult of quacking when we approached them. Overhead were whole armies of geese sailing majestically through the air in long lines towards the various feeding grounds near to the river side.

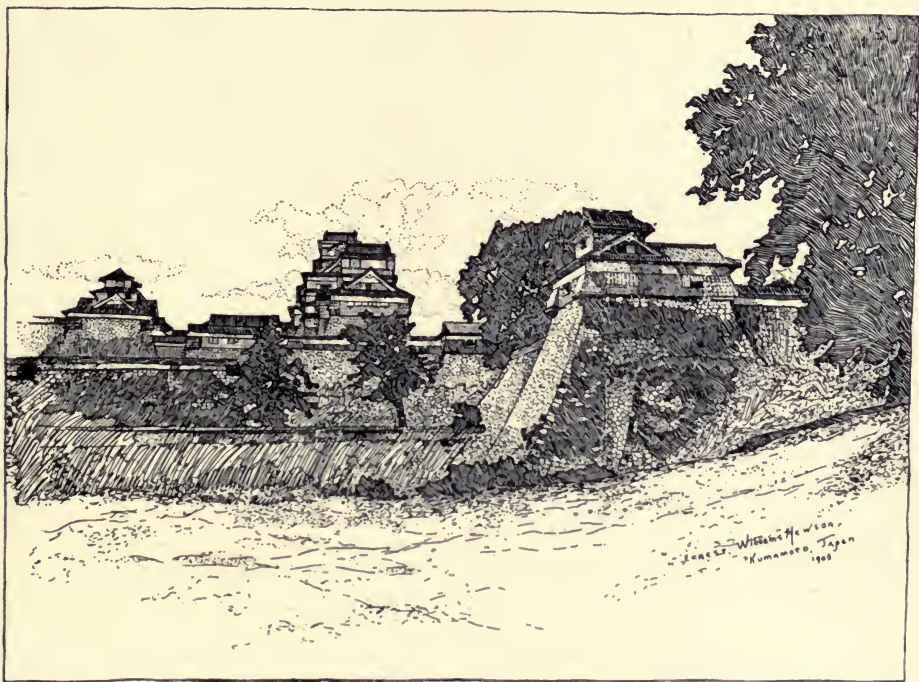
On drawing towards Kiu-Kiang, some of the country, especially on the south bank of the river, is extremely beautiful, and with the morning sun lighting up the red and yellow tinge on the trees and shrubs seen in the distance, the effect is exquisitely gorgeous. The "little orphan," a small and picturesque rock standing out alone in the river with a joss house on the top, was duly passed on the way, and about 4 p. m. we arrived at Kiu-

Kiang, having accomplished the trip, Kiu-Kiang from Wuhu in 24 hours.

From the deck could be seen in the distance, towering up some 4500 feet, the snow-capped mountain of Lu-Shan, which, with the light of a grand sunset on it, looked simply magnificent. Having paid a short visit to some friends on shore I returned to find the cargo finished and all ready for another start. The night was a perfect one, with stars shining out brightly overhead, and no sound save the measured stroke of the paddle floats on the water. While gazing towards the hills looming up darkly in the distance, it occurred to me what a vast source of undiscovered wealth must abound in this rich and luxurious valley, and how trade would advance when once railroads were established throughout the country.

In place of the old-time river boats of small dimensions and power, are now to be seen magnificent twin screw steamers which can under any circumstances attain a sufficient speed to ensure punctuality in arriving at the various ports and stations where passengers are to be picked up, together with a capacity for carrying enormous cargoes on a very light draught, and accommodation for some thousands of natives. Moreover, when it is considered that the tonnage of the vessels now plying on the Yang-tse has during the past ten years more than trebled itself, and that there are still other boats being added to the fleet, all of which are running full of both cargo and passengers, it must be generally admitted that this trade is certainly a lucrative one.

The next day we arrived at Hankow, where I bid good-bye to all on board, having enjoyed to my heart's content the trip from Shanghai to Hankow on board of a river steamer.



Castle of Kumamoto.

JAPAN'S HISTORICAL MILITARY LANDMARKS

BY ERNEST WILLIAMS HEWSON

FEW travelers while in Japan get beyond a flitting glimpse of the Japanese soldier in his native haunts. This is due partly to the segregation of the military classes from those of the commercial, and partly from native reluctance in permitting foreigners in general to pry into their military precincts. Yokohama, Kobe, Moji, and Nagasaki, known to us as the open ports of Japan, are conspicuous in the absence of the military. The Japanese people, though rapidly encompassing themselves with occidental methods and ideas, nevertheless continue to look upon the foreigner with a tinge of skepticism. Possibly this is one reason why the

Mikado and his enlightened counselors blacklisted the open ports and barracked their militant vassals in cities, towns and villages typically Japanese in character.

Tokio, Osaka, Hiroshima and Kumamoto are the military centers of the empire. During peaceful times the entire Japanese army, consisting of twelve divisions, is distributed throughout the country in nearly every town and village of respectable proportions, and is controlled through the medium of these four cities.

Many of the present military localities of Dai Nippon are famous in vernacular history as battlefields of the feudal epoch, or as the prince-

ly estates of powerful daimios, whose wealth was computed in shekels of rice. To-day, in many parts of Japan, intact and little impaired by the ravages of time, still stand the stately castles and battlements, monuments of the dark ages of feudalism. These mute witnesses of a departed era are jealously treasured by the Japanese people. The castles stand silent and tenantless, but the grounds on which they rest have been converted into quarters for Japan's modern samurai. In the shadow of the walls and towering parapets are the unpretentious and modern barracks of the Mikado's hetei (soldiers.) We cease to marvel at the unquenchable patriotism and devotion of the Japanese soldier when we learn that his every-day life is circumscribed by these staunch defenses of his ancestors. In these structures of yesterday he pictures the intrepidity of his forefathers, their sanguinary struggles for temporal supremacy, the brilliant sortie, the cruel siege, all tend to thrill him with a determined resolution to emulate their victorious achievements.

Situated in about the center of Japan's second largest city, Osaka, are the great moss-clothed walls and double moats which inclose the spacious castle grounds of Hideyoshi, the famous general, who, in the 17th century, by force of will and extraordinary sagacity, rose from a common subject to be Japan's foremost military figure of the time. To provide a haven of refuge from the onslaughts of contentious neighbors, Hideyoshi erected a formidable castle, and surrounded it with unsurmountable walls and deep moats. The castle, unfortunately, was destroyed by his enemies, but the walls and moats remain the same to-day as three centuries ago, when the commoner-general swayed the rod of empire, while the Mikado, shorn of authority, but safe in his semi-sacredness of person, remained

under restraint in Kioto. On these castle grounds, and immediate environs, were quartered, before the present war, the fourth division of the Japanese army. Where many decades ago was heard the angry swish of ten thousand arrows and the hoarse challenges to single combat, is now heard the promiscuous clang of saber, and the rhythmic tramps of marching soldiers. Where the Taicon, Hideyoshi, and his invincible legions made sortie to drive back the pressing foe, through the same openings and over the long obliterated sandal-prints, now march their posterity, kindled with the same martial spirit of their sturdy progenitors, and as passionately devoted to the shaping of the country's destiny.

The splendid castle of Nagoya, situated on the Tokaido (shore road) between the cities of Shidzuoka and Kioto, is another landmark that has added lustre and renown to the glories of the feudal patriarchs of Japan. This castle, whose perpendicular walls three hundred years ago withstood many lengthy sieges, is to-day the headquarters of the third army division.

In Himeji, a small town sixty miles distant from Osaka, a lofty castle rises majestically from cloistered grounds, where several centuries ago a covetous lord, secure in the impregnability of his massive walls, conspired on his neighbors. To-day, the deserted castle stands lonely vigil over a busy military station, where part of the ninth division of the army is quartered, and its old rafters tremble with the piercing notes of bugles and rumble of artillery.

Surrounded by an immense stagnant mote in the heart of the large city of Hiroshima, stands a huge castle, its sepulchral silence lending strange contrast to the adjacent neighborhood, for within this wide-spread area lies the biggest military reservation of all Japan. Hiroshima

has proven to be of strategical value as a military depot in the present war with Russia. The city lies midway between Kobe and Shimonoseki, and has access to the inland sea of Japan through a suburb named Ujina. The naval port of Kure, with its great docks and machine shops, is but ten miles distant. It was in the little land-locked harbor of Ujina, three ri (6 miles) south of Hiroshima, that the greater part of the army of Japan was embarked on transports for Korea and Manchuria.

On the island of Kiushiu lies the city of Kumamoto, the mecca of the lepers of Japan, who travel thither to seek relief and comfort at the shrine of the temple of Kumamoto. Within sight of this famous temple rises in solemn grandeur the handsomest castle of all Nippon, whose medieval walls and buildings add a touch of benignity to the otherwise leper-infested city. The castle was built about four hundred years ago by Kato Kiyomasu, a prominent Daimio of that period. At the present time, the buildings and grounds harbor the sixth division of the imperial army.

Five hours by steamer from Hiroshima, on the island of Shikoku, lies the isolated city of Matsuyama, with its clean, narrow streets, di-

minutive houses, and congenial people, to whom a foreigner is as great a curiosity as an African pygmy is to us. On the outskirts of the city, and within an arrow's flight of the toy railroad that connects it with the sea, is the towering gray castle of Matsuyama, perched on the crest of a wooded hill, the base of which is encircled by a very high wall. This sequestered spot is now the abiding place of those Russian soldiers captured in the present war. There is no possible way of escape for them—should they get free of their prison walls there would be no means of leaving the island of Shikoku. The Japanese fully understand the topographical nature of the district as regards its importance as a military prison. It is probable they will not exercise any great restraint over their prisoners, but will allow them to roam at will with the prescribed limits of the city.

The little empire builders of dormant Asia have done much to immortalize the deeds of their ancestral sires. Have they not acted generously in preserving these gradually crumbling edifices (of which I have mentioned but few) for the enlightenment of posterity, and to keep ripe that spirit of patriotic intoxication so tremblingly alive in the Japanese breast?

AT TWILIGHT

BY PRISCILLA BREWSTER

The gleaming river glides, sweetheart,
 To its home in the calling West.
 A wild bird over the marshes wide,
 Flies back to his love in the nest.

The white stars come to the waiting sky,
 The waves kiss the welcoming shore,
 And my spirit sets sail for the Island of Dreams,
 Where you wait for me evermore.®

RADIO-ACTIVITY

Part II

(Conclusion.)

BY GEORGE ADAM, M. D.

Author of "Electricity the Chemistry of Ether."

RAYS ASSOCIATED WITH ELECTRIFIED VACUA TUBES.

—Vacua tubes are designated according to their decrement of pressure, the Crookes tube having about 1,000,000th atmospheric pressure, thus approaching a complete vacuum. When properly electrified, negatively charged particles radiate from the cathode perpendicular to its surface, and bombard any other surface presented. These constitute the cathode rays. That these rays take a direction independent of the position of the anode is a fact worthy of the greatest consideration, and is only known to be duplicated by analogous rays. At the bombarded spot, the cathode rays are transformed into the Roentgen rays. The writer has suggested that anode rays may be found between that pole and a point where the cathode rays are obstructed, such as by placing a lamella of glass in their course. The cathode rays in vacua have a velocity of 10,000 miles per second, and are remarkably analogous to beta rays. The constituent particle of the cathode rays has been demonstrated by Professor Thomson to have dimensions equal to one-thousandth of the hydrogen atom, and this is about the size of the beta particle. Another particle is present of about the dimensions of the hydrogen atom, thus approximating the size of the alpha particle. At extreme decrement of pressure, the smaller particle is constant, its presence being independent of the gas used; but the larger particle varies in dimensions according to the character of the gas. It is important to

understand that the dimensions of the particle in the tubes result from the decrement of pressure, and not from electrolytic action. The writer is aware that scientists have expressed the opinion that electricity travels through liquids and gases by means of ions electrolytically produced; but this is one of the many mistakes arising from the absence of a correct fundamental hypothesis. The ions are present, but they travel against the current which they are supposed to carry. Thus, in an electrolyte of water, the oxygen ion appears at the anode and the hydrogen at the cathode. Now, suppose the oxygen atom of the water molecule to be positively electrified at the anode, the current cannot disrupt the molecule and carry the oxygen towards the cathode as the hydrogen is also traveling that way. The forces must act oppositely before dissociation occurs. At cathode the hydrogen will be electrified, but if the electrification is capable of carrying the hydrogen, oxygen will also move, as it is attracted to the anode. It is when the current is converted into heat that molecular dissociation occurs, and the ions are attracted to the poles by induction. It is the same with electrified gases, but it must be borne in mind that under conditions of decrement of pressure when ions exist independently of the current, they may be carriers of electricity. Late experiments with electrified gases in partial vacua show that the dimensions of the particles of the residual gas vary with the decrements of pressure. Fig. 4 shows rays incidental to electrified partial vacua.

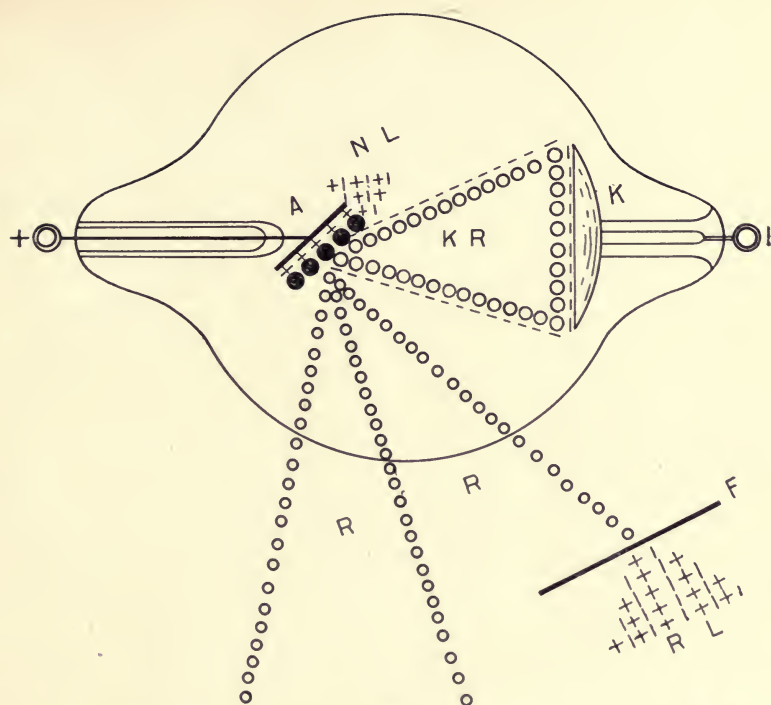


Fig. 4. Diagram of Crookes Tube with Vacuum Rays: ● Negative chip-molecules attracted to anode; ° positive chip-molecules attracted to cathode and shown as charged in cathode rays; A, anode; K, cathode; K, R, cathode rays; N, L, light at bombarded spot; R, R, Roentgen rays; F, fluoroscopic substance; R, L, molecular ether as light.

ANALOGOUS CONDITIONS OF PARTIAL VACUA AND THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

The following quotation is from the writer's work recently published (*Electricity the Chemistry of Ether*. Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco, Cal. 1904): "Bearing in mind the facts associated with, and the principles involved in decrement of pressure as represented in a vacuum tube, we will consider the conditions which must obtain in various degrees of pressure in the air. Provisionally, it may be assumed that the atmosphere consists of oxygen, nitrogen, and the other elements as given by chemical analysis. It must be kept in view that these elements are preponderantly electro-negative; that they repel each other in accordance with the law of forces; that they have intermolecular spaces

which are induced fields; and that between the induced fields there are interspaces. If oxygen molecules are followed upward, it will be seen that first the interspaces and then the induced fields enlarge, and that such increase is proportional to the height. It is probable that concurrently with the enlargement of the intermolecular spaces the chemic atoms sever their connection, evidently this being a natural line of cleavage. Each oxygen atom then becomes a molecule. This cleavage of oxygen molecules into equal parts, however, does not alter the dimensions of the induced fields or interspaces, as the sum of the inductive potentials of two new molecules is equal to the inductive potential of a parent molecule. Neither does this cleavage alter the character of oxygen, as, chemically

and electrically, it is the atom of oxygen which acts or is acted upon. At a point probably beyond a decrement at which life is possible, the oxygen molecule representing the chemic atom, breaks up. The dissociation will be into a very small electro-positive molecule, and into one having dimensions nearly equal to those of the dissociating molecule and of electro-negative quality. Each of the nascent molecules will have an inductive potential greater than that of the one from which it is derived."

"What becomes of the nascent molecules, the disintegrated parts of the oxygen atom? The electro-negative one will be in equilibrium. It has weight, but it cannot descend because those molecules which constitute the atmosphere beneath are heavier. Moreover, the negative nascent molecule and those of the atmosphere are mutually repellant, being similar in quality, and their induced fields are impenetrable to each other. Furthermore, the dimensions of the negative nascent molecule are too great for occupancy of the molecular interspaces of the air. Following the electro-negative part of oxygen, or its type upwards, it will be found that it dissociates further with similar results, and this dissociation will go on until the confines of the atmosphere are reached, where a condition of the so-called vacuum exists; that is, to the borderland of the interstellar ether. The electro-negative parts of the dissociated oxygen atom are in states of complete equilibration at the various points of dissociation, and but for physical and extrinsic forces may neither ascend nor descend."

"What becomes of the electro-positive submolecule, the dissociated minute chip of positive quality which forms a constituent nucleus of the oxygen atom? If a balloon made of imponderable material could be filled with such chips, it

would rise even to the line that demarcates the limits of ponderable matter, just as a balloon filled with hydrogen ascends from the earth's surface. What would take place if the chemical constituency of the atmosphere is correct as stated, and what actually takes place more slowly through the evolution of ages, is descent. Being positive in the quality of its potential, and opposite to the quality of the molecules of the oxygen and nitrogen of the air, it is attracted by the atmospheric mass below. The minuteness of its dimensions allow it to pass through the molecular interspaces, or through the molecular induced fields the induction of which it neutralizes. Having weight, it filters downward until reaching the earth's surface, and may even penetrate liquids and solids.

"Thus in nature's laboratory in the highest atmosphere minute particles are generated, and by filling the interspaces and induced fields of the lower strata they displace the intermolecular ether which is imponderable. They do not combine chemically with the oxygen or nitrogen, owing to these elements being in equilibrium, but they remain in the intermolecular spaces, where they are not detectable by known chemical means. At the surface of the earth, they exert a pressure which, although constituting part of the atmospheric pressure (partial pressure) is capable of acting independently of the latter by reason of the minuteness of the particles, and their position in the interspaces. This fact must have an important bearing on the association of the particle with the molecules of radioactive substances. The submolecules occupy a position in this respect distinct from that of any other class of molecules. They are as if placed in innumerable minute tubes, the walls of which are the ponderable bodies of oxygen and nitrogen molecules, and the linear

dimensions of which must nearly span the earth's atmosphere. Such columns, although intricately zigzag, must exercise immense static pressure when tapped by the vibrations of molecules in a radio-active substance."

"A radio-active molecule must possess a constituent group of ultimate units identical to the electropositive group or chip, dissociated by decrement of atmospheric pressure from an oxygen or nitrogen atom. This group must be the most positive of the constituent groups, as it occupies the positive pole of the molecule when polarized, and the position of the group as a constituent nucleus must have a degree of stability which is overcome by the negative electric current which chips it off during polarization. These are essential factors to the possession of the property of primary radio-activity. It is clear that a radio-active molecule placed in position to tap a column of these chips—submolecules or primary condensations—will be in the position of an engine driven by hydrostatic pressure.

"There is no doubt but that there are many kinds of chip-molecules. Oxygen will furnish one kind at a certain decrement of pressure, and at different atmospheric heights other kinds will be dissociated. Similar results will be derived from nitrogen. Consequently, there are many kinds of radio-active substances. On the other hand, the position of the chip in the construction of the molecule will give different degrees of resistances to dissociation. Hence different intensities exist, and hence some radio-active substances require an initiatory stimulus of light or heat."

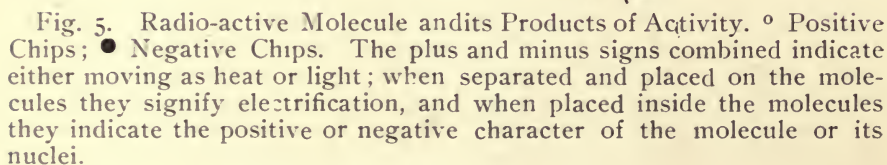
THE RADIO-ACTIVE MOLECULE.—Fig. 5 indicates constructive character of a radio-active molecule with polar electric charges, its radiations, and its essential associations. S represents the primary

molecule in the polarized state. It is important to observe that the MOLECULAR POSITIVE POLE is the ELECTRIC NEGATIVE POLE, or cathode, and the MOLECULAR NEGATIVE POLE is the ELECTRIC POSITIVE POLE, or anode.

A represents a molecular chip constituting the positive pole of the molecule, and negatively charged. It is dissociated by the negative electric current and becomes the particle of beta or cathode rays L; the dissociation takes place because there is a greater attraction between the chip and the negative charge than between the chip and the molecular mass, which is also largely positive. On depolarization of the radio-active molecule the chip is associated by static pressure from the column M. Thus, with each vibration of the active molecule, there is association and dissociation, which occur respectively during rest or complete depolarization and at the initiatory moment of depolarization. This agrees with the conception of the writer as regards nutrition and waste of physiologic units, as formulated in his work.

B, including A, indicates a large positive chip dissociated from radium by precipitation from its solution. It has not been isolated by investigators, but the precipitated radium loses in activity by the dissociation. It is analogous, only smaller, to thorium X and uranium X. Precipitated radium gradually regains its force by equilibration from column M.

C, including B and A, represents a large positive chip, thorium X or uranium X, dissociated by precipitation of thorium or uranium in ammonium solution. It has temporary activity radiating the chip A in beta or cathode rays. Its dissociation from the base of the molecule is accomplished by solution because both are positive, and because the dimensions of the chip conforms to



the dimensions of the interspace (Fig. 2) of ammonium molecules. It is more active than the original thorium or uranium, owing to it being relatively more positive, having lost the binding force which the negative part, E, exercises on the radio-active molecule. It is evident that the chip A requires less dissociating force from C than from the radio-active molecule as a whole, to the extent that C is relatively more positive than the latter.

Each molecule or chip (C) will emit one beta or cathode particle, whilst at the anode the positive charge diffuses slowly.

D represents the permanent nucleus, positive in quality. After the dissociation of C it chiefly gives off alpha rays, until regaining its equilibrium by associating chips from column M. During recuperation the binding force of E prevents dissociation of positive chips.

E represents the negative part of the radio-active molecule—a bromine, chlorine or other negative atom or atoms. It is held fast to the base by the differential potential, and is capable of resisting dissociation by positive electrification. By virtue of its negativity, it exercises a binding influence over the radio-active molecule. As no chip is broken off at the molecular negative pole, the activity of the molecule is independent of its exact character, the only essentiality being its negativity. Its binding force decreases as the molecular dimensions increase. It is doubtful whether the metal can exist without the binding force of this negativity.

F denotes a negative chip from an oxygen molecule, charged positively by transference of the electric charge of E, and dissociated by the force of the electric current. It is easily dissociated from negative oxygen, just as Chip A is easily dissociated from positive radium, etc. It is twice the size of the hydrogen atom, having an atomic weight of 2. When

an oxygen molecule is dissociated it is replaced by another, which is attracted by the positive charge; thus, each molecule furnishes one chip.

G, the base or residual portion of the oxygen molecule, probably neutral, or slightly negative.

H, the same as G, the dissociated nucleus of oxygen shown to be surrounded by small positive chips from the interspaces of oxygen molecules. The latter are the same as in column M, and are potentially set free when chip F is severed, the oxygen molecule then losing its inductive potential. The positive chips then unite with the residuum of oxygen, which becomes positive. The resultant will have a molecular weight of about 30.

I represents the depolarized or equilibrated molecule of the gaseous emanations. We can conceive of its being formed in this way: The molecule of residual oxygen combines with surrounding positive chips as indicated by H. The resulting molecule, being positive and not in equilibrium, combines with eleven atoms of oxygen, as shown in I. The nucleus having an atomic weight of 30, and the 11 oxygen atoms having an aggregate atomic weight of 176, the emanation will have a molecular weight of 206, and is negative in quality. Within the construction of the molecule there are 12 negative chips of the character of those indicated by F, and as the molecule as a whole is negative, a number of the chips are unstable, and will be detached by the positive charge as F is detached. Hence the molecule of the emanations emits alpha rays on polarization as indicated by J. We have indicated by H that the molecule of oxygen is surrounded by a number of positive chips. In the construction of the molecule of the emanations, these chips must take part, but as they are held fast by the dominating negativity of the emanation they consequently do not radi-

ate. Types of this combining power of oxygen are seen in the permanganates, chlorates, pyrophosphates, and other highly oxidized substances.

J shows the molecule of the emanations polarized. It is observable that in construction it is qualitatively the converse of the original radioactive molecule, as indicated by the one having a majority of positive units in its construction, and the other having a majority of negative units. The dominating negativity gives stability to the positive portion, but is itself unstable. With the loss of one or more alpha particles, the molecule as a whole becomes unstable (being negative) and breaks up into positive and negative particles, the former inclining towards solidity, and the latter towards the gaseous state. No doubt the negative charge also assists in the disintegration. These particles form inductive material. The relative quantities of the positive and negative elements deposited on adjoining material will undoubtedly vary to conform to the negative or positive character of the induced object. If the object is electro-negative, the induced material may be mostly positive, and will collect on a molecule until its negativity is neutralized. The induced molecule will act exactly as the primary molecule does, but its activity is temporary, owing to the absence of the constructive equipoise, which allows absorption from the atmospheric columns.

K represents alpha or anode rays—negative chips from the oxygen molecule—as shown in F. They are charged positively. K1 and K2 denote the same rays discharged from the emanations and induced material.

L shows cathode or beta rays—positive chips from radioactive molecule A, charged negatively. L1 denotes the same rays from induced material.

M shows a column of chips in the atmosphere, from which the radioactive molecule absorbs on depolarizing, thus regaining its equilibrium. Their mode of formation has been fully explained in this article. It has been stated that radium placed for some time in a vacuum loses its activity, which it gradually regains when placed under atmospheric pressure. The question presents: to what extent does the cutting off of the partial pressure of the atmospheric chips figure as a factor in producing the lowered activity?

N indicates a similar column as M, but tapped by the negative pressure of the kinetic force of the cathode rays L. This column becomes rays O.

O indicates rays gamma derived from column N. They are subsidiary to rays beta, just as the flow of water from the mine is subsidiary to the kinetic force of the water from the surface. However, there is the important difference of gravity supporting the initiatory stimulus of rays gamma, whilst it acts against the pumping of water (Fig. 3.) The energy of rays gamma has two factors: The negative pressure of rays beta acting as an initiatory force; and the gravity of column N—the atmospheric partial pressure. In rays gamma, the electric energy is absent.

P represents molecular ether moving as heat or light, and which is split up into the positive and negative charges by polarization of the radio-active molecule.

Q represents the chemical union of an alpha particle with beta particles, the union setting free energy which is represented as R.

R indicates ether set free as heat or light by the chemical reactions of the particles, the electric charges being transformed into one or both of these energies. This transformation accounts for the rise of temperature in the environment, or for

the glow of radium and other active substances. Heat or light, however, may be generated by the rays bombarding surfaces, or by molecular friction as they pass through penetrable substances.

T indicates chips resulting from disintegration of the negative molecule J; also a molecule marked positive (it may be of either quality) representing material about to assume radio-activity induced by the deposit of the chips. It is evident that the chips may neutralize or change the quality of the potential of the molecule, thus modifying the intermolecular spaces and imparting the property of radio-activity. The disintegration of the molecule of the emanations is like the smashing of a world by the withdrawal of a universal equilibrating force, and is fully accounted for by the loss of the binding influence of the alpha chip, immediately followed by the negative electric charge taking possession of the positive nucleus which, when electrically discharged, further disintegrates into chips. Thus both electric charges are forces of dissociation. The inner space of the figure represents the molecular mass, the outer space the induced field.

V shows the induced molecule polarized, and emitting alpha and beta rays. It is clear that when a molecule polarizes, the induced field is entirely modified; and when concurrently charged, the charge must take the place of the induced field, thus neutralizing the molecular polar potentials. Hence the material within the induced fields is set free, and may contain radiant matter of the character of gamma rays. It is also clear that the products of disintegration will equilibrate in the higher atmosphere, and thus be lost to investigation.

The molecule F G may be conceived as being within the sphere of the inductive potential of the radio-active molecule; or within its

electric field when charged. As the latter molecule is positive, the only essential quality of the induced molecule, F G, is its negativity. The induced molecule may be oxygen, but from spectroscopic evidence it is more likely to be nitrogen. It is swept away by certain processes of solution and precipitation of the active molecule; it is diffused in vacuo. It is part of the system of the radio-active molecule (of which the sarcomere system is the muscular analogue) so that the material is active in emitting alpha rays even when surrounded by hydrogen, just as a muscular fibre can contract for a time after the blood supply is cut off. We believe that radio-activity is an expression of transmutation of energy stored extrinsically to the active material. The continued activity when the material is surrounded by ice, lead or such substances as are penetrable by rays gamma, shows that the same substances are also penetrable by the particles of column N, this column being the source of energy of the gamma radiations.

We will now review the different phases of energy as represented in Fig. 5, and as far as possible account for the transmutation on the bases of the formulated hypotheses. We see as indicated by P molecular ether as heat or light. It strikes the radio-active molecule in the depolarized state, and the molecule instantly polarizes. This is nothing more than what takes place in the initiatory molecule of the optic nerve. The nerve molecule, however, differentiates in action on account of its surroundings, and by its polarization splits up a molecule of nutritive material, whereas the radio-active molecule splits up a molecule of ether. In both cases the molecular polarization furnishes the essential differential potential for effecting the dissociation.

The electric charge at A tears off the chip, and the chip and its charge become the constituent of rays beta,

indicated by L. Beta rays, by negative pressure, convert the static potential of Column N into the kinetic potential of rays gamma as shown by O. In the meantime, the radio-active molecule has depolarized, absorbed a chip from column M, received a vibratory blow from the molecular ether P, and again polarizes—a complete vibratory cycle, accompanied by association (nutrition) and dissociation (waste)

The positive electric charge on the negative pole of the radio-active molecule is attracted towards the more negative molecule of oxygen. It thus associates with a negative chip, a constituent of a negative molecule, and consequently unstable. The kinetic potential of the charge tears off this chip, and the chip and charge become the constituent of rays alpha, as indicated by K. Now we will see what the differential characters of these rays are as interpreted by the inherent qualities of their particles and charges. The alpha or anode particle is relatively large and of negative quality, but is dominated by the positive electric charge. Although there is a limited repulsion between the particles contingent on the impenetrability and elasticity of their induced fields, the force is chiefly dependent on attraction between the positive charge and the environing negative charges. The concentrativeness of positive charges and the relative size of the masses, render the radiant speed comparatively slow and capable of less penetrability. The beta or cathode rays have a constituent particle relatively minute and positive in quality. The particle, however, is dominated by the electric negative charge; the kinetic energy depends upon the inherent repulsive force of negative ether units, in addition to attraction between positives and negatives. These forces acting on a minute particle render the speed and penetrating capacity relatively great. The gamma or subsidiary

rays are constituted of an uncharged positive particle. The electric factors of velocity are therefore absent. However, it will be observed that these rays are continuous with the column of chips N, without the intervention of association and dissociation by the vibratory movement of the radio-active molecule. The static force of column N is directly transformed into the kinetic potential of rays gamma. Although the electric charges impart a kinetic force to rays alpha and beta on passing through dense media the attraction between the charge and the molecular potentials of the media must be to some extent obstructive. The minuteness of the particles and the immense static force of column N are factors of the immense penetrating quality of the subsidiary rays, the negative pressure of the beta rays being the force which initiates the velocity, in a somewhat similar manner as the additional water gains a velocity in the pump described.

The outlined molecular construction of the emanations is shown as possible by the many chemical combinations of oxygen. It is noticeable that the molecule of the emanations has a weight about equal to the primarily active molecule; nevertheless, it is gaseous and unstable, whilst the other is solid and permanent. Apparently the different physical states depend on the negative quality of the one and the positive quality of the other. It is also noticeable that the particle of the alpha rays is negative and relatively large, whilst the particle of the beta rays is positive and relatively small. These facts are indicative of general laws.

When a molecule is polarized and electrically charged, the character of the chip molecule will accord with the character of the parent molecule. Positive molecules will emit positive chips and negative molecules negative chips, the opposite

charges being unable to effect dissociation. Again, wherever we find a charged particle of either sign, there must be another particle charged with the opposite sign, but the latter may be so ponderous as not to radiate. That the opposite energy exists there can be no doubt. It simply escapes unnoticed, probably associating with heavy matter and diffusing slowly.

The great predominating force amongst these phenomenal energies, is the mutual repulsion of negative ether units as represented by the electric charges of beta rays. These charges possess all the propulsive elements of positive charges, but in addition, positive concentrativeness is replaced by negative diffusibility, which means that each beta particle exercises on every other beta particle a repulsive force in inverse proportion to the distance asunder.

This force is initiatory, inherent, propulsive and independent of surrounding forces. It is associated with a minute positive chip. It initiates the gamma rays; and the mutual attraction between it and positive charges is a fundamental cause of alpha energy. We are here in the presence of primordial conditions of matter and force unhampered by evolutionary processes. Matter, therefore, takes on forms by the direct action of the elementary forces—a large negative molecular mass inclining towards the gaseous state, and a small positive molecular mass inclining towards the solid state; and these associated with electric charges (electric matter, but not electrons) respectively of opposite quality to the molecular potentials. A true interpretation of facts will

allow us to formulate fundamental laws, and lay the foundation of a grand generalization of electrical, chemical, physical, and let me say physiological, phenomena.

THERAPEUTIC VALUE OF THE RAYS. The potential value of the animal cell has physiologic limits of variations. The character of the cell depends upon the character of its molecular units. It is found that molecules exposed to the influence of the rays change their character: Non-radiant matter becomes radio-active; electric non-conductors become conductors; molecular vibrations are raised or lowered, and manifest fluorescence. From this we might expect that a pathological cell may be made normal by the action of the radiant particles on its molecular units. But therapeutic success requires a discriminating judgment in selecting remedies. A radio-active substance is like the poppy in containing many active principles, or like the electric current in possessing differentiated poles and differentiated intensities.

The alpha or anode rays must have quite a different action on the cells from the beta or cathode rays, and both must be different from that of the gamma or subsidiary rays. These rays, therefore, must be segregated and each kind used according to the indications. A certain thickness of platinum will obstruct alpha and beta and allow an application of gamma. When we wish alpha we may prescribe the emanations for precipitated thorium. A beta application of ten minutes may be had from thorium X; or we may combine beta and gamma by obstructing alpha.

TO AN ORANGE TREE

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

Bud and blossom, fruit and seed,

Coincidentally there . . .

Epitome of Life—a creed—

Yea, Providence laid bare!

The History, Origin and Meaning of Some California Towns and Places

(Continued.)

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BY G. E. BAILEY, E. M., Ph. D.

FORT GUNNYBAGS was the headquarters of the Vigilance Committee in 1856. They fortified the building with bags filled with sand and dirt. The site is at 219 Sacramento street, San Francisco.

FORT McCLELLAN is named for General George B. McClellan, U. S. A.

FORT ROSS was established by Governor Pedro Kostromitnoff. The Spaniards called it **FUERTE DE LOS RUSOS** (Fort of the Russians), and "Rusos" has been corrupted to Ross.

FORT WINFIELD is for General Winfield Scott, commander of the U. S. Army.

FORBESTOWN was built on land belonging to B. F. Forbes, in 1859.

FOSSVILLE is the home of Clark Foss, the famous stage driver.

FREMONT. Towns in several counties are named for the Pathfinder, General John C. Fremont, U. S. A. Territorial Governor of California in 1847.

FRENCH CAMP. The name is all that is left to point out where the Hudson Bay Fur Company at one time had stations occupied by their French-Canadian hunters.

FULTON WELLS. The wells were bored by Dr. Fulton, who started a sanitarium there.

57. GARFIELD. The town in Fresno keeps green the memory of the martyr president James A. Garfield. The one in Humboldt County was named for the son of Gilbert Garfield, one of its founders.

GEORGETOWN was started by George Phipps in 1849.

GILROY. John Cameron, a native of Scotland, was coxswain of the captain's gig on board of a British man-of-war. During a quarrel he struck an officer and had to desert or die. He took his mother's name and settled on the land Old Gilroy is now on. Old Gilroy is generally known as **SAN YSIDRO** (Saint Isador.)

GLENDORA was named by its founder, Mr. George Whitcomb, for his wife Lenora (Glen-Dora.)

GLENN COUNTY is named in honor of Hon. Hugh J. Glenn. It was organized in 1891, and has an area of 1,248 square miles. The county seat is Willows.

GOODYEAR BAR was first worked by Miles Goodyear.

GREENWOOD. John Greenwood opened a trading post there in 1848, and was the discoverer of placer mines.

GRIDLEY was built on land owned by George Gridley.

GWIN is in honor of Hon. Wm. M. Gwin, U. S. Senator.

HALLECK is in honor of General Henry W. Halleck, U. S. A.

HALLORAN SPRINGS bears the name of F. J. Halloran, the proprietor of the Mining and Scientific Press.

HAMILTON was laid out by a nephew of Alexander Hamilton, the great lawyer and statesman, in 1850.

HAYDEN HILL is where the Reverend Hayden discovered mines in 1869.

HEALDSBURG is where Colonel Harmon Heald built a store "for hunters, trappers and herders," as his sign said in 1846.

HENNINGER FLAT was for years the home of the hermit Captain Henninger.

HOFFMAN MT. is named for Charles F. Hoffman of the California State Geological Survey, under Professor Whitney.

HOLLISTER, the county seat of San Benito County, bears the name of Col. W. W. Hollister, a pioneer in orange raising.

HOOKER is in honor of Gen. Joe Hooker ("Fighting Joe.")

HOOKTON is for Major Hook, one of the pioneers.

HUERTA DE ROMUALDO is colloquial Mexican for the "Irrigated land of Romualdo."

HUMBOLDT. The **BAY** was named for Baron Alexander von Humboldt, the eminent scientist and traveler, by Captain Ottinger, of the ship *Laura Virginia*. The **COUNTY**

was named for the Bay. It was organized in 1854, and has an area of 3,507 square miles. The county seat is EUREKA (I have found it.)

HURLTON P. O. used to be known as the BOSTON RANCH, as people from "The Hub City" lived there. It takes its present name from its first postmaster, Smith H. Hurles.

58. IRWINDALE bears the name of Hon. William Irwin, Governor of California in 1875.

JACKSON, the county seat of Amador County, was named for General Thomas J. Jackson, C. S. A. (Stonewall Jackson) by settlers from the South.

JACKSONVILLE is the place where Col. Alden A. M. Jackson discovered gold in 1849.

JAMESTOWN is still called by the old name "JIMTOWN" by the old-timers. It was named for Col. James, a prominent man in Stockton's mining company. A still older name for the place is AMERICAN CAMP, given to distinguish it from surrounding camps where the population was largely foreign.

JANESVILLE was named for the first woman who lived there, Mrs. Jane Bankhead.

JAYHAWK was the general nickname for people from Kansas. Col. Jennison, who took his regiment to that State during the Civil War, was nicknamed by his soldiers the "Gay Yorker," as he was very jovial, and came from New York. This was taken up by the masses and applied as "J Hawker" to all the regiment, and was in turn inherited by the citizens.

JENNY LIND was named at a time when the great Swedish vocalist was creating a furore in the East.

JACKSONVILLE was named for William Johns, Superintendent of the mines.

JOHNSTONVILLE was started on the farm of Robert Johnson, in 1862.

Judsonville was founded by Egbert Judson in 1860.

KANE SPRINGS, in the Mohave Desert, were named for their first owner. They are also known as MESQUITE, CAVE and DESERT SPRINGS.

KEARNEY bears the name of General S. W. Kearny, U. S. A.

KELSEY. The first settlers of old Kelseyville were Messrs. Kelsey and Stone, who drove stock into what they called BIG VALLEY, in 1847. They were killed by the Indians in 1849, near the present site of the town.

KERN. The KERN RIVER was named for a member of General J. C. Fremont's expedition; and the CITY and COUNTY take their name from the river. Kern City was at one time known as SUMNER, for

Hon. Charles Sumner, the statesman. Kern County was organized in 1865, and has an area of 8,159 square miles. The county seat is Bakersfield.

KINNEYTOA. Abbott Kinney, the botanist and editor, was fellow commissioner with Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, in her work among the Mission Indians.

KNIGHT'S FERRY, KNIGHT'S VALLEY. The Ferry and Landing Place were named for William Knight in 1849; and the valley in 1853 for Thomas Knight, who was its first permanent settler.

KNOXVILLE recalls the name of Mr. Knox, the first lessee of the Redington Quicksilver Mines. The old name of the settlement was "BUCKHORN RANCH."

59. LASSEN. Peter Lassen, one of Fremont's guides, was one of the famous trappers and frontiersmen who helped to make history rapidly. The mountain named for him looks down on the place where he was killed by the Plute Indians in 1859. The COUNTY that bears his name was organized in 1864, and has an area of 4,750 square miles. The county seat is Susanville.

LATROBE was named by F. A. Bishop, the Chief Engineer of the old Placerville and Sacramento Railroad, in honor of Latrobe, the civil engineer of the first railroad in the United States.

LICK OBSERVATORY. The famous observatory on Mount Hamilton was endowed by the Hon. James Lick.

LINCOLN. Several settlements were named for the martyr President, Abraham Lincoln.

LINN MT. was named for Senator Lewis F. Linn, of Missouri, by settlers from that State.

LITTON SPRINGS was once owned by Captain Litton.

LIVERMORE. Robert Livermore entered Santa Clara Valley in 1816, and married into the well-known Higuerra family.

LOVELOCK was founded by George Lovelock in 1855.

MARION was named for General Francis Marion.

LOS NIETOS. Manuel Nietos was the owner of the rancho it is on. Literally it means in Spanish "The grandchildren."

60. MARTINEZ. Named for Temleñte Ygnacio Martinez, who owned the Rancho Pinole. See Pinole. The old name was CANADA DEL HAMBRE (The Valley of Hunger) because a troop of Mexican soldiers nearly starved there while hunting Indians.

MARYSVILLE was named for Mrs. Mary Cavilland, one of its founders.

MARYSVILLE BUTTES were discovered by Captain Luis A. Arguello, in 1820, and named PICAÑOS (Peaks.) They were called

"Buttes" by Michael Laframbols, a Hudson Bay Company trapper, in 1829. Since then they have been known as LOS TRES PICOS (The Three Peaks), and SUTTER BUTTES.

MILLBRAE was the home of D. O. Mills, the millionaire.

MESA DEL PADRE—Table land of Father Barona.

MENDOCINO. The CAPE was discovered by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542, and named for Don Antonio de Mendoza, the Viceroy of Mexico. The BAY was named for the cape by Samuel Brannan. The COUNTY, which was named for the Bay, was organized in 1850, and has an area of 3,400 square miles. The county seat is Ukiah.

MODJESKA, the California home of Helen Modrzejewska, Countess of Bozenta, who is better known as Modjeska, the famous Polish actress.

MONTEREY (Kings Mt.). The BAY was named by Sebastian Vizcaino in 1602, in honor of his friend and patron, Gaspar de Zúñiga, Count of Monterey and Viceroy of Mexico. The COUNTY, which was named for the bay, was organized in 1850, and has an area of 2,450 square miles. The county seat is Salinas. The old name of the CITY where Commodore Sloat raised the stars and stripes was ACHOSTA, an Indian name.

MORRIS SIDING bears the name of Major William Gouveneur Morris, at one time U. S. Marshall for California.

MORROW is named in honor of General Henry A. Morrow, U. S. A.

MOUNT BREWER is named for Prof. W. H. Brewer.

MOUNT FITCH is named for Captain Henry D. Fitch.

MOUNT HELENA. Just before the Russians abandoned Fort Ross in 1841, Woznessky, the naturalist, fixed a plate on the summit of the mountain, naming it Helena for the Czarina of Russia. The Spanish name was SILVERADO, a name made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson in his story of the "Silverado Squatters."

MOUNT HOFFMAN was named for Chas. F. Hoffman, of the California Geological Survey.

MOUNT LYELL honors the name of Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent British geologist.

MOUNT NEWBERRY is named for Prof. J. S. Newberry, the eminent New York geologist.

MOUNT WHITNEY, the highest mountain in the United States, is named for Prof. J. D. Whitney, the first State Geologist of California.

MURPHY was a character well known to all the argonauts. He married the daughter

of an Indian chief, and was rich and influential in 1849.

MURRIETA is on the rancho owned by J. Murrieta in 1856, and has no connection with Joaquin Murietta, the notorious bandit, who was killed at Pinola Pass by Harry Love's rangers, July 27, 1853.

61. NOBLES PASS bears the name of one who was a leader of the gold hunters of 1851.

NORDHOFF. Charles Nordhoff is the author of several books on California. He was for several years on the staff of Harper's Magazine.

NORTONVILLE. Noah Norton was the owner of the Black Diamond Coal Mines, in 1861.

ORTEGA is in honor of Governor Louis Arguello Ortega. The name in Spanish means "Grouse." There is also a town called ORTEGALITO—little grouse.

OWENS LAKE. This lake, whose waters are a saturated solution of soda minerals, was named by Fremont for Richard D. E. Owen, the geologist.

PACHECO. Several towns and a peak bear the name of the distinguished Don Romualdo Pacheco, Governor of California in 1875.

PADRE BARONA VALLEY. See MESA DEL PADRE BARONA.

PALOMARES CANYON is named for Francisco Palomares, a noted Indian fighter.

PASTORIA DE LOS BORREGAS (Pastoral Life of the Borregas) HISTORIA (Pastoral life of the Borregas) is the quaint title of a rancho.

PENTZ P. O. Uncle Sam wanted a post-office, and was willing that Mr. M. Pence should be postmaster in 1850; but the name got badly twisted before it got through the official machinery of the P. O. Department.

PERALTA was built on the rancho owned by Don Jose Domingo Peralta.

PERKINS. Hon. George C. Perkins was Governor of California in 1880, and is now in the U. S. Senate.

PICO—A

PICO. Several places have been named for Don Pío Pico, Governor of the territory in 1845.

PIERCE PEAK is named for President Franklin Pierce.

POPE VALLEY. William Pope settled there in 1841.

POTTER VALLEY was called BE-LOH-KAI or "Leafy Valley," by the Indians before the Potter Brothers settled there in 1853.

PRATTVILLE was known as "Big Meadows," until a post-office was established and Dr. Willard Pratt was appointed its first postmaster.

POINT ARGUELLO was named by Vancouver, 1793, in honor of the Spanish Commander at Monterey.

POINT CABRILLO is named in honor of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the first navigator to coast along our shores, in 1542.

PORTOLA is in honor of the famous Spanish explorer, often mentioned in these pages.

PUNTA DE LOS REYES (Point of the Kings) was discovered by Vizcalno on January 6, 1604, the "feast day of the Kings."

62. RAMONA was named for the daughter of Hon. J. De Barth Shorb.

REDDING, the county seat of Shasta County, takes its name from the old FORT REDDING of 1854, which was on the ranch of Major Pearson B. Reading, the pioneer hunter and frontiersman. READING BAR was discovered by the Major.

ROACH CREEK bears the name of a pioneer who lost his life in its waters.

ROOSEVELT is in honor of President Theodore Roosevelt.

SARGENT. See La Brea.

SATICOY is on the old rancho Santa Paula Y Saticoy—St. Pauline and Saticoy—the latter being a Spanish family name.

SCOTT is named for General Winfield Scott.

SEARLES. J. W. Searles discovered borax in the dry lake in 1863.

SHERWOOD VALLEY is named for A. E. Sherwood, its first settler. It was known to the Indians as CHE-HUL-I-KAI, or "North Valley."

SHORB is named for Hon. J. De Barth Shorb.

SILLIMAN Peak is named for Professor Benjamin Sillman, the scientist.

SISSON is named for George Sisson, the popular hotel keeper there.

SKAGGS SPRINGS were located by A. Skaggs in 1856.

SNYDER was named for Major Jacob R. Snyder.

SUSAN RIVER was named by Isaac Roop, for his only daughter, in 1853.

SUTRO HEIGHTS was the home of Adolph Sutro, the promoter of the great Comstock Tunnel.

SUTTER. No name is more closely woven into the history of the State than that of Col. John A. Sutter, a native of Switzerland, and once a Captain in the Swiss Guards of Charles X of France. He emigrated first to Missouri, and then to California in 1838, and called his first settlement NEW HELVETIA, the old name of Switzerland. It is better known now as Sutter's Fort, in the city of Sacramento. It was

at his saw-mill on SUTTER'S CREEK that Jas. Marshall discovered gold. SUTTER COUNTY was organized in 1850, and has an area of 611 square miles. The county-seat is Yuba City.

STOKES is named in memory of Colonel John Stokes, of 1776.

STOCKTON, the county seat of San Joaquin County, is named for Commodore R. F. Stockton, U. S. Navy, and Territorial Governor of California in 1846-1847. The site of the city was settled by Charles M. Weber, 1844, who called the place TULEBURGH.

STARR KING. Both mountain and lake are named for the Rev. Thos. Starr King.

STANFORD. The town was named for Governor Leland Stanford, the great railroad builder. The LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY was built and endowed as a memorial to the memory of the Governor's son.

STEELSWAMP recalls E. Steele of Yreka, who was a great favorite among the Shasta Indians.

TAYLORSVILLE is named for Jobe T. Taylor, one of the founders.

TENNANT is named for William Tennant. It was known for a long time as the "21 Mile House."

TRUCKEE carries the name of the Canadian trapper, Baptiste Truckee, one of Joseph R. Walker's party who discovered the river when the party were suffering for water.

TUTTLETOWN is named for a pioneer. It was at one time the home of Bret Harte and Mark Twain.

63. VALLEJO was the State Capital in 1852. It is named for Gen. Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, the former Commandante General of California. His name literally means "Small Valley."

VANDERBILT. The Hon. Chauncey Depew was one of the directors of the branch railroad from Blake to Manvel, and the name Vanderbilt was given to the new terminus in honor of his chief, Cornelius Vanderbilt of the New York Central R. R.

VERDUGO was named for Don Mariano de Luz Verdugo.

VISALIA was founded in 1852 by Nathaniel Vise, the famous hunter.

VOLTA is named in honor of Prof. Alessandro Volta, the eminent Italian electrician.

WALKER'S PASS was discovered by Joseph R. Walker, the explorer.

WARFIELD was founded by Dr. J. B. Warfield.

WASHINGTON. Several places have been named for our first president.

WASHINGTONVILLE was the old name of Downleville.

WEAVERVILLE is named for the pioneer who discovered the placers there.

WEBER CREEK is where Charles M. Weber discovered gold.

WHEELER is named for Captain Geo. M. Wheeler, leader of Government surveys and explorations in the West.

WHITTIER was settled by a colony of "Friends," and named in honor of the great Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier.

WILSON is named for A. D. Wilson, U. S. Topographer.

WINDY GAP is the pass to Death Valley where General Wingate's troops camped, and was known as CAMP WINGATE; corrupted to its present name, which is certainly appropriate when the wind blows.

WOOD'S CREEK was named for the Rev. James Wood, in 1848.

WOOD'S POINT was named for Thos. Wood, alias "Tom Vaquero"—Tom the Cow Boy—who was a deserter from a whaling vessel in 1849, and became a squaw man among the Tomales Indians.

YOUNTVILLE is where George C. Yount settled in 1831.

NICKNAMES.

"Cada uno es como Dios le higo, y aun peor muchas vezes."—Cervantes. ("Every one is as God made him, and often a great deal worse.")

The name "Devil" comes from the Greek "Diablo," which means "slander"; and Satan himself is called the Prince of Slanderers, and Old "Nick," so when a slanderous name is given to a place out of pure devilment, it is called a nick-name, or a devilish name. In the early days of mining the great Sierras proved:

"A rough, wild nurse land, but whose crops were men.

A land where, girt by friends or foes,
A man might say the thing he would."

The vast hordes, gathered from all parts of the world, were like a lot of boys just turned out from school, and if there be any at this late day who object to these names, let them take to heart Shakespeare's words:

"Hortensio, peace, thou knowest not gold's effect."

AGUA PUERCA Y LOS FRANCOS—Water fit for the pigs and Franks—is the title of one of the old Spanish ranchos, whose owner disliked all foreigners (Franks.)

AGUA TIBIA means "Shinbone water" spring.

ANTI FAT SPRINGS are named for the purgative character of the waters.

ARTIC is located in the hot Mohave desert.

BAGDAD comes from the Arabic "Bagh," which means "Garden." When the ancient city of Selenicea was destroyed, the only thing that escaped was the cell of the Monk, "Dad." When Caliph Almazar founded the new city on the ruins of the old, A. D., 762, he named it for Dad's Garden. A queer name to find in a dreary western desert.

BONE YARD is itself a nickname for "graveyard."

BRANDY CITY was a notable camp in the days when most men were satisfied with "whiskey straight."

BUMMerville was one of the lively camps of '49.

CADIZ is located in a waterless desert, but is named for the bay on the south west coast of Spain. The name in Phoenician means the "fortified place."

CHALK FORD was the old name of BIEBER.

CHEMISE MOUNTAIN is in the Coast Range.

COCK ROBIN ISLAND was named for a noted "bad man" of the early days who bore that nickname.

COON HOLLOW was where a lot of colored men mined.

CUT THROAT BAR is a placer camp where a German cut his own throat.

DEVIL. His Satanic Majesty has been shown full honors and appreciation in this State. The DEVIL'S ARM CHAIR in DIABLO—devil—CANYON is of solid stone and warranted fire-proof; and the CANYON is a laboratory worthy of satanic genius, for it is fitted up with hot water, steam baths, sulphur baths, acid baths, etc. The DEVIL'S ELBOW is a crook in the canyon; and the DEVIL'S GATE the mouth of the box canyon. THE DEVIL'S GRIST MILL is a geyser that works with a hoarse, sputtering clatter; and the DEVIL'S INK STAND is a geyser whose waters are black and indelible. The DEVIL'S KITCHEN is well supplied with "cooking materials," especially steam and hot water. The DEVIL'S PEAK is said to be a devilish hard place to climb, while the DEVIL'S NOSE seems to warn one to obey the old adage: "Speak well of the Devil, for he may catch you some day."

The DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL LAKE is big enough and deep enough to intoxicate a host of imps. See also Diablo, Spanish for Devil.

DIGGER INDIANS. These Indians did not compare favorably with the Sioux and Cheyennes encountered on the old overland trail; and were promptly named "diggers," because they were not good hunters or fighters, but "dug" roots for food.

DOGTOWN was the old name of Magalia, given because Mrs. Bassett raised a great many dogs to sell to the miners.

DOUGH FLAT was where the miners found it easy to fill their pockets with the "dough"—slang for "money."

DRUNKEN INDIAN was the nickname of CONCORD, which was settled by staid men from Massachusetts. Another derisive name that was given them for their goodness was TODOS SANTOS—All Saints.

65. EYE WATER SPRING was used by the Indians for ophthalmia.

FIDDLETOWN, the old name for Onelda, was very fond of dances.

HANGMAN'S RAVINE was an official place of execution in 1859.

HANGTOWN was the old name of Placerville in 1848. Two Mexicans and one American were lynched for stealing horses. The name was changed in 1851.

HARD SCRATCH was a camp where it required "hard scratching" of the gravel bars to pay expenses in the days when provisions sold at exorbitant prices.

HELLTOWN. The label of the liquid inspiration sold there in the wild and woolly days of '49 has been mislaid.

HOODO BAR. The Indians employed there pronounced the greeting "How d'ye do," as "Hoo-do," and it became a byword among the miners.

HOT LEMONADE SPRING. It is claimed that only sugar need be added to the waters to make a nice lemonade.

HUMBUG. Several localities were given this name by disappointed miners, whose hopes were not realized.

JACKASS GULCH is where a pack animal was lost in 1848.

JAMON—a ham—was named by Portola in 1769.

LA PANZA is Spanish for "Paunch." Taken probably from Don Quixote.

LA QUEMADA—The Overfull—means "there is enough to eat."

LAS PUTAS is Spanish for "harlots."

LAST CHANCE. Mr. Stoddard led a party of miners on a wild goose chase for "a lake of gold." He was given a "last chance" at this gulch to find the trail, or die within 24 hours. He escaped during the night.

LETTER BOX. A mining camp whose first post office was a box nailed to a tree by the side of the stage road.

LOS PERROS is Spanish for "The Dogs."

MAGRA is Spanish for a rasher of "Ham and Eggs."

MICHIGAN FLAT was settled by pioneers from the Wolverine State.

MILK PUNCH BAR had miners who took

fancy drinks, instead of the plain "forty rod" whiskey.

MISSOURI TOWN is the old name of DOWNIEVILLE. It was settled by emigrants from Missouri.

MONTE DEL DIABLO is the "Devil's Mountain." The Mount Diablo Meridian, the basis of the California land surveys, passes through the peak. It owes its name to the fact of its volcanic origin. The early Spaniards called it Sierra de los Golgonos, for a family living near there.

66. NATAQUA TERRITORY formed a part of what is now Plumas County, California, and Roop County, Nevada. It was organized when the position of the line between the two States was in dispute, and was the bone of contention during the SAGE BRUSH WAR.

NIGGER HILL is where a colored man "struck it rich" in the placers.

ONE SUERTE is part English and part Spanish for "One Chance."

PIKE recalls the old song of '49, Joe Bowers:

"My name it is Joe Bowers, and I've got a brother like,
I come from old Missouri, yes all the way
from Pike."

The "Pikes" were the wandering "poor white trash," that followed no industry steadily, but roamed over the earth in a wagon, squatting here or there for a time; but moving on when the school house bells began to scare the deer away. The nickname was given to those who followed the trail of Gen. Zebulon M. Pike, U. S. A., the explorer who caused Pike's Peak stampee to Colorado.

PINOLE. The Rancho Pinole of Don Ignacio Martinez, furnished "pinole" for the Mexican troops. It consisted of parched sweet corn ground up and mixed with sugar. A tablespoonful in a cup of water made a meal, and may be called the original breakfast food.

POKER FLAT has been described and made famous by Bret Harte in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Named for the great American game of cards, "Draw Poker."

POTATO WAR. The Pit River Indians harvested three acres of potatoes for William Moorehead, "when he wasn't looking," and started quite a war in 1857.

POVERTY. The FLAT and HILL were camps where the miners found it difficult to keep themselves supplied with food during the hard winters.

67. QUIEN SABE—Who knows—is the answer a Mexican generally gives to any question asked by a foreigner. It is equivalent to "I don't know."

QUITO—quits—or free from obligations.

RICH GULCH. See Yankee Hill.

ROBBERS' ROOST. The name of the head of the pass in Soledad Canyon, near Acton, which was for many years the home of the bandit Vazquez.

ROGUE IS NAMED for the TO-TO-TIN Indians, who were generally known as the "Rogue" Indians on account of their being notorious thieves.

ROUGH AND READY was named in the days when Gen. Zachary Taylor—Old Rough and Ready—was the idol of the people. He was the twelfth president of the United States—1849—1850.

SAN. One author says: "In the early California days, it was 'the cheese' for the adventurous Yankee to pay great deference to the Roman Catholic predilections of the aboriginal and abo-Mexican population by adding "San"—saint—to every place name." In this way we have "San" Quentin, and even "San" Diablo was once proposed as the name of a new town near the great peak of that name.

SAILOR BOY'S RAVINE. Four jolly tars were sent to the top of a supposed barren ravine to dig for gold by some jokers, but to the surprise of all, they struck it rich.

SAW PIT FLAT. The old name for Buckeye Fat, as lumber was whip-sawed there in 1850.

SHINGLE. Centers for the manufacture of shingles.

SHIRT TAIL BEND, around which the miner led the bear in an exciting morning race.

SIBERIA is a cool name for a railroad station located in the hottest part of the Mohave Desert.

SKULL CREEK. See Calaveras.

STRINGTOWN was strung along the river for over a mile in 1849.

TOADTOWN is the old name for Johnstonville, where they once had a "shower of toads" during a cloud burst.

TRABUCO is Spanish for "Blunderbuss."

TULE CONFEDERACY is the nickname for a district northwest of Honey Lake, where the settlers largely sympathized with the South during the Civil War.

WASHERWOMAN'S BAY is where the Senoritas of the Presidio, San Francisco, did their laundry work in the early days.

WHISKEY BAR miners indulged in no fancy drinks, but "took theirs straight."

WHISKEY DIGGINS was the nickname of old NEWARK.

WHISKEY TOWN is the derisive name of STELLA—Star.

YANKEE HILL was known first as SPANISH TOWN, as that element predominated. In 1850 it was called RICH GULCH.

In 1854, people from New England gained the ascendancy, and the name was changed again.

YOU BET was a common slang phrase of affirmation among the miners.

INDIAN NAMES.

The meaning of many Indian names has already been given incidentally, with the modern names, but there are many others that constitute almost the only remembrance of the vast tribes that once covered the State.

ALGOOTOON was formerly known as LAKEVIEW. "Algoot" was the ancient hero of the Sa-bo-ba Indians, who fought and killed Tau-quitch, the cannibal monster of the San Jacinto Mountains.

AHWAHNEE—Deep Grassy Valley—is the old name of the Yosemite Indians.

APTOS is the name of a tribe.

ARAB SPRING. The miners called the desert Indians "Arabs."

ARCATA is Indian for a "sunny spot."

BOLGONES is the name of a tribe.

CAHTO means "quicksand." "Cah"—water; and "To"—mush.

CAHUENGA is the name of a tribe.

CAHUILLA—Master—is the name of a tribe.

CALPELLA is named for Chief Culpa-lan—"the shell fish bearer."

CAYMUS is the name of a tribe.

CARQUINEZ is the name of a tribe.

CHEMEHUEVIS is the name of a tribe occupying that valley.

CHIMILES is the name of a tribe.

CHISMANTUCK was Chief of his tribe.

CHOLAME is a tribal name.

CHONAL was the name of the tribe living around the mountain.

CAYUMAS—River of St. Mary and the Cayumas.

CHOWCHILLA was the name of the tribe living in that valley.

CISCO means "trout" in Indian.

COAHUILA—Seceders—is the name of a tribe.

COLOMA, COLUMA are named for the Culoomah tribe. Coloma was formerly known as Sutter's Hill.

CONOTOK SPRINGS—White Ground Springs—is the old name for Siegler Springs. The ground is white from the mineral matter deposited by the waters.

COOS BAY means in Indian the "enclosed bay."

COSO is Indian for "broken coal."

COSUMNE is the name of the tribe that lived along the river. The name means Salmon. The Spaniards called the

stream RIO DE LOS COSUMNES—River of the Cosumne Indians."

CONCOW is the name of the tribe that lived in the valley.

CUYAMA, CUYAMACA are named for the Cuyamaca tribe. The Spanish name of the stream was RIO SANTA MARIA Y CAYUMAS.

69. EL CAPITAN, in the Yosemite, was known to the Indians as To-toch-ah-nu-lah, "The Great Chief of the Valley." The name in Spanish means "Captain," or Chief.

GLACIER ROCK, in the Yosemite, was known to the Indians as Oo-woo-yoo-wah, "The Great Rock of the Elk."

GUAJOMA is one of the most typical ranchos left in California. It means the "House by the Frog Pond."

INYO is the name of a tribe. The COUNTY was organized in 1866, and has an area of 10,224 square miles. The county-seat is Independence.

IVANPAH means in Indian "Dove Spring." "Ivan"—dove; and "Pah"—water.

JAPATUL means the "water basket" of the Indian.

KETTEN CHOW is the Indian name for CAMMAM VALLEY, where the wild Camass root (*Camassia esculenta*) abounds.

KIBESILLAH means the "Head of the Valley."

KLAMATH. Many places bear the name of this once powerful tribe.

LASSECKS MT. is named for an old chief.

LUPYOMI was known to the Spaniards as LA LAGUNA DE LUP YOMIZ—The Lake of the Lup Yomi Indians. The name means the "Town of stones."

70. MARICOPA is the name of a once powerful tribe.

MARIN. Chief Marin of the La-ca-tu-it tribe, fought with the Spaniards for several days, in 1815, on the island in San Francisco Bay that bears his name; while his sub-chief Quentin created a diversion at PUNTA DE LA QUENTIN. Marin was baptised "Marinero"—the mariner—by the padres, as he often acted as ferryman for them on the Bay. He died at San Rafael Mission in 1834. MARIN COUNTY was organized in 1850, and has an area of 516 square miles. The county seat is San Rafael.

MARK WEST CAMP was named for the founder. It was known to the Indians as Po-ti-qui-yo-ni.

MAYCOMAS MT. was named for the May-camass tribe—The camass eaters.

MENTONE is Indian for "Chin."

MOCCASIN. The name of the Indian's foot cover is from the Algonquin word "Makisin."

MODOC. The Modoc War and the mur-

der of General Canby are still fresh in the minds of Californians. The tribal name means "The Head of the River," as they lived around the head-waters of Pit River. MODOC COUNTY was organized in 1854, and has an area of 4,987 square miles. The county seat is Alturas.

MOHAVE. The river and desert are named for the Mo-ha-hri or Am-u-cha-ba tribe. The Spaniards called them the "Mojave," and the river the RIO DE LAS ANIMAS—River of the Souls. Padre Francisco Garces called the river the RIO DE LOS MARTIRES—River of the Martyrs—in memory of his sufferings while crossing the desert in 1776. Mohave means "The Three Mountains," referring to the three main ranges surrounding their desert.

MOKELUMNE is a corruption of WAKAL-um-ni, meaning "river." The Spaniards called it the RIO MOQUELAMOS—River of the Moquelami Indians.

MONO—good looking—is the name of a tribe. The COUNTY was organized in 1866, and has an area of 2,796 square miles. The county seat is Bridgeport.

71. NAPA. At one time this tribe was large and powerful, but they were nearly exterminated by small pox in 1838. The name means "fish." NAPA COUNTY was organized in 1850, and has an area of 800 square miles. The county seat is Napa.

NICASIO is the name of a tribe.

NORTH DOME, in the Yosemite, was called To-ko-ya for the chief who was turned to stone for beating his squaw, Tis-sa-ack

NOYO CREEK—sand-dune creek—was known as Chlm-ne-ba-dah, which means "Brush Creek." It is also known as PUD-DING CREEK.

OJAI in Indian means "Nest," the valley being surrounded by mountains.

OLOMPALI is the name of a tribe.

OTAY is the name of a tribe.

PASADENA is a Chippewa Indian name given by Dr. T. B. Ellicot, one of the founders. The full name is WEOQUAN PASADENA—the Crown of the Valley.

PAUMA is the name of a tribe.

PETALUMA—low hills—was called PUNTA DE LOS ESTEROS—Point of the Estuary—by the Spaniards. The Indian name was Cho-cu-ali.

PIUTE is the name of the powerful Piute—True Ute—tribe.

RACHO DE COLUS is named for the Colus tribe.

ROUND VALLEY was known as the Me-sha-kai, or "Tule Valley."

ROYAL ARCHES, in the Yosemite, were known to the Indians as "Hunto"—the watching eye.

SAMOA is for a native of that island.

SANEL is the name of a tribe.

SHASTA is named for the Shas-ti-ka tribe that lived around the mountain. The name means "stone house" or "cave" dwellers. SHASTA COUNTY was organized in 1850, and has an area of 4,050 square miles. The county seat is Redding.

SIMI means "The Source of Water."

SOLANO is named for the noted chief of the SUISUN tribe. He borrowed the name from Padre Solano. In Spanish the name means "East Wind." SOLANO COUNTY was organized in 1850, and has an area of 911 square miles. The county seat is Fairfield.

SONOMA is the place where the Bear Flag was raised. It is named for the noted chief of the Cho-cuy-en Indians. In 1824 Padre Jose Actimira gave the name Sonoma to the chief, and the tribe adopted it. The name means "Moon Valley." THE CITY was laid out in 1835 by General Vallejo. The COUNTY was organized in 1850, and has an area of 1,540 square miles. The county seat is Santa Rosa.

SUISUN is the name of a tribe.

STANISLAUS. Chief Estanislao was defeated in 1826 by the Spaniards, after a fierce battle. He was educated at the San Jose Mission. The Indians called the river La-kish-um-na.

TAHOE was called MOUNTAIN LAKE by Fremont in 1844. In 1852 the Surveyor General named it BIGLER LAKE for the Governor. When Governor Bigler turned "copperhead" during the Civil War, the name was changed through the efforts of Reverend T. Starr King to Tahoe in 1863. The word is Washoe Indian "Tah-hoo-he," and means "Big Water." The French have the lake on their maps under the name BONPLAND for the French botanist and traveler.

TAMALPAIS—"Tamal," the name of the Indian tribe, and "Pais"—country. The tribal name "Tamal" means "Coast" Indian. The mountain was named for the tribe living around it. Wilkes called it the "COAST MOUNTAIN."

TECOPAH is named for Chief Tecopah.

TEHAMA is the name of a tribe. The COUNTY was organized in 1859, and has an area of 3,200 square miles. The county seat is Red Bluff.

TEMESCAL. The Indian "Temes-cala"—sweat bath—is generally a brush hut covered with blankets. Steam is produced by throwing water on hot stones.

TEN MILE RIVER was known to the Indians as Be-dah-to—Quicksand River.

TENEIYA was the chief of the Yosemite Indians.

THREE BROTHERS, in the Yosemite,

is where the three sons of Chief Tenelya were captured by Major Savage. The Indians threw rocks down on the soldiers, and call the place Waw-haw-kee—Falling Rocks.

TISSAACH MT. is Indian for "Goddess of the Valley."

TOMALES is the name of a tribe.

TULOCAY is named for the Ulucas Indians.

TUOLUMNE is the name of a tribe, the word meaning "stone houses" or "caves," the same as Shasta, but in another language. The COUNTY was organized in 1853, and has an area of 2,232 square miles. The county seat is Sonora.

73. UKIAH is named for the Yo-kai-ah tribe, and means "Deep Valley."

UMMO means "Lost Arrow."

WANOMA was the daughter of Chief Sonoma.

WEITCHPEC is the name of a tribe, and means: "Where the rivers join."

YOKAYA is named for the Yo-kal-ah tribe.

YOLO is a corruption of a tribal name. Yo-lo-y is the "Place thick with rushes." The COUNTY was organized in 1850, and has an area of 1,017 square miles. The county seat is Woodland.

YOSEMITE means a "full-grown grizzly." The valley was discovered by Major James D. Savage, March 21, 1851 while chasing the Yosemite Indians. The original name of the tribe was Ah-wah-nee—Deep Grass Valley—Indians.

YREKA is the name of a tribe.

YUMA is the name of a tribe, and means "Sons of the River."

COINED NAMES.

Artificial names of a certain class, like Sunnyside, or Fairfield, are common in every State and nation, and attract but little attention. In California the settlers spread over the State within a few years, and the coining of names was common. The reader will notice many in the names already given; there are some that are worthy of special notice.

ALBERHILL was named for Messrs Alber and Hill, the owners of the coal mines there.

ALTADENA is made from the Spanish word "Alta"—higher—and "Dena," the termination of Pasadena, an Indian word. The name was coined by Byron O. Clark, as Altadena is higher up the slope of Mt. Lowe than Pasadena.

ANADA is Spanish "A-nada"—"to nothing"—and is equivalent to the American slang phrase, "down to bed rock."

ANAHEIM. Ana is Spanish for the Ann River, and Heim is German for "Home." It

is the name of a German settlement on the Santa Ana river, and means "Home on the St. Ann River."

ASPHALTO is in a district of asphalt mines; the mineral has been given the Spanish final "o."

BERRYVALE is in a district of small fruits.

BONAIR is from the French "Bon"—good—and the English "Air."

CALEXICO is on the Mexican boundary line, and is made from Cali-fornia and M-exico. On the Mexican side is the town of Mexicali, formed in the same way.

CALISTOGA. The Springs were once known as AGUA CALIENTE—Hot Springs—but Samuel Brannan said he would make a second Saratoga of them, and coined the name from Cali-fornia and Sara-toga.

ELECTRA. A power line reaches from the town on the Mokelumne River to San Francisco, 148 miles, supplying mills and factories with electricity.

ESMAR. Este-Mar, "This Sea."

FAIRFIELD is in a Fair field.

GUAJITO. "Gua" is Indian for a "house by the water," and "jito" is the Spanish diminutive for "little." "Little house by the water."

MAYFIELD was named by the founder, E. O. Crosby in 1853, for his wife.

MORTMERE. Mort—dead—and Mere—sea. It is named for the ancient or dead sea of salt, known as Salton Sea.

NACIO means "I am born."

ORISEMBRIA is Mexican colloquial for

"Ahora es sembradia," corrupted to Ora es sembria, and means "Here is (land) fit for planting."

ORESTIMBA is Mexican colloquial for "Ahora es timba"—"Here's a chance." "Timba" is literally a hand in a game of chance, or an opportunity to try one's luck.

OWENYO is near Owen's Lake in Inyo County, and is coined from those two words.

OZONO is from "Ozone," which is considered by chemists as "The life of the air." The Spanish "o" has been added.

RIALTO is from Rio-alto—"above the river."

RIODELL is from the Spanish "Rio"—river and the English word "dell."

RIOLINDO. Rio-Lindo means handsome river.

SANS TACHE is a French phrase—"without reproach."

SOTOYAMA was the name given by padres to the Chief of the lake tribes. "Soto" is Spanish for "forest" and "yama" is Indian for "lake."

SOTOYOME. Soto yo me—My own forest.

SPRINGFIELD was named for the big spring in the field the town was built on.

TOCALOMA. Toca-loma, the "hooded hill."

TISHTANG is a fanciful name given the creek for the peculiar sound made by the splashing waters.

URBITA means the "little city."

YAJOME is Ya jo me, or "At last I stop"—a fitting ending also for this list of names.

SANTA CLARA'S MISSION BELLS

BY ARCH PERRIN

Across the vale of glowing green
The setting sun displays its power,
Each tree appears a radiant queen
As softly chimes the vesper hour.

The evening zephyr gently moans,
And to the trees some secret tells,
While faintly sound the trembling tones
Of Santa Clara's Mission bells.

ZAMBOANGA

Al Medio Dia

BY LEO HAYS

The daughter of twenty tropic breeds,
Mystery-eyed and bronze and grave,
Glides by, unwinking in the glare,
Her slippers clacking on the pave;

And striding down the wide, still street,
A figure jarring on its rest,
Passes, disdainful of the heat,
The square-jawed soldier of the West;

Far out along the shaded read
The nipa houses, low and brown,
Stretch silent, and the wide, low hills
Are sleeping with the sleeping town;

The creaking cart drags slow along;
The Chino nods within his door;
The light falls soft upon the fort
The Spaniard built in times of yore;
The wading Moro bends to find
Time-stranded pearl-shells on the shore.

O, Zamboanga, white and calm,
I know when I have passed you by
That I shall long to see again
Your still blue wave, and still blue sky;

The pageant of your tropic night,
The soft-eyed stars with palms between,
The golden light on snow-white walls,
Your life that sunset ushers in—
With that wild want shall ask for these—
That strange desire for what has been.



ALLAN POLLOK'S HANDSOME AUTO-LAUNCH See Motor-boating on the Pacific



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—"Pretty well, thank you!"



ON THE ARIZONA DESERT—Where subjects abound for the brush of a Master



"GROVER"—See Ethel's Babies



A MOONLIGHT NIGHT ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY

From a charcoal sketch by Eloise J. Roorbach

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THE FALL OF A SULTAN

A Tale of War in Mindanao

BY CEPHAS C. BATEMANN, U. S. A.

AT the close of a day late in March, 1903, during which an earthquake tremor had shaken Mindanao from Mt. Apo to Dapitan Point, there spread over Lake Lanao preternatural night. The air was oppressive.

The Sultan of Marantao retired early, but could not sleep. After tossing for hours in his bujuka hammock he arose and stood at the window of his cotta-protected casa open toward the "forbidden sea."

"Were ever such times experienced before by Lakemen since Moros came from Borneo." (Moros are supposed to be descendants of the Dyaks.) The Sultan was thinking aloud. To mutter to himself was his habit when suffering from insomnia. Superstition was a second nature. The inky blackness and the stifling heat in a region usually cool after sunset suggested omens of evil to his feverished brain.

He had attended a conclave of sultans and dattos a few days before, and the recollection of an exasperating controversy with Arindig, the mischief-maker among the Malanaos, drove slumber from his eyelids. As he mused the fires of his indignation burned.

"Arindig clamors for war, and war he shall have—bloody war!"

he muttered with emphasis. Marantao alone was awake at that late hour.

Apart from a cluster of live coals in a brazier which cast a faint glow against the smoke-begrimed roof of the kitchen annex no light was visible throughout the spacious dwelling.

Guards at the barred gate lay upon the ground as they kept a somnolent watch.

The moat before the wall without was old and embowered, affording a habitat for venomous reptiles; the parapet, overgrown with bamboo and cacti, mounted the largest transportable lantacas (cannon of antique pattern, more ornamental than useful) the Chinos could cast in their brass foundries at Singapore.

The casa of Marantao was well fortified.

Prosperity and plenty also were evident on every hand within the enclosed compound. The subterranean granaries were well filled with rice, corn, coffee and sugar; the looms were loaded with brilliant cloth, while it was currently known that more than twenty-five thousand Mexican pesos reposed in the secure possession of the Sultana.

This woman was remarkable in every respect.

Her physical charms had long since ceased to attract, but her force of character was sufficient to maintain supremacy over the household, while she safe-guarded the treasury with such vigilance that even the trusted rajah-muda or reverend pandita could not extract a centavo without an order from the Sultan orally given to her. She was, moreover, the industrial director of the establishment. As a skilled weaver and embroiderer in silk she stood pre-eminent among tribeswomen. The highly wrought vestments of Marantao, on occasions of ceremony were the work of her own hands.

The sixty spearmen, forty crismen and thirty musketeers who slept that night in such postures as drowsiness overcame them, dreaded her displeasure as heartily as the slaves, who knew that a frown might send them to Ig, the executioner, for decapitation.

But withal, the Sultana was just as well as strong. There was nothing of the virago in her voice or manner. Her reserved power none could explain, though all could feel.

The swarm of children by many dames found in her a mother by divine right, and loved her for the impartiality of her decisions. Play often grew into a pitched battle in which the youngsters smote, scratched and bit each other like tigers' whelps. Upon appeal, she adjudicated the contention. She was the court of last resort. Her punishments were sometimes severe but always deserved.

The plural wives addressed her in the attitude of abeissance. She was a woman with a history made on the field of honor. While yet a maid it so happened, on one occasion, that she found herself alone in her father's casa. The women and slaves were gathering fruit or fagots—the men were away at the tribal wars. Seated at a half-open window, she saw the giant form of Ali, the most cruel and lecherous

scoundrel of all Maguindanaos, enter the cotta gate. He was attired as a Sultan of the first order. A flaming kerchief, bound about his ugly head, terminated in a drooping fold above the left temple; a long, narrow scarf, richly embroidered, was twined about his neck; a close-fitting, striped casaca was buttoned down the breast with Spanish dimes while over the gaudy trousers he wore a gay sarong. About his waist bolts of fringed sashes supported a brass buya-box, two daggers and a heavy kris, the hilts of which gleamed with ivory and gold.

This Moro maiden, Salaamat (thank you) knew him. She took in the situation at a glance. A woman's intuition filled her with terror. She remembered that he had cast lustful eyes upon her in the market place near Cotta Bato. Salaamat read the intention in his face, his dress, his haste. She darted from the window, and taking from the wall a campilan, measured the distance to the bamboo stairway up which he would surely come. Springing to a shadowed place behind some bales of hemp, with weapon upon her shoulder, she waited but for an instant.

Ali struck the creaking rungs and the entire casa shook under the pressure of his bear-like foot. His head and shoulders appeared above the level of the floor. He had seen no one. Pausing for a breath, he glanced about him; then turning with a grunt, he essayed to pass around the hemp in the direction of the apartments for women. He got no farther. For him, the heavens and the earth came together with a crash. Salaamat swung the campilan with the power of an Amazon. The beast reeled and fell. The girl fled victoriously from the scene.

As an operation upon the organ of audition, cheek, jaw-bones and neck, the "incision" may be said, in the language of surgery, to have been "entirely successful." Unfor-

tunately the "patient" did not die "under the knife." The blade had detached the greater part of an ear, which still clung to a neat surgical "flap" carved from the side of Ali's head and face. Bleeding like a "stuck" boar the prostrate brute, after a struggle, regained his feet, and pressing the flap into position against the exposed maxillaries, staggered from the premises, to disappear into the jungle.

Although this well-known character has been for many years the executioner in the service of Datto Piang—a Chinese—Moro Mestizo—the most powerful chieftain among the Maguindanaos, he has never been able to purge himself of the opprobrium of having been cut down by a woman. The tell-tale ear and the deep, horizontal scar will proclaim to his grave the valor of a Moro belle who was quite able to take care of herself.

The Sultana never refers to the encounter which made her famous throughout Morodom.

Marantao was young in those days, ambitious, and withal, brave and strong. He visited the home of the warrior-maid. His affection, kindled at first sight, was only limited by his ability to purchase. Inquiry developed the fact that Salaamat was a luxury within his means. He paid the price, and she became his "property."

Up through the grade of datto, to that of Sultan, in his own right, Marantao rose, until on this particular night, when he lay troubled and sleepless, he had long been regarded as one of the sincerely respected rulers among Malanaos, or Lake men.

The burden had been growing since Baldwin crushed the Cotta of Pandapatan. The submission of Bayan without a shot had been a great surprise to him.

Lying there in the darkness of his chamber the events of his life

passed before his mind like a panorama.

He recalled the tales of the old men who treasured the traditions of the fathers. These stories of his childhood bodied forth into living potentialities. He saw the Spanish Conquistador, Corcuera, centuries before, march away from the coast, northward toward Lanao. The Castilians were clad in coats of mail and brazen helmets.

Relics of that far-off age had descended from father to son in the clan of Marantao, until these heirlooms hung from a molava post near his head at that moment. He saw the Spaniards beaten in battle, ravaged by cholera in camp, slain by deadly fevers on the march, while the hated wild swine gorged themselves upon the flesh of the fallen along the pathway of disaster downward toward the sea.

Then a vision of the Holy City, Mecca, arose before him. In his youth he had accompanied his father on a three years' pilgrimage to Islam's most sacred shrine. (A visit to Mecca confers a rare distinction upon a Moro.) He saw the Turks, the Arabs and the Soudanese with caravans of camels so long that they stretched from horizon to horizon athwart the desert. The superb horses, the splendid, crescent-crowned banners, the vast concourse, the lofty domes and minarets—these had caught his boyish fancy and left an impression upon the mind that grew more vivid with advancing years.

The scene changed to his personal exploits in war.

He recalled the annihilation of Weyler's advance guard at Masinay and the part he had taken in that slaughter.

The figure of Noral Hakim, the metropolitan patriarch of the Malanaos, stood again upon the parapets, near Mubu and defied the Spanish sharpshooters who failed



Camp Malabang

to bring him down. Surely Hakim bore a charmed life.

Then Blanco rode into the zone of vision, at the head of a military column, and the hot breath of war was blown afresh upon the lake. Marantao had fought at Christina, Momungan and Tiradores until the dead lay thick in the colgon grass. To be sure, he had been severely wounded, and many of his men had suffered unto death, but the Spaniards had perished in great numbers along with their Tagalog and Visayan allies. Then the Castilians had given over the struggle very suddenly, for some unknown reason, sunk their gun-boats in sight of his cottas, and he had harassed them in their flight. He saw the bridge at Pantar fall after they had passed over it—the cables cut by their own men.

Shortly thereafter reports were spread by the runners that a new race of men had come to rule in Mindanao.

"Los Americanos," they were called. He had gone to Malabang to see them. They were a foolish lot of fellows. They built no forts, digged no trenches, erected no block

houses. Camping in the open, they went about seeking something they might buy.

They bought anything and everything, paying ten times the Moro price. Marantao chuckled at the thought.

Their marksmanship was extraordinary; they killed small birds in the tops of tall trees with their rifles. They were fond of laughter, these big, fair-skinned men; besides they played at ball, like children, ran swiftly about a pointed ring, marked on the ground, and yelled like "jura-men-tados" for no reason whatever. As to their fighting qualities he had believed they possessed none.

"Oho! di katauanko!" Marantao muttered, "I did not know."

He saw the first attempt made by a Moro to disarm an American soldier in Mindanao. The result was disastrous—to the Moro. Rifles were obtained in due time, however, by wanton murder and midnight theft, but "not in war, not in war," thought Marantao.

These facts he frankly admitted to himself, had caused Pandapatan to be blown to atoms.

The investment, the attacks, the final stand, and the ultimate fall of the supposedly impregnable fortress, were witnessed anew as the chieftain gazed into the portentous gloom. Then the force of example appealed to him.

The warrior-priest commanding Bayan had deemed at length discretion to be the better part of valor, and had made submission to save his fort, his home, and his people.

"Why should not Marantao not do the same?" The question brought the Sultan to his feet. Had some unknown voice addressed him? No, the house was quiet. No sound broke the stillness save the habitual crowing of the cocks, the stamping of the ponies, or the occasional groan of a carabao in the open basement beneath.

"Allah orders all things. The decrees of Fate are but the expressions of His will. The Americans are here because their presence is decreed; they cannot change their destiny—all alike are in Allah's keeping." Marantao was a theologian of the old school. "But there is that

hot-headed blackguard, Arindig, who continues to send insulting messages to Vicars with a stubborn determination to bring on further war.

"When have the Moros won even a partial victory over the Americans? I have changed my mind since Pandapatan. These money-spending, laughter-loving Americans fight with a courage not surpassed by any followers of Mahomet. A strange, heathen people are they. I haven't identified their panditas (priests of inferior grade. There are several orders of rank in the Moro priesthood) as yet, and the nature of their faith is a mystery to me.

"They evince no desire to convert Moros to Christianity; they manifest no interest in our religion.

"If they spoke disrespectfully of the Prophet I should fight; but the cross and crescent are not involved.

"I am resolved that I will go to Pantar, present myself to the commandante there and make complete submission. I hear that he is an American with a heart that beats



"American life and property in American territory must be respected!"—The reply of General Sumner.

like that of a Moro. He speaks our tongue, and has invited all Lakemen to visit him. Butiri, the interpreter, brought the message to me."

The Sultana awoke, alarmed, for Marantao's voice had grown loud and excited.

Rajah-muda called from his adjoining room: "Does my master wish to talk?"

"Yes," replied the Sultan, "but not to you, my honored advisor."

"Salaamat, Salaamat!" and the name resounded throughout the house. The Sultana was prompt. Seating herself near her lord, she became attentive to his words, now uttered in low tones.

She pressed his brow and found it hot with fever.

"You are ill, Marantao, very ill," she softly whispered.

"It is illness begotten of anxiety. I am growing old, Salaamat, growing old; I am weary of war and bloodshed. I wish to spare you and the people of my sultanate who look to me for guidance in the coming crisis. I realize we cannot hold out against the Americans who are organizing at Vicars to punish Arindig for his crimes. If I thought we could ever regain the lake country as we held it from Corcuera to Weyler, gladly would I join Imam Hakim, Ampaungano, Dansalan and even the foul-mouthed Arindig, together with all others in allied effort. Pershing cannot be defeated, and, if it were, there would remain Bullard with his men encamped along the camino. We are beset in front and rear.

"I have about resolved to go to Pantar and make a clean breast of submission. I can see no other course open to me. The finger of Fate seems to point the way. Now, Salaamat, speak to me as freely as in the days of our youth, when we were alone together and life lay all before us. What ought I to do?"

The Sultan lapsed into silence. There are times when the strong-

est man needs moral re-inforcement. Who can so well supply it as the woman who has watched him grow and contributed to his success? The Sultana sat silent for a space, as she held the ruler's hand and pressed his burning brow again and again.

"I see the peril hanging like a python suspended above the shady pools, into whose toils the unsuspecting stumble and are lost. I see it all," she slowly said. "The duty to our people is plain enough; they should not suffer for any act of Arindig. All who enter Bacolod leave hope behind. It is against the Decrees that a man of such character should long succeed. In the hours of stress he will desert his followers to their ruin. Mark my words! When the American Datto of Vicars overthrows the cottas, Arindig will not be found among the wounded or dead.

"Trust him not, Marantao; he is a thief, a liar and a coward!"

The Sultana had spoken the sentiments of a clear brain and an honest heart.

"But," observed the chief, "you have only remotely referred to my proposed visit to Pantar with a view of submission to the authority of the Supreme Sultan of the United States, through his representative there. What think you of that step?"

"I advise it," replied the Sultana, "if no treachery is probable. I do not know the Americans. I have never seen one. I know Moros—all are treacherous in war. If Americans are not like Moros, in this respect, I am sure they will never master our race."

"But, my trusted Salaamat, I am strongly of the opinion that Americans are not treacherous; they are too simple-minded for that. They are, generally reported by the tribesmen, as inclined to do more for one than they will promise. I admit they are foolishly truthful and transparent. I myself saw an officer explain the mechanism of a lantaca,

a rifle and a revolver to a group of Moros. Was such innocence anything short of madness? Every Moro thus instructed was more eager than before to steal the weapons he had learned how to use. Then you approve of my going to Pantar, do you, Salaamat?"

"I approve of any act of yours which will proclaim that we are not allies of Arindig, the man I despise."

As these warm words fell from the Sultana's lips, Ig, the executioner, was heard to challenge at the outer gate.

"It is Arindig come to confer with your master upon matters of war."

The Sultana's acute ears heard the reply. She arose, gathered her kimona about her and disappeared into her own apartments.

The rose tints of dawn were lighting up mountain, lake and plain as Marantao pushed open the swinging shutter and supported it with a bamboo rod.

"Enter, Arindig. You are indeed an early riser. You must be upon mischief bent rather than duty bound. How reads the book of Fate to-day?"

The greeting was characteristic of Marantao, who was a past-master in the use of phrases suggesting his personal knowledge of a guest.

A somewhat bent figure, with cruel face and snake-like eyes, strode into the room. It was the Sultan of Bacolod. Squatting upon the floor he proceeded to regale himself with betel-nut, buya-leaf and lime drawn from a brass-box whose three compartments contained these separate articles. Closing the lid with a snap, he rolled the sweet morsel under his tongue and grunted like a swine. "I have ridden all night, my friend, Marantao, and feel weary of the journey. I have come to tell you that my cotta defenses are now about finished."

"Pershing will be food for the boar within a week."

"I shall cut him and his vermin followers to shreds and make my trail slippery with their fat. I have all the chiefs of the Bayabaos with me. Even that hard-headed old money-getter, Asum, right from under Bullard's nose, joined yesterday with thirty new rifles and ten thousand rounds of ammunition. I can whip Bullard and Pershing combined. Now be it known to you, Marantao, I shall win in this war; those who help me shall be favored in future; those who do not shall have tribal wars brought to their own doors."

At this latter deliverance, Arindig was cut short.

Marantao sprang towards him and almost shrieked:

"And that is the way you have your hemp cut and dried, is it? Then be it known unto you, Arindig, that I will not join you, nor will I suffer an implied threat to pass unchallenged. Withdraw to the edge of the moat, and with crises we shall decide if one or both shall die! Hah! I have seen Mecca and have nothing to fear. Withdraw to the moat! I will not further talk in the casa."

Marantao had drawn his trusty blade that flashed in the light of the growing day. The Sultana had appeared at the door black with hatred. Ig was standing at the head of the ladder, while lancers and musketeers awaited the issue in breathless excitement.

Marantao waved the throng aside. Arindig led the way out. Arrived upon the green-sward at the moat's edge, the Sultan of Bacolod resumed in a conciliatory voice: "I was not aware, my dear Marantao, that I had threatened you, for it had not occurred to me that you would not join me in a stand against a foreign invader. I withdraw the threat."

"Mapia, mapia," (A word much used, commonly interpreted "Very good") said Marantao. "Now, since

you have ceased to menace me in speech and manner, I shall speak very plainly, calmly, to you. My words shall be those of a man who has no further glories to win in war. To begin with, it is untrue that the Bayabaos have joined you in any considerable numbers.

"Asum possesses but five old Remingtons. It is untrue that you can beat Pershing and Bullard combined. Every statement you have made to neighboring sultans and dattos and to myself is false. If you object to my words, you have but to challenge me to the proofs. Let us understand each other, Arindig. You shall not draw me into any net spread by your hands; nor shall I permit you to influence the dattos of my sultanate against my will and their better judgment. So far as Marantao is concerned you shall fight the Americans alone. Time was when I loved bloodshed. No man among the Malanaos dare say that I have failed to do my part. Did I not slay the Cholera Giant (The Moros attributed the visitation of cholera to the coming of a Black Giant; not until this monster is killed will the disease wholly disappear) at the falls of the August 20 years ago and end the plague? Who doubts it? Did I not cut my way through a cordon of Spaniards at Fugan after my followers were all down and I had been shot through by an officer on horseback? Did I not lead the night attack at Las Piedras? Did I not slaughter Blanco's out-posts from Marahui to the sea? If you think I am moved by cowardice in taking my present position, speak the word and draw your kris! Ha! What say you, Arindig?"

The Sultan of Bacolod was silent. He knew that in a duel with Marantao there would be but one ending.

At the close he would be upon the ground; Marantao would still command the field.

"Far be it from me to invite to

single combat a friend so dear as the Sultan of Marantao," gently remarked the arch-mischief maker. "I am surprised," he continued, "and hardly know how to speak."

"Speak straight, and with one tongue at a time," coldly demanded Marantao.

"May I ask," inquired Arindig, "if Marantao is thinking of going over to the Americans without lifting a hand to contest their advance along the north-west shore?"

The furrowed face of Marantao betrayed no emotion, though the query went like a barbed arrow straight into his heart.

"I will tell you frankly yes, but not until you have met the American Datto and been by him humbled to the dust.

"After you have found your sultanate laid waste, your cottas blown up, your people killed and yourself a fugitive, then I shall go. In the meantime I shall remain neutral, and I admonish you to keep away from my cottas, villages and plantations. I regard this war wholly unnecessary, and you the author of it. The vortex of Bacolod shall not swallow up my people.

"The Americans are men who prefer labor to battle. They make ships, docks, cuartels, bridges and roads. They killed no Moros until after their soldiers were murdered in cold blood by our tribesmen and you threaten to murder more. I have not found a liar among them in my business transactions. But, Arindig, strike down a soldier who does not molest you or yours, and your people die, though you may yourself escape for a time."

The Sultan of Bacolod made his obeissance without speaking a word, mounted his jaded pony, and, followed by a travel-worn body guard, rode slowly away.

Marantao was a changed man. The sleepless night had not been endured in vain. A mighty moral struggle had preceded the greatest

victory of his life. The superstitions and customs which had bound him seemed much less like a chain. He was a free man. New light had broken it upon him. That morning was to him the genesis of a new era. Old things were passing away. Mindanao could not be as it had been. Allah had decreed the change. With the eye of a seer he saw that Bacolod would fall, Taraca would follow, and reliance upon fortifications and murder as means of checking the march of events would cease.

"He would not fight, the arrant coward," remarked the Sultana as Marantao re-entered the casa. "It is a great pity," she continued, "for the death of Arindig is much to be desired. He is a peace-breaker among the Macius as among ourselves."

* * * *

A week later, the mountains of the west and north shores reverberated with the thunder of American guns. For two whole days shrapnel and rifle ball pelted the parapets of Bacolod. At dusk of the second day, Arindig, within the strongest and only surviving cotta, saw clearly that the position would be carried by storm at daybreak.

Under a plea that he must go for reinforcements he crept out under cover of profound darkness and escaped. Sheep led to the shambles were to perish, and no one knew it better than the Sultan of Bacolod.

A little after sunrise, Arindig stood at the gates of Marantao, an applicant for transportation across the lake to Taraca.

"Oho!" cried Marantao, "what has happened?"

"Well, the Bayabaos were at work and would not join me in war. Hasun backed out also. My forts have not fallen as yet, but I fear they will to-day."

"And so you got out in time, leaving your people to die like rats in a hole? How like you, Arindig!

But why did you not apply to the Sultan of Marahui? Why come to me for favors?"

"Because you are my friend," muttered Arindig, "and the Sultan of Marahui is not. I am in distress. Set me across to Taraca in your swiftest sailing vinta and blessings of all the faithful of Mecca be upon you."

"Ha! It shall be done," broke in Marantao, "upon one condition—that you detain not my boat nor slaves at the east shore. You must wade to land, and my boat must return without touching the beach. I grant this favor, not because I esteem you, but because I perceive that Fate hastens you to certain doom. Go!"

Ig managed the craft, with six muscular oarsmen, under instructions to kill Arindig on the spot if he sought to take advantage of the crew.

An hour later the vinta, with dripping outriggers, under a spanking breeze, was scudding toward Taraca.

* * * *

While the Sultan of Marahui, on the following day, was unfolding the complete story of the destruction of the cottas of Bacolod to Marantao, as they stood in the shade of a wide-spreading guijo, near the water's edge, Ig drove the vinta, under slackened sail, hard upon the clayey strand, sprang out, approached his master with reverential bow, and announced the completion of the voyage.

Arindig had not spoken a word during the entire passage. Ig had put him off in water breast deep, and at once filled away, standing along the south shore during the night, and, catching a favorable breeze opposite the fortress of Bayan in the early morning, had come as the crow flies homeward.

"Thank you, Ig, thank you," said Marantao kindly, "you have done well. You will find food already for

yourself and crew. Eat heartily, and sleep through the day. I have a still more important undertaking in mind. A journey next time, my good Ig, and you shall accompany me."

Ig's heavy face beamed with gratitude. He loved his master; there was no doubt about that.

The Sultan of Marahui resumed his narrative: "Arindig will yet become an outcast on the earth, a by-word among Moros and a hissing among Americans. I have endeavored to awaken in his breast some sense of responsibility. I have pressed upon him that times are changing and we must change with them; and that this war he precipitates can in no way be attributed to religious differences.

"Primarily, the defects of his character are due to his training. He was a darling son in a harem singularly prolific of girls. He has, so far as I know, never performed a brave act. His Sultanate was not won by kris or crescent. Inheriting everything, he wore himself out, while yet a youth, in the grossest excesses.

His children are weaklings and succumb in infancy; his household was the most indiscriminately immoral among all the tribes of Islam.

"A single night spent in his casa would have shocked Ali, if that were possible. And now he has gone to Taraca to further poison the mind of that fanatic, Imam Hakim, and to invite disaster in comparison with which the fall of Bacolod were as twilight to that recent night in March.

"I shall go myself to Taraca on the morrow, and endeavor to avert the approaching catastrophe. I am at this moment ill, my friend Marantao. The grip of cholera has already fastened upon my vitals. I somehow feel my race is almost run; though I am still young, you may not behold my face again."

So saying, the Sultan of Marahui embraced his friend. Then shaking the bells hanging about his pony's neck—a signal to his escort—he climbed with difficulty into the saddle, and was gone, never to return.



Camp Vicars.



A preternatural night settled over the lake.

It was a day of rejoicing throughout the sultanate of Marantao. Representative men were assembled at the seat of authority to hear their ruler give an account of his visit to the commandante at Pantar.

Beginning at dawn, songs of thanksgiving had been sung under the hospitable roof of the nipa mosque, while the pandita had beaten the glad refrains upon a huge cylindrical tom-tom.

The mission had been entirely satisfactory—so the runners had announced. There was to be peace and not war. Cholera was destroying many lives, but the scourge of pestilence, blood and famine were not to be added. Marantao had done what was best. The long drought would soon end, cholera would abate, food would be abundant for all. Even widows and orphans smiled as they affectionately twined snow-white muslin about the bamboo frames, above the newly made graves, not far from the cottas. They could do no more. The worst was over. Better days were coming.

The smith who forged and tempered the kris, campilian, dagger

and lance, with famous skill, grinned with satisfaction. He was to go out of business and retire upon his laurels. A feast was ready to be served within the compound so soon as the ceremonies of the day were ended.

At an appointed hour, Marantao took his position in the center of an area around which the multitude was seated. The concourse arose and paid obeissance. The Sultan was dressed as became his rank. A magnificent gold-mounted kris depended from his sash. His face told the story of a life of conflict. A murmur of admiration, beginning with the white-robed pandita, ran around. Standing among his children and people, Marantao spoke in distinct but subdued accents:

"To bow to the Decrees," he began, "were the part of wisdom; to resist were the part of folly."

"In presenting myself in submission to the military authorities at Pantar, I performed the hardest duty Allah has ever laid upon me. (Note.—The submission of the Sultan of Marantao produced something of a sensation among neighboring rulers. An account of the

strange ceremonies attending this act appeared in *The Manila Times* in May, 1903. Marantao's oath on that occasion, pronounced with evident feeling, was: "I do here and now, in the name and with the help of Allah and His Prophet Mahomet, submit myself and people to the authority of the United States.")

"The American commandante made my way as easy as possible under the circumstances. Such kindness I can neither explain nor understand. I seemed to be trusted without reserve; the soldiers drilled before me and joined in the Moro 'song of friendship.'

"Ig gave an exhibition of his skill and we separated, as I hope and believe, not foes but friends. My children, let us trust those who repose confidence in us.

"The Americans are not our natural enemies; they come from a great land as far from here as it is from Lake Lanao to Stamboul, and the Golden Horn. We are to dwell together with these strange people. It is Allah's will."

With these words, Marantao drew from the folds of his sarong the American colors, and holding them aloft, said: "This is the flag of the future in Mindanao!"

The orator had done. Such thoughts were never before uttered by a man of the Malay race.

The seeds of re-construction were sown in the minds of Malanao that day to bring forth, let us hope, a hundred fold to the harvest.

* * * *

Again the lake shores and mountain fastnesses rang with the detonation of Maxim batteries in action. Taraca had been brought to war's judgment bar. Imam Hakim had defied the military authorities at Vicars and Zamboanga, threatening their men with all the horrors known to "jura mentados" should they explore the east side—a region no Spanish had ever dared to enter.

The lessons administered at Pandapatan and Bacolod were unheeded. In vain had the Sultan of Marahui, dying of cholera, expostulated with the metropolitan. The lies of Arindig were believed in the face of all testimony of eye-witnesses to the contrary. Taraca's doom was sealed.

The reply of General Sumner was firm and above criticism:

"American life and property in American territory are to be respected. Americans hold no country they cannot explore; they know of no enemies they are afraid to meet; they prefer to live at peace with all men."

Imam Hakim was too strong for Ampaungane, who had reluctantly endorsed the defiant messages. The High Priest over-rode the Sultan. Pershing was before their gates sooner than expected. His speech and manner were those of a man desirous only of completing peaceably his journey around Lanao. His inquiries were answered by a deadly volley from Remingtons.

Maxims and Krag's took up the gauntlet and flung back shot and shell in a volcanic rain. One fortification after another was pounded into a mound of debris.

The ninth cotta, strongest of ten, yielded after a desperate fight, and all was over.

American and Moro dead and wounded lay not far apart. The Government of the United States was supreme at the capital of the Lakemen—a supremacy subsequently made good by wiping Taraca from the map.

* * * *

The night was passing. The moon had set in the Sulu Sea. Quiet and contentment reigning within the cotta of Marantao. Slumber lay heavy on master and man. The people had separated to their homes after the fiesta, which had been prolonged many days. Happy had been the meetings, light-hearted the partings.

Marantao slept the sleep of the just.

The venerable Datto of Nonucan, his life-long friend, still tarried until the morning. Together they had long conferred and Marantao was comforted with Nonucan's superior knowledge of Americans gained by an extensive business experience at Iligan. And so Marantao was growing like the palm which pushes its plume-top upward from the dark jungle to bathe its fronds in the larger light. His fever was gone. He could rest now.

bedside of Marantao. Arousing him, she communicated in the fewest words the fact of Arindig's presence.

Marantao arose and immediately went out. Ig threw wide the gate in response to the master's whispered word and followed close behind. Arindig was alone and afoot. No slave was so poor as to do him reverence.

Bedraggled, dejected, haggard, he stood in the sudden light, flashed from the Sultana's window upon the



The American colors float—Sultans and dattoes come and go—Secure in peace.

But when honest men sleep evil spirits are abroad.

A loud rap at the gate and a hoarse call brought Ig to his feet, and instinctively he drew his kris, whose wavy blade seemed ever like a flame. He demanded the identity of the visitor. "It is Arindig, weary and faint, who seeks shelter, food and drink." The Sultana, always alert, caught the words through the half-open window.

"I cannot admit you without orders, and I cannot now awaken my master," the executioner replied.

The Sultana stole softly to the

gateway, a moral and a physical wreck.

"Taraca fell the day after I quit-
ted the ninth cotta," he began very humbly. "Imam Hakim was severely wounded, and most of the great men of the east shore are dead or dying. Those who have heretofore borne charmed lives were deserted by fate. Allah is no longer on the side of the Moros."

"Hah! And you escaped as usual without a scratch," contemptuously observed Marantao. "Arindig, you are a dead cock in the pit and yet you cannot show the puncture of a

spur. You are dead, but not buried. You are not fit to die, still less fit to live. You have compassed the death of hundreds of your tribesmen, but never took an inch of cold steel into your own cowardly carcass. Like Caine of old thou shalt be slain but not killed, an outcast and a vagabond shall thou be in the earth. The blood of thy people cries unto thee from the ground. Ig, have some rice given to this cur; if he desires meat, let him kill and eat a wild boar, and the curses recorded in the Koran be upon him forever."

With a morsel of food in his hand the fugitive Sultan of Bacolod was cast adrift in the darkness, a derelict upon the Lake.

* * * *

The American colors float over cottas and casas from Bayan to Taraca, from Marahui and Marantao to Pandupatan. Submissions have become an every-day occurrence, flag presentations a custom. Sultans and dattos come and go at Vicars and Marahui, secure in a peace the

like of which is not recalled among all the traditions treasured by the panditas.

Moro traders say "mapia"; the soldiers answer "it is well." The former come to sell their wares, the latter continue to pay too much. But Fate has decreed one price for Islams, quite another for Americans. "It were folly to resist." The victors are vanquished in the market-places.

A thousand Moros, armed with the weaponry of industry, answer the trumpet call to labor on the great military road which winds away from the Bay of Iligan, through forest and jungle, to the shores of Lake Lanao.

Allah has not abandoned His people, who, in this year of grace, are reading a new Decree in the law of compensations.

(Note.—"Islam" is the generic name in all dialects spoken by these Mahometans. The word "Moro" is of Spanish origin—Moor—and is never used by the people in conversation among themselves.





"MARMIE."

ETHEL'S BABIES

BY SAMUEL SLOCOMBE

THE individuality of children, together with its infinitely varied methods of expression, is a perennial object of interest in families. So much so that, once and again, the precocious sayings and doings of little tots have been deemed of sufficient public interest to be collected and published in book form, and in that form have attained to large circulation for the amusement of their elders. Of this class of publications, "Helen's Babies" is perhaps the best, and the best remembered, because of its naturalness. To this day, many of our mothers and fathers can laugh at the adventures of Budge and Toddy as heartily as they did a generation ago. But we of to-day can laugh at least with equal zest over the capers of the young idea—its frolics,

its irreverent audacities, its droll guesses at truth, and its innocent but luminous questionings—as we have them right here to-day, sweet, wholesome and fresh from the perennial fount of Nature. Perhaps if we took more account of the little ones, we might learn more from them, and the quality of what they in turn learned from us might be improved.

"Ethel's Babies," the two subjects of this sketch, are genuine, live, twentieth-century boys, born right here on the north side of San Francisco in a home overlooking the bay. "Chang," the elder, while happy on the whole, is not of a gay temperament, but rather inclined, like Dr. Brown's famed dog Rab, to regard life as a "s'rious business." Reflective, sensitive, senti-

mental, emotional, Chang has a keen sympathy in relation to the woes of others, tempered by heroic endurance of his own. On the other hand, "Toodie," just one year younger, is gay, tearless, quick-witted, at home anywhere, aggressive, ready as occasion offers to play either the role of protector or tease to his elder brother. Within the close precincts of the domestic circle (only), "Chang" is jocosely mentioned as a future preacher, and "Toodie" as a possible aspirant to the lofty seat now occupied by "Teddie."

As might be expected, the higher mysteries of being and destiny are

familiar subjects of speculation with these daring thinkers. Chang, on first consciously viewing the stars, guessed meditatively that they were the Heaven Man's fireworks. In their vernacular, the Creator is the Heaven Man, whose uneven distribution of children is not treated as above criticism, so long as he crowds babies into one family and leaves another entirely without any. Not that the said Heaven Man is, in such cases, held as the only one to blame. Chang, for example, has been known on more than one occasion, to suggest to a childless wife that she should ask the Heaven Man to send her some little boys—"He would do it right away."

Chang is the questioner of the pair, while Toodie, with an air of paying no attention, goes right along with his play, and absorbs all the information elicited by his brother's queries. On one such occasion the subject of investigation was Heaven. As mamma's answers became imaginatively descriptive, Toodie pieced them together with evident satisfaction. Without looking up from his play, he remarked, "That's a pretty good place; guess I'll go there when I'm big." "No, you won't either, if you don't stop teasing me; you tease me lots of times and everybody thinks it's smart," retorts Chang. Toodie's idea of heaven is an improvement upon that of a little tot of the next previous generation, who would have been Toodie's uncle if he had lived long enough—a fiery little tot who, when his mother told him that if he gave way to such tempers he would never go to heaven, exclaimed, "I don't want to doe to heaven; I'd be tired of being dood always; I'd be sure to break a window or sumsing and get turned out." Toodie's heaven is not a goody-goody prison, but a free, wholesome, "good sort of place," where he thinks he'll want to go "when I'm big."



"CHANG."



"CHANG." and "TOODIE."

Chang's heaven has the further attraction of being a good place for kittens. That feature of it was acquired in this way. Chang took charge of a kitten for a neighboring playmate during the latter's absence from home for the holidays. The kitten accidentally got badly squeezed and hurt by the slamming of a gate. Chang thought the hurt fatal, and sobbed piteously for half an hour. Then, as if prompted by that pagan proverb, that "Whom the gods love die young," he turned to his mamma, and asked her whether kittens ever went to heaven. Naturally enough, and with solid, time-honored theological backing mamma encouraged the hope that they did. Then, pathetically through his sobs and tears, the poor little chap brightened as he said: "Well, if kitty goes to heaven, I guess I can stand it." But kitty didn't die, and for some time the pulling of her tail has afforded mischievous Toodie a ready means of teasing his brother Chang. Perhaps, however, it should be added to the credit of Toodie that since kitty has shown signs of being able to live on to maturity, he seems to have taken upon himself the task

of attending to her moral training. On a recent Sunday, after returning from the Infant class at Sunday school, he was discovered alone, very earnestly teaching kitty the Golden Text, "Rightness salteth a nation."

When Chang's oratorical picture was taken, he was sixteen months old. It was a snap-shot, taken at home, the pose being entirely his own. This picture brought him the home cognomen of "Grover," which, however, did not stick. Both these youngsters resent being posed by a photographer, Toodie on one occasion signaling Mr. Photographer to stand off, and exclaiming, "I can stand all right. Think I don't know how to have my picksher taken?" After that he was allowed to pose himself, and with results which no artist could have improved. Bushnell's operator considers Toodie "a perfect subject."

Comic papers sometimes represent the "enfant terrible" as creating some very embarrassing positions, which may or may not have originated in the writer's imaginations. Each of these lads, however, has played the role of "enfant terrible" with startling effect on more than one occasion. Take this, for example, as related by Toodie among strangers in the family physician's office on Sutter street: "My papa's got a gun, and he goes out shootin' chickens sometimes, and my mamma cooks 'em for supper." This sensational announcement might have proved somewhat embarrassing but for the ready explanation that in Toodie's vocabulary the term "chicken" then stood for any feathered creature which people might eat, whether barnyard fowl, wild duck, or flying bird of the air. It was Chang, however, who addressed to a playmate with a large mamma this double query: "Where DID you get your mamma? And why did you get her so fat?"

These two youngsters are to-

gether all the time, day and night, and aside from their joint fondness for their mamma, their main happiness, apparently, is in each other's company; yet each seems to maintain his individuality unspoiled. Not only so, but their differences of personal quality, disposition and temperament, are in constant evidence and daily illustration. One day mamma had to absent herself from them for a few minutes, and as they were playing happily together she supposed her absence would not be noticed. Very soon, however, they both made the discovery. Chang set up a howl of direst lamentation for "Marmie." Not so Toodie. To him "Marmie's" absence was a breach of faith on her part, and therefore something to be resented. At such a time as this, was there not some rule he could break, some maternal prohibition he could overleap. Quick as a flash he resolved and acted. When in a few moments Chang's loud wailing brought materfamilias to the rescue, and Master Toodie showed no signs of tears, but was stepping around with a visible air of self-satisfied importance, she asked him: "And why didn't you cry like a baby, too?" "Oh," he blurted, "I turned on the hock water." And, sure enough, the faucet indicated was found turned on and the hot water running away at full force. Thus had Master Toodie chosen one of his best-beloved

"Don'ts" with which to celebrate and punish his mamma's absence.

The traditions of every family supply abundant instances of the baby logic and the wheedling ways of the little ones in their endeavors to get their own way. Let two of these suffice here—one for Chang and the other for Toodie. Chang likes doughnuts, preferring them to bread and butter. Sometimes, therefore, the rule is enforced that so much bread and butter has to be eaten before the doughnuts are bestowed. One day, Chang was contentedly consuming his bread and butter when an unsuspected supply of doughnuts appeared. With suspicious celerity the bread and butter disappeared and mamma wished to know what had become of it. "I frowned it in the waste barrel," was Chang's frank confession. For a moment this confession failed to bring its reward, and something was said about punishing wilful waste by withholding the coveted doughnuts. This was a situation that called for reflection—and got it. After a few minutes of apparently serious thought, Chang sidled up to his mamma with this poser: "Say, mamma, if I hadn't told you about putting it in the waste barrel, you'd never have knowed, and then I'd have had a do'nut." Clearly this was one of the psychological moments of the child's life, and mamma had the good sense to bestow the coveted doughnut.





ALPHONZO BENJAMIN BOWERS, C. E.
From a recent oil painting by H. Raschen.

By courtesy of H. M. Wilson.

HYDRAULIC DREDGER: A PECULIAR CASE

BY WASHINGTON DAVIS

Renovate animos:

Mind renew, and will and soul.

Renovate animos!

Take new courage toward the goal!

REMARKABLE is the career of Mr. Alphonzo Benjamin Bowers, and no less so is the record of his hydraulic dredge, which was appropriated by officers on behalf of the United States, as shown in the Federal Courts in suits against infringers employed by these officers. When suit was brought against the Government in the Court of Claims, redress was unobtainable on account of the court's lack of jurisdiction.

With Robert Fulton and his steamboat, Morse and his telegraph, Bell and his telephone, Elias Howe and his sewing machine, Whitney and his cotton gin, Mergenthaler and his type-setting machine, is now placed A. B. Bowers and his hydraulic dredge, after fifty years of strange failures and successes, with final triumph through the ups and downs, ins and outs, overs and unders of early and late California life.

Many interesting features make up Mr. Bowers' history and character. He crossed the Isthmus and came to California in July, 1853, and began at once to help build the State, first as miner for a short time, then for several years instructor in public and higher schools; writer of terse English; lecturer, ready debater and public speaker on many subjects until his inventions absorbed his time; surveyor, topographer, amateur photographer and expert draughtsman; author and publisher under the authority of the Legislature of California, of a subdivisional map of Sonoma County, which was never paid for; in charge

for several years of the sales of State lands, and Deputy Surveyor-General for the rectification and establishment of disputed county boundaries; architect and builder of several public and private buildings; civil and mechanical engineer and master of the art and science of construction; extensive traveler; inventor of many mechanical and scientific devices not covered by patents; versed in patent, and other branches of law; member and active participant in the transactions and discussions of the International Congress of Commerce and Navigation at Brussels in 1898, where he was entertained at the Palace by King Leopold II; present at the coronation of Queen Wilhemina. Socially, Mr. Bowers is a member of Columbian Commandery No. 2 Knights Templar; Almas Temple Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, Washington, D. C.; Past Chancellor Commander of Knights of Pythias, California Lodge No. 1; one of the founders of the Technical Society of the Pacific Coast, and of the California Association of Civil Engineers, and member of many other orders, clubs and societies, social, fraternal, literary and scientific.

Recently the harbor of Nassau, capital of the British colony of the Bahama Islands, has claimed his attention in a hydrographic and geological survey, a study of the tidal and other currents, the sources and drift of silt, and he has made maps and plans for that Government for the improvement of the harbor.

Hero of more than thirty lawsuits, he is known the world over not only



Capt. Alex. Watt, Part Owner and Manager, examining character of spoil.

as the inventor and patentee of the Bowers' Hydraulic Dredge, but also of the hydraulic SYSTEM of dredging, transporting and filling, which has revolutionized the methods and machinery for deepening and clearing channels and harbors and reclaiming land.

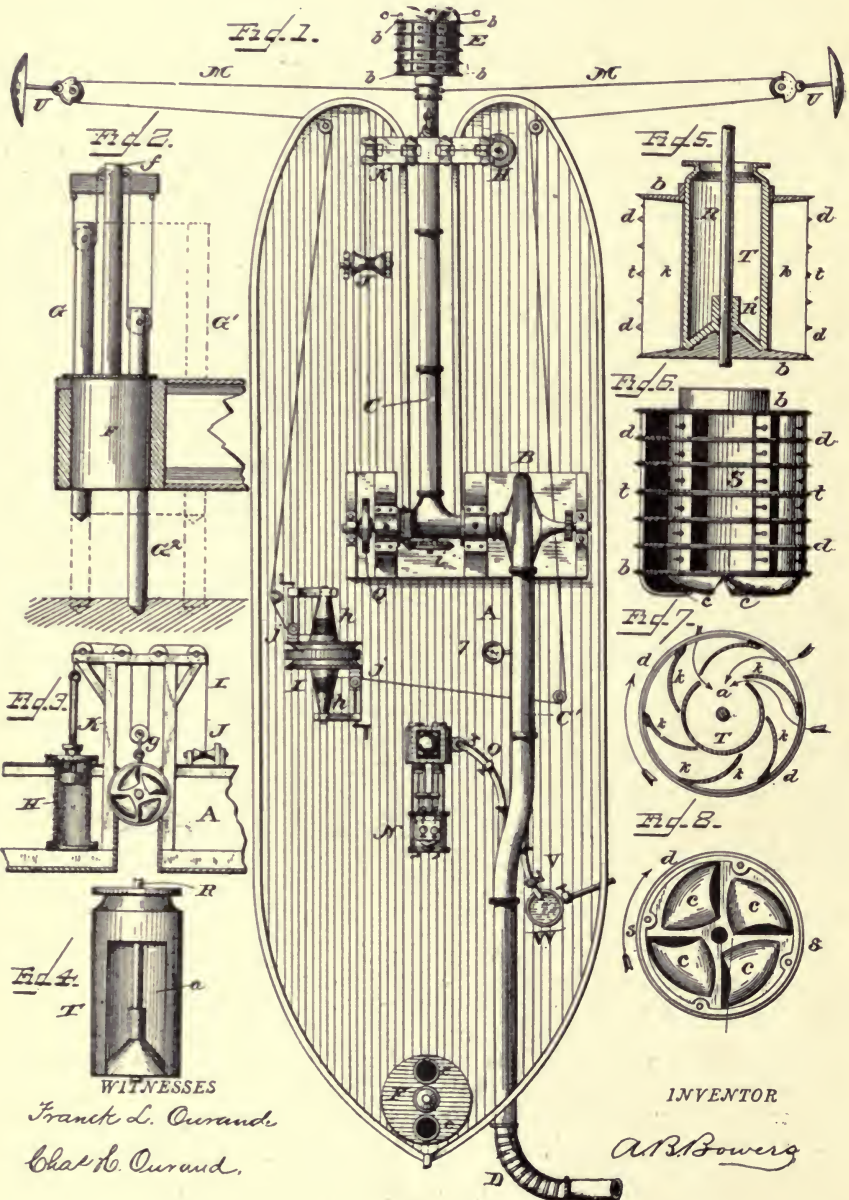
Modern knighthood, which in the United States is distinctly civil, social and commercial, finds few parallels in the story of Mr. Bowers and

the hydraulic dredge and his long fight against infringer's usurpation of his patents for machinery which is now doing great work in the United States, Japan, Australia, Russia, and many other parts of the world.

Tough are some of the pages of early Pacific railroad history, with apparently insurmountable difficulties of procuring capital, building through mountains and high over

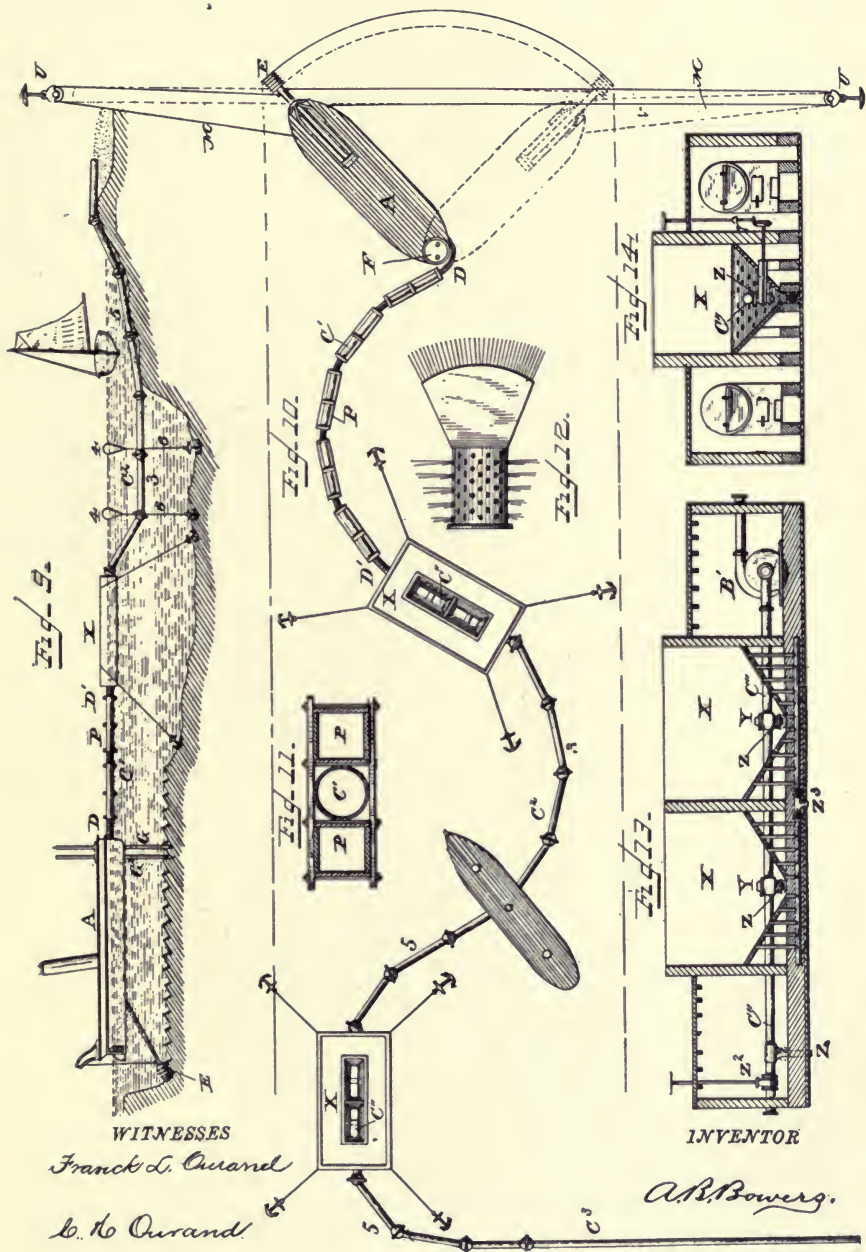
A. B. BOWERS.
DREDGING MACHINE.

2 Sheets—Sheet 1.



A. B. BOWERS.
DREDGING MACHINE.

2 Sheets—Sheet 2.



valleys, and dealing with almost endless lawsuits; but they are scarcely comparable to the personal career of the Yankee boy who took as his motto the ancient legend on his old Scotch ancestors' coat-of-arms: **Renovate animos**—renew mind, soul, will—**have courage!**—and then secured twelve patents, with 389 claims against all comers after going through sunstroke, typhoid fever, nervous prostration, alleged softening of the brain, a long contest in the patent office, poverty, discouragements of all kinds, thefts and infringement of patents, while he was helpless and the odium and distress that go with these. While perfecting his dredge, he interviewed nearly every capitalist in California and became known as "the crazy crank who thinks he can pump mud." From this condition he rose to the friendship, consideration and favor of W. C. Ralston, Leland Stanford, General George B. McClellan, S. S. Montague, Calvin Brown, and many other engineers, capitalists and constructors of the tremendous Western and Pacific States. Here he built the first dredge ever constructed, capable of severing hard material from the bottom of waterways, raising it by atmospheric pressure and transporting it through a closed pipe to a distant place of deposit, yet he had to go East for capital to work his invention. His well-lived and useful life is an inspiration to all young men. A native of West Baldwin, Cumberland County, Maine, he had taught his first school, written his first newspaper article, delivered several lectures, half a dozen political speeches and built his first dam at the age of sixteen. Coming to California in his youth, his sturdy and undaunted Yankee blood now leaves him esteemed, respected, famous, with his invention and the hydraulic system thoroughly inaugurated in the internal improvements of many nations.

What is the hydraulic dredge and

the new *Art* that has placed its inventor high among the benefactors not only of California, but of America, the Philippines and other countries wherever water touches land? It is a huge, solid, steam barge, with a powerful hydraulic pump, great pipe and other attachments for cutting and conveying material from river and harbor beds far inland, raising river embankments and increasing their water-carrying capacity, widening their flood surfaces and lowering their bottoms. The hydraulic dredge is to rivers, harbors and swamps what the construction train and snow plow combined are to the construction and operation of railroads. The dredge and the hydraulic system has established the proper method of reclaiming swamp lands, mud flats and salt marshes by getting the rich fertilizing material from the beds of waterways, clearing and deepening navigable channels and filling and reclaiming mud flats and adjoining lands. It is the best, has the greatest capacity, is the most efficient, most economical dredge and system of dredging in the world. It handles chunks of clay weighing 300 lbs., shale and cobblestones weighing 200 lbs., as hard material as is handled by any dredger, and has made feasible countless important public and private enterprises that would otherwise be impossible. It has constructed canals, filled up and fertilized swamps, salt marshes, reclaimed overflowed lands from the sea and planted public parks and prosperous towns thereon; made harmless many malarial wastes in the vicinities of large cities, improved their sanitary conditions, to the great saving of human life. It has done more for the commerce, trade and manufactures of Oakland, California, than any other one thing, perhaps more than the majority combined. In fact, it created that harbor, transforming it from a shallow, worthless estuary into one of the best harbors of the Pacific Coast. The sav-



Cutting through a bend in Alviso Creek, Cal.



Dredging Gravel and Cobblestone.

ing to the Government from the use of this invention in the improvement of the Oakland harbor alone, is estimated at more than \$3,000,000. What the dredge has done for Oakland, it has done and is now doing for other cities, towns, rivers, harbors, coasts, states and counties.

Long and bitter legal battles, campaigns and wars have resulted from the invention and operation of the wonderful and useful hydraulic dredge and its system. Infringers and imitators, bad lawyers and good ones, have strewn the records of the courts in many States with their work. The more than thirty lawsuits, costing nearly a quarter of a million dollars, against gigantic corporations, compromises excepted, have all been decided in Mr. Bowers' favor. From more than 10,000 printed pages of testimony and decisions from which the facts here given have been gleaned, I quote parts of a decision rendered in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, 80 Fed. Rep. pp. 141-3:

"The evidence shows that the complainant * * * * embodied his ideas in a drawing marked 'Exhibit D D' * * * Upon its face the drawing is dated July 13, 1864 * * * testimony of the complainant in respect to the time when the drawings Exhibits D D and E E were made, find corroboration in the testimony of witnesses Houghton, McGann, Crane, Bender, Shaw and Gray. We are satisfied from the evidence that they, together with the memorandum appearing upon them were made at the time they respectively bear date * * From the time of its inception [in 1864] he was indefatigable in his efforts to perfect it, and to demonstrate its practical utility * * * To review the many pages of evidence going to show the reasons for the delay in the complainant's application would serve no useful purpose. It is enough to say that, so far from showing any intentional abandonment on the part of the complainant, they show that the inventor exercised the most per-

sistent and continuous efforts on his part, against very adverse circumstances, to perfect the invention and avail himself of its benefits, and excuses the laches with which he might otherwise be justly charged. It was so held by the patent office where the question of abandonment was raised and decided in favor of the complainant. * * * They show not only an altogether new combination of elements for the transportation of the spoils, but also something radically new in rotary excavators, namely, a rotary excavator with inward delivery through itself in combination with a suction pipe. They show a dredge boat having two self-contained pivots or centers of oscillation for the swinging of the boat while at work; a flexible joint near the pivots, a discharge-pipe consisting of an inner flexible oscillating section, a series of sections flexibly joined together and supported by floats, and an outer rigid non-oscillating section; a suction pipe; a rotary excavator having inward delivery; the arc-shaped cuts of the excavator while swinging from side to side on the pivot;

and devices for its working with a side feed. All of these are also shown in complainant's patent.

But the validity of the Bowers' patents are not dependent on these early dates. In 91 Fed. Rep. p. 417, I find the following: "Having determined that the Schwartzkop patent [of 1856] does not anticipate the Bowers inventions, and that none of the other letters patent introduced by the defendant anticipate Bowers patents, the conclusion logically follows that Bowers * * * has sustained his claim as a pioneer inventor in the art of dredging * * * He is therefore entitled to treat as infringers all who employ substantially the same means to accomplish the same results."

The best brief description of the dredging machine and its operation is by Mr. Bowers, in one of his patents, as follows:

"The vertical anchors and excavator being raised to allow freedom of motion, the dredger is placed in position, with the turntable in line with the longitudinal axis of the proposed cut. The turntable is then rotated until the vertical an-



Lumps of clay at mouth of discharge pipe, sometimes weighing 300 pounds.

chors are also in line with said axis and both anchors are dropped into the mud. The discharge pipe is placed in position, the Blocks U. U. anchored at suitable points for swinging the machine and the dredge swung around until the excavator reaches the side of the proposed cut, as shown in Fig. 10. The lines M. M. are drawn taut, and the excavator lowered below the surface of the water. The pump B. is then primed and started, and the excavator set in motion, and lowered, its entire diameter into the mud. The proper winding drum is then engaged, and the dredge, swinging on the turntable as a pivot or center of oscillation, rapidly cuts its way to the opposite side. To secure a steady side feed, the friction coupling of the unwinding drum may be adjusted to keep the unwinding line sufficiently taut to prevent the turning of the dredger with the wind or tide. Upon reaching the opposite side the winding drum is disengaged, the excavator again lowered its full diameter, the side feed reversed, and the dredge cuts back again. This process is repeated until the proper depth is obtained. The excavator is then raised above the bank in front, the anchor G. raised as shown in Fig. 2, and the turntable rotated upon the anchor G₂ until G. is squarely in front of G₂, in line with the longitudinal axis of the proposed excavation, as indicated by the broken-lined outline G₁ (Fig. 2.) G. is then dropped into the mud, and the work proceeds as before, the dredge having been fed forward, the distance between the centers of the vertical anchors, which is fixed to correspond with the cut capable of being made by the excavator. This arrangement for feeding forward keeps the center of oscillation for the dredge coincident with that from which the arc to be cut by the excavator should be described. A less perfect forward feed is secured by placing the dredge so that the excavator is at

the side, and the turntable in line with the longitudinal axis of the proposed excavation. The turntable is then rotated until the vertical anchors are in a line parallel with the transverse axis of the dredge, where it is made stationary. This leaves one anchor diagonally in advance of the other, the dredge lying diagonally across one-half of the line of the proposed excavation. The forward anchor is now dropped into the mud to form a pivot upon which the dredge swings as it cuts to the opposite side; the dredge then lying diagonally across the other half of the line of the proposed excavation, the swing having brought the rear anchor to the front. This anchor in turn is dropped to form a new pivot, and the other anchor is then raised. The dredge swings first upon one and then upon the other anchor, these anchors being alternately raised and lowered for this purpose. As this mode of feeding by swinging alternately upon two different pivots gives wedge-shaped cuts requiring two full swings to make one full cut, it is equivalent to a loss of one-half of the time, and it is used only to prevent stoppage of work when the apparatus for rotating the turntable is stopped for repairs or other cause, in which case it becomes valuable."

Many later improvements have been made by Mr. Bowers, among which an improved device has been substituted for the turntable, and a heavy steel ladder applied to the suction-pipe. One good sentence by the inventor well describes the great dredge which "consists of a rotary bottomless bucket excavator wheel, of moderate size, novel construction and great capacity, combined with a hydraulic transporting device of equal capacity, by means of which the spoil may be cheaply carried to a distance of several miles over land or water, and across navigable channels, without interruption of navigation, together with novel feeding devices, through which the per-

centages of earth excavated by the cutting wheel, and of the water therewith delivered, are adjustable to the precise amount of each necessary for most economical working, and by means of which clean work is done; the excavator going twice over no ground, and missing no ground, thus saving much time and effecting a material reduction in the cost of apparatus, repairs and cost of dredging and of disposing of the spoils, these being the chief objects of the invention."

Many builders and constructors, after trying to get up various hydraulic designs, have refused contracts, except under license from Mr. Bowers, claiming that "no successful hydraulic dredge can be made that is not composed almost entirely of Bowers' devices or covered by claims that have been sustained by the court."

Infringement of this, like other good patents, have been frequent and many. In this respect, Mr. Bowers makes a serious charge against the Government of the United States, as can be plainly seen by the following statement:

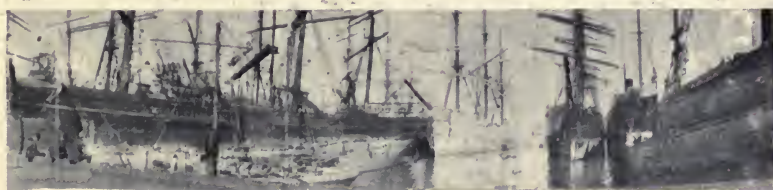
"The Government itself has been the greatest infringer of all. It began while my application was pending in the patent office and has continued to infringe ever since. It has not only built more and larger infringing machines than any other infringer, but it has hired others to infringe, extracting bonds from co-infringing contractors to indemnify it for any judgment that might be given to me against it.

"After the validity of my patents

had been established in the courts, the Government, disregarding its own grant and the decision of its own courts, continued to infringe, and called upon co-infringers to fight the battle over again in the court of claims. Decisions show that suit for infringements of patents cannot be maintained in the court of claims, thus cutting off all legal recourse for the recoupment of my losses, and leaving all other owners of patents in the same predicament whenever the Government chooses to infringe a patent and thereby violate the title which it issues over its own official signature and seal."

When the Government takes possession of land deeded by itself to private parties, it reimburses the owners; so also with copyrights and personal property; but when it appropriates the life-work of inventors, covered by its own patents, it does so with impunity and without recompense.

Apparently Congress has not done its duty. It has put no law on the Statute book to cover this and similar cases. The Court of Claims lacks jurisdiction, which can be obtained only by Act of Congress. Meantime, hundreds of good inventors are suffering from this injustice. The law is insufficient. There is not enough of it. It is neither good nor bad. There is no statute covering the case. Congress and the Philippine Commission should enact laws providing for these cases, for the same wrongs are perpetrated in our insular possessions also.



Harbor view in Oakland Creek



THE PICTURESQUE WEST. The Arid Lands of Arizona. A cactus tree



The same after irrigation. A fruit orchard. From photos by Putnam and Valentine



THE MOTHER OF MAN

BY E. SAXON

Mary Mother crooned over her Son,
Her Baby that lay on her arm,
So calm in her beauty undefiled,
So sweetly grave, so proudly mild,
With the wonderful mother-charm.

Mary Mother looked into the night
As far as her eye could see,
And she clutched Him hard to her frightened breast
For she saw afar on a mountain crest
The shape of a gallows tree.

And all the mothers the world has known
Like Mary must fear and be dumb,
Must fondle the baby and croon and smile
Though their hearts be filled all the weary while
With the woe of the years to come.



"Uncouth, Northern Barbarians, stalwart of limb. . . . The rough jest and boisterous fun."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY ROLAND WHITTLE

IS the Christmas of Dickens losing its hold upon the popular imagination? It is probable, indeed, that the whole Christmas conception is ceasing to affect the mass of men, for there is, to say the least, a very distinct artificiality in its observance, which differentiates the later anniversaries of the festival from those of a few years ago. This may be partly attributed to the point of view of the observer, for, admittedly, with the passing of youth, the merry season seems to be deficient in merriment, but apart from this, there is undoubtedly an ebb in the popular estimation of this, the most popular of religious festivals.

Prior to the advent of the famous novelist, Christmas suffered from neglect, a neglect which is attributable largely to the break-up of the old feudal life, to the dominance of ultra-protestantism in the religious world, and to the new importance of the town life at the expense of that of the country. The old manor house was either deserted or its owner had become so impoverished by the new condition of industry that he was no longer able to maintain the state which had formerly graced his rule, and the castle could not meet the expense of a merry Christmas.

And the castle or manor house, whether of England or the Southern States of this country was more than any other factor responsible for the maintenance of the Christmas festivities. Christmas was the saturnalia of Christendom. Whereas in the classical times there was one day a year on which equality ruled, when the patrician laid aside his dignity and the slave was for the time being as good as his master, so at Christmas the same rule of social

equality prevailed, and the serf and yeoman could stand upon the same level as the lord and knight. Even the looser side of the festival was closely analogous to the license which prevailed in the old saturnalia and the indiscriminate kissing under the mistletoe a survival of the unconventionality of the saturnalia.

It is of this time that the traditions run—the merrymaking in the baronial hall, the burning of the yule log, the gathering round the great board with its load of good things and its great baron of beef, lord of the feast, a crude delicacy, by the way, which shows how uncommon a luxury meat was to the sturdy peasantry of the times. All these are the familiar symbols of the Christmas festivities, half-recollected memories of a distant past, and at the same time ideals which persisted in face of their disappearance.

When the feudal system fell and the old religion fell with it, when the joyous worship of the old church gave place to the dour and hard self-consciousness of the newer and more strenuous faith, Christmas fell also. It was no longer a day for common rejoicing, its observance was ignored as far as tradition would allow it to be so, and the only celebrants were the children, where religious bigotry did not forbid pleasure even to them, and graceless roisterers who kept the memory of the healthy feast alive with their tipsy revelings. Puritanism accomplished, as usual, the substitution of secret sin for public pleasure.

To the genius of Dickens, however, Christmas appealed with sufficient force to impel him to rehabilitate the festival. His was a genial nature, one to whom human merri-

ment and glad association was necessary. A man possessed of no particular social or political theories, he was an enthusiast for human happiness, and whatever made for happiness according to his conception was to be encouraged. His idea of happiness was moreover, a very carnal one. Merrymaking and the glad meeting of man with man meant to him the accompaniment of good cheer, of plenty to eat and to drink, of feasting and frolic, of harmless fun between the sexes, and rough good humored amusement. It was the conception of the lower middle classes, of the great mass of toiling and clean living men and women, the strength of the community, and by which the country must stand or fall.

It cannot be denied that the people to whom he appealed responded to the new call, and Christmas was once more enthroned as the queen of festivals.

Then the new commercial spirit took hold of the idea, and cunning tradesmen used the day as an opportunity for trade, and turned the occasion into a means of stimulating custom and increasing their profits. The old custom of giving Christmas presents was revived by them for trade purposes, so that in the course of time the very celebration has become a burden so compulsory and expensive has the fashion of present-giving become. Every device of trade was employed to this very end, and every trick of invention or skill commerce utilized for this purpose. There are trades which look solely to Christmas for the realization of their profits, whose categories of productive art, who expect to prove the justification of their existence at Christmas time. That the habit of giving expensive presents has made considerable strides may be seen from a comparison of the Christmas card of a few years ago, which was then considered the correct method of compliment, with the luxurious

and extravagant forms which such reminders have assumed at the present time.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the stimulus which was given by Dickens to the celebration of Christmas throughout the English-speaking countries is passing away, and it is doubtful whether the festival will ever witness another revival of the same intensity and extent which it knew directly after his time. For there are other and more deeply seated factors which tend more and more to limit the general acknowledgments of the festival, not the least important of which is the fact that the religious aspect of the celebration has no longer the same general significance.

But what is lost in public celebration will probably be more than made up in family association and the annual renewal of ties which necessity has temporarily severed. To this end, modern life lends itself. The development of intercommunication and the ease with which distance is annihilated, together with the growth in comfort and safety which attends modern travel, all make the family reunion more and more easy, and as time goes on will make it cheap enough to be within the means of all. Christmas is the traditional time for family meetings, and there is no reason why the tradition should become feeble; rather, there is every reason why it should develop its influence as a sentiment, and it is in the realm of sentiment in which what is sanest and best in us chooses to dwell.

To the child, Christmas will always be an eternal thing, and the spirit of Christmas the charm of the whole year. It is emphatically the child's day. The tradition of the Babe of Bethlehem, with all that it signifies, makes too strong an appeal to the imagination and affections of the coldest of us ever to loose its hold. The hypocrisy and sordidness of much of the Christmas celebration

may disgust us, the mean huckstering of the commercial spirit which has fastened itself upon the celebration cause us to revolt from the traditional feast, but that which is in revolt is but the child in us disgusted at the spoiling of its ideals, at the destruction of the fragrant memories which it carries with it of past Christmasses, the sacred scent of which still hangs about the festival of to-day. There is in each of us the eternal child soul, the baby that once each of us was. However covered our spirit may be with the accretions of the world, however tired and dispirited with the fight against our own kind, however cynical and hard, there is still that within us which answers to the Christmas appeal, and which demands the recognition of every member of the race be he Saxon or Slav. And while this feeling persists, the spirit of Christmas will not die.

And this child soul within us does not only move us to demand and require Christmas, it causes a sympathy with childhood, and impels us to preserve essentially the child festival. It requires our allegiance to the infant portion of the race. The pathos of childhood is always with us, and of all stories, there is none the pathos of which appeals to us with greater force than that of the Baby who lay in a manger, for there was no room for Him in the inn. This story will last as long as time, for it is universal in its appeal. As long as there are parents and children,

men and women whose own sorrows and joys have taught them the significance of the Bethlehem story, and children to whom the little presents and the lights of the tree constitute an almost mystical pleasure, the recollection of which lasts them from year to year, until it becomes part of the very texture of their minds, it will persist.

Christmas is not only a sacred feast in which religious and social memories combine to produce a particular spiritual effect, it is also essentially a race inheritance. Before the white Christ was heard of and generations before the time when the angels sang their melodies over the newly-born Savior, the lights twinkled in the recesses of Scandinavian forests and uncouth northern barbarians, stalwart of limb, and bold of heart, brave with the bravery of the northern folk, held wild revelry. The rough jest and boisterous fun went round to the accompaniment of great horns of potent mead.

Midwinter had its celebration, as had midsummer, but whereas in the latter instance the passing of time has, except in a few out of the way places, destroyed the significance of Midsummer Day, Christianity has kept alive the former by attaching to it the celebration of the Birthday of its Lord. Thus, compound of the racial, the religious, and the social element, Christmas remains a permanent festival and its spirit an indissoluble portion of the human inheritance.





AUX ITALIENS

BY KATHLEEN THOMPSON

TRADITION has it that the reign of Julia Gomez, as belle of San Francisco's Latin Quarter, has never been equaled. Even in her babyhood, which was spent largely in sunny silence on the top of one of her father's apple barrels, her beauty made her a power. But the compliments that were showered on her she survived, by some miracle, unspoiled, to go on to greater glories at the Convent school. Here her magnificent eyes and heavy braids of hair were to be seen in every "Exhibition," and so sweetly did she bear these honors, and so truly did she appreciate the responsibility of representing Saint Elizabeth, or the little martyred Agnes, that you have only to visit the Convent some quiet Sunday afternoon, and make friends with Sister Conception, and you may hear as many stories as you please of Julia's piety and sweetness. They will tell you of her making them take her to confession, before she would impersonate Our Lady in a Christmas cantata, and of how she cried when they made her play the part of a bad angel, and lead small children astray.

Julia was fifteen when her father, old Jose Gome, took her from school, made her his chief assist-

ant in the fruit store, and chuckled thenceforth over the material improvement in the trade.

The girl stepped back into her world, free from the restriction of Convent walls as a queen might mount her throne. For her were opening the years that are the happiest in the life of an Italian girl. Babyhood and childhood, what are these but necessary steps to the summit, the fleeting hour of youth, and power, and beauty?

Her mother who, as 'Tonia Ratto, had been a beauty and a belle herself not very long before, watched the exquisite Julia with fear as well as pride. She knew the perils of popularity, and guarded her daughter with the vigilance of a cat. Let Julia drift into however harmless a conversation with any stranger, and the sash-door at the back of the store would open, to admit 'Tonia, who would throw a cheerful word or two into the conversation, while briskly dusting pyramids of tomato cans or going to the street for a breath of fresh air.

Yet life, even so closely guarded and restricted, can hardly be dull in the Latin Quarter. The fruit store was a sort of club, where all the neighborhood gathered, to flirt,

and laugh, and gossip, while dogs and babies crawled about among the boxes by which the sidewalk was almost blocked. Even after the morning sales one could stand idly watching the traffic and movement of the street. Here was life for you, fighting, laughing, screaming, comedy or tragedy, and you could take as much or as little as you liked.

This was Julia's world, and her part in it was no small matter. Before her sixteenth year was out, she could count her lovers on all her slender fingers, and during the hot summer evenings she held court before the store, and queened it over the golden youth of the Quarter. Even the girls who joined the charmed circle had to admit the witchery of her low voice, the wit of her flashing replies.

So three joyous years slipped by, slipped by into four, and then five, and Tonia began to be anxious. Julia, ringed always by the flames of a dozen unreturned attachments, seemed herself immune, and ignored the necessity choice. Her beauty thrived on long hours, and poor food and the discomforts of her life, and she was content.

Directly opposite the fruit store lived the only two of Julia's lovers who gave her any concern. These were Gaetano Baldocchi and Riccardo Perra. Riccardo appealed to her through his very faults. He was so sweet, so gay, so always sunny, despite the fact that he was perhaps a little helpless, a little lazy, and had failed in an incredible number of business ventures. But then, he was always so gentle, poor 'Cardo, and so generous. Just lately he had gone into debt and established luxurious "Parlors of Photography" next to the "Stella d'Ora Restaurant." Julia, glancing across the street, frequently caught 'Cardo's ardent glance, and they exchanged gay signals. She was proud of his latest venture, and saw every one who came or went through his nar-

row doorway. Her picture was there, in a case full of cabinet photographs, with other pictures, all of fat, dark babies, environed by tasselled drapery and shells, or heavy-faced girls in confirmation dresses. Perra was called the handsomest man in the Quarter, and the young matrons and girls liked his charming manners.

Gaetano Baldocchi was a very different type. He was a tall, serious young fellow, who had lately moved in from another city, and set the whole neighborhood agape by establishing the most imposing undertaking establishment that the mind can conceive, and had thereby made himself the most eligible man for blocks around. He had bought a double store, with the large flats above, he had painted the building a dead white, and draped the windows with white satin, gold-fringed and corded. Over each window was a sign, on each was painted another. From these one learned that G. Baldocchi was an embalmer, was an undertaker, and that one side of the establishment was a mortuary chapel, the other an office. Above all, running across the top of the building, a sign bore the words: "G. Baldocchi & Co., Funeral Directors," in letters eighteen inches long.

Baldocchi had not been established a week before half the girls in the Quarter would have forgiven his silent ways and dark face for the honor of his attentions. But unfortunately, he did not appeal to Julia, and from the moment he first saw her he loved her, and no one else.

She was leaning on her broom, a little tired, a little sad, when he glanced first in her direction, and she caught his eye, and sent him a disarming, childish smile before she turned away. It set his big heart thumping against his ribs, and he caught his breath and his eyes blurred for a moment.

Suddenly, at about this time, a

change came over Julia. A new seriousness possessed the girl. She evidently wanted to be much alone, and she sometimes wore unexplained traces of tears, and sometimes was celestially serene. 'Tonia, wild with anxiety, waited long for her daughter's confidence, and at last it came. The two women were taking down the blinds and opening the store one morning, when Julia coolly announced her engagement to 'Cardo Perra. A scene followed, for the mother was frantic with rage, and took no heed of words. Julia, defiant, excited, a little frightened, was standing on a box, struggling with a refractory door-catch, when her father came in.

"Now, here's you' pappa," said 'Tonia, breathing hard. "Maybe you tell him big lies like-a-that, too."

She picked the youngest Gomez from the floor and glared at Julia over the little head.

"Well, woz theez noise 'bout?" asked the old man. He had been down to the fruit market, and the wagon, with the tired horse drooping between the shafts, was piled high with melons and cabbages.

"Biccoz that Julia she's big fool, yes," said his wife hotly; "you talk you' pappa like you talk to me!" she added, fiercely turning to the girl; "you tell him what big fool you goin' to make you'self! Me, I don't care," with an elaborate shrug. "Maybe he thinks fine theeng to marry that Perra? Well, allright, I don' care!" she laughed, heartily. Then, with a sudden change back to anger: "Dios! I don' know why I got girl like you——"

Jose interrupted. He had been staring moodily from one to the other, but the name roused him.

"Who say she goin' to marry Perra?"

His wife gestured triumphantly in Julia's direction.

"Thaz jus' now she tol' me so!

She's got mind all fix up! Thaz jus' biccoz——" she broke in in a spasm of wrath, "jus' biccoz that man so handsome. Oh, yes, got nize big eyes! Someday you fin' out you can't live on eyes!"

Jose walked over to his daughter. His face was purple. He carried his horsewhip.

"You take good look at this wheep?" he began, flourishing it before Julia, who shrank back with dilating eyes. "You don't like him, eh? I wheep you like that baby! Then you come tell you' pappa you be good girl again."

He went into the room behind the store, and a tense silence fell. Antonia put the sleeping baby down, and worked grimly. Julia kept eyes and hands busy. Outside, a warm fog drifted up the street, the sidewalks were damp with it. Far away the foghorn boomed. It was only eight o'clock.

Presently 'Tonia began to talk in an aggrieved monotone.

"Thaz the way! Someday you got girl, too, then you know whaz like! Workin' an' workin' an' workin' all the time, an' then you' girl marry fool——"

The girl sniffed, but did not answer.

Senora Gomez lifted the little sleeper in her arms, and crooned over the little head.

"If I think this baby grow up someday like that," she said, sadly, "I cry all the time. If I think this little girl goin' to fall in love with bad man that makes me cry. I say I'm sorry I got so many children, me!" This affecting little speech was not wasted.

"You don't like 'Cardo biccoz he's so handsome!" Julia burst out resentfully. "You think that man that look handsome like that can't be smart!. But you don' know," her eyes moistened suddenly, "how smart he is! He's good man."

"Thaz all right—I ain't call him no names," the mother's voice

showed relief that a discussion was at last under way, "but we don't want you to marry man that can't give you nize house and nize dresses. Waz theez feller do for beezeness, eh?"

"You know what he does!" Julia said angrily. "You' trying to make me mad! He's taking the pictures!"

"Yes, NOW he's taking the pictures," said 'Tonia, with unkind emphasis. Julia winced. "But last month he selling bananas, and bifore that he work with his mama in store. He can't work, thad man."

"Well, he's not so old," argued the infatuated Julia.

"Young or old, fool just the same," suggested her mother amiably. "You mind what you' pappa say!"

This was the last word just then, for the store already was filling with customers. 'Tonia was professionally smiling and gay, but Julia was in an ugly mood.

A hard time for the girl followed. In the fruitstore there was an armed truce, harder to bear than open hostility. She drooped under it, and both the young men opposite saw that she did. 'Cardo smuggled fervent notes to her by bribing the neighborhood's children, and Gaetano watched her, until every curve and line of her figure was dear to him. How womanly, and yet how girlish she was, this exquisite flower of transplanted Italy!

One hot Sunday, when a haze hung over the city, whistles in every key drifted up from the bay, and cars were crowded with shouting picnickers, Julia went with a joyous party to Tiburon, on the Silva's yacht.

Both young men watched her go, and in the middle of the afternoon, Gaetano at last mastered his hesitation, and went to call on his neighbors across the way. He asked permission to marry Miss Julia.

That Fortune, perverse so long,

was about to drop this choicest plum into their laps had not occurred even to the sanguine 'Tonia. But before Baldocchi's first stumbling sentences were done, she rose to the situation, and with a masterly mixture of hesitation and graciousness made him and his suit welcome, bravely ignoring the tremulous eagerness of Jose. She also passed over very smoothly her daughter's sentiments on the subject, and barely waited to be alone before lighting four candles as a thanksgiving offering to Saint Joseph, true patron of all happy marriages.

When Julia came home at sunset, tired, languid and sleepy, they met her with the news. She submitted gracefully enough to be hurried into her best frock, and was distractingly demure with her big adorer at dinner. After dinner, the young people went walking, as custom decrees in the Quarter, on a hot evening.

The street was crowded. A stream of couples moving steadily to the docks. Every doorstep held its group of elders, contented spectators of younger life. From open, gas-lighted upper windows came the cries of fretful children and the murmur of lullabies. Gaetano was dizzy with happiness—a happiness all too short! For presently Julia spoke. She told him that she hated him with all her heart, and that she would marry Perra though they cut her body into inch pieces to prevent it. She told him she hated his money and loved poor 'Cardo, with money or without. And then she began to cry, and sobbed out that it was cruel! cruel! cruel! and that some people would find out that they could not have everything their own way, though they were MADE of money!

Then she snatched her hand free, and ran home, and I am afraid that her father carried out his threat. At any rate, poor Julia had a sad

time of it, in the three weeks that followed, during which this miserable state of affairs lasted. Baldocchi called daily, and she took a particular pleasure in knowing that her red eyes and sullen expression were far from becoming to her.

How all this would have ended, no one can say, had not a most unexpected accident changed the face of affairs. Three weeks from the eventful Sunday, at about noon, the blanching report flashed through the Quarter that 'Cardo Perra had been drowned while swimming in the bay.

The gossips told afterwards of the scream beautiful Julia Gomez gave at the news, and how she ran bare-headed through the streets to 'Cardo's house, and sank sobbing at his bedside. This was all true, and it was true, too, that she took up her post at his side, opposite his mother, and sat there all the afternoon, while the Quarter filed in and out, with sobs and audible prayers, and handkerchiefs held to gasping, tremulous mouths. Sometimes she prayed and sometimes wept, but when Gaetano Baldocchi came in, and stood with sombre eyes at the foot of the bed, she shut her eyes, with a look of dislike, and pressed the warm crimson of her lips to 'Cardo's cold fingers.

Gaetano went straight to 'Tonia. When he told her his fears that Julia would now be stubbornly faithful to 'Cardo's memory, and that his suit was hopeless, she did not attempt to cheer him. She knew Julia, and even the dead man's mother did not take a heavier heart than 'Tonia did that night, to bed.

* * * *

'Cardo's funeral was two days later, and on that melancholy occasion Gaetano was naturally Master of Ceremonies. An hour before the cortege left the house, in all the confusion and excitement he felt

a timid touch on his arm, and turned to face Julia Gomez.

"I wan' spik with you, Mist' Baldocchi," said the girl, "can't you come in here?"

He followed her into the little, untidy kitchen, which they had to themselves. They could hear the bell, beginning to toll from Saint Francis' Church. Julia spoke nervously.

"I jus' wan' tell you—then you can go back—that I been talkin' to poor 'Cardo's mama——"

Gaetano did not speak, but his face reddened. Julia flung one arm out in a free and passionate gesture and laid the other hand on his shoulder. Their eyes were very near together. Her breath came fast. " * * * an' she tol' me—that you' feeling so sorry—that you' goin' to GIVE her this fine coffin—an' carriage—an' all! Not ever goin' to send her a bill! And this cost you maybe two hundred—maybe three hundred dollars—all so nice for poor 'Cardo!" She stopped, choking.

"Well," the man's eyes did not stir from hers, "thaz not so much! 'Those ol' woman, she's so poor."

"You are a good man," said Julia softly; "what makes you want a silly girl like me—Gaetano?"

And at the name she felt his arms about her, and raised the glowing flower face of her to meet his lips.

* * * *

Thus came the conquering of Julia. For awhile, until her engagement to Baldocchi was announced, people wandered why she slipped home, just before 'Cardo's funeral, and changed her black dress for one of brown—and why, instead of going in the first carriage with Senora Perra, as was at first arranged, she went with her father and mother in the second carriage, whose fourth occupant was occupied by Gaetano Baldocchi.

NOT TOLD IN HISTORY

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS

(Note.—During the conflict between California and Mexico in 1846 many romantic and thrilling incidents occurred, with some of which my readers are probably familiar. I have reason to believe that this is the first detailed account relative to the accidental shot that precipitated Fremont's first battle, and probably saved not only that brave Captain's life, but the lives of many of the valiant Californians who were enlisted under his standard.—The Author.)

FREMONT'S camp in Sacramento Valley lay silent. Near by, a wing of the Mexican army, under General Murillo, was encamped. The aspect seemed threatening to Fremont, but not enough so to warrant unusual vigilance, and relying upon the apparent security of his position, no precautions against a night attack were taken, other than the placing of the requisite number of pickets. Nevertheless, the usual order that no shot was to be fired, under severest penalty, except upon the approach of the enemy, had to-night been significantly impressed upon the mind of the guard.

It was the darkest and most forbidding hour of the twenty-four; the hour in which the night dies and the day is born, and a lonely picket paced to and fro on the outskirts of the camp. All night dark, lowering clouds had hung about the valley, from whose threatening mass a black wing would occasionally detach itself, and, sweeping low, leave the guns and tents bathed in a chilling mist. At such times many a weary soldier would turn uneasily in his comfortless bed and instinctively draw the rough blanket nearer

his shivering form. The picket would, at these intervals, stand motionless, and patiently await the dissipation of the blackness, then pull his cape closer about him and resolutely resume his interrupted march.

"An attack is expected to-morrow," he murmured. "Pray for our success, my Helen."

The words were said softly, but they were not so faint as to escape the sharp hearing of a swarthy Mexican who crouched behind a clump of sage-brush within a few feet of the unconscious speaker. The picket wheeled, and the Mexican quietly disengaged the bayonet from his gun. With a quick movement, he gained a nearer shrub, and from this place of vantage watched and waited for the picket's return. Then a leap, a thrust, a quiet signal, and the Mexican detachment awaiting a few yards off would sweep over the sleeping camp.

Hark! What was that? The picket and the Mexican were both alert. A slight rustling noise was heard, then a sharp report, as of the snapping of a rotten branch. The picket hastily faced about, his gun raised, a challenge upon his lips; but instead of the black silhouette of a Mexican head, he beheld two blazing eyes burning in the semi-darkness with such intense fierceness that a chill, quite different from that which had been caused by the transient mist, passed along his rigid form.

Recovering from the shock of his first surprise, the picket, by degrees, became conscious of the shadowy outline of some crouching figure that, out of the darkness, gradually developed into a mountain lion, distinctly seen, which, velvet-footed

and treacherous, softly approached. Slowly, stealthily, carefully placing one paw before the other, and seeming to test each foothold before venturing his whole body upon its support, the beast diminished the distance between them. With cat-like caution he crouched upon his breast, seemingly inert, but teeming with action, in a long moment of agonizing suspense.

Conscious that the measured distance had been reached, the guard raised his gun to fire. Then remembering the positive order to discharge no weapon except upon approach of the enemy, his arm fell weak and limp at his side, and the imminent peril of the situation flashed full upon him.

Of all the probable dangers the picket would have been called upon to face in the anticipated battle, none could have been so unnerving as the one which now threatened. Opposed to his fellow-creatures the chances would have been at least equal, with a possible advantage to be gained from an adversary's weakness, but with this savage and determined animal there was no such chance. He realized the hopelessness of his situation, and felt that no power but death could turn the creature's fangs from the object it instinctively recognized as its prey. A tremor of despair passed over his mind as he watched, in horrible fascination, the crouching, quivering form. Everything he had heard and read concerning man's superiority over animals recurred to him, and a disdainful smile passed over his drawn features, as, for the first time, he recognized them all as fallacies.

The cat crouched and prepared to spring. Its tail stiffened, and along its length ran a convulsive shudder. Something had to be done. There was not a moment to be lost. With quickness and resolution the picket snatched his bayonet from his belt, and in feverish haste placed it on his musket; then, half crouching,

with muscles tense, the barrel of the rifle pressed to his side, every nerve ready to receive the shock, he stood expectant.

Chantilla, the Mexican, watched these preparations in intense excitement. In his eagerness to lose no detail of the singular scene he raised himself upon his knees and otherwise most incautiously exposed his person. He instinctively comprehended why the picket had hesitated to fire. A shot would have precipitated the call "To Arms," and would have meant confusion, excitement, embarrassing explanations, disgrace, and, perhaps, court-martial. Chantilla felt a certain relief that the boy was probably about to meet death in some other fashion than through the thrust of his bayonet. It was an unprecedented condition for the Mexican to hold conscientious scruples as to the manner in which he exterminated his enemies, but this present business made him uneasy, and he fervently hoped that the brute might be the victor.

Yet suppose, under the stress of the moment, the picket should forget the distant peril of court-martial in the danger of the harassing present? Suppose the soldier in him, with trained obedience to orders and love of duty, should succumb to the man in him, with natural obedience to self-preservation and love of life? Suppose, after all, he should fire? Chantilla had at his back but a small detachment of Mexicans, who counted on a surprise, not a conflict. The American camp would be aroused, they would arm, there would be resistance, and probably, defeat. Santa Maria! It must not be! The picket must die. Chantilla would face the beast himself, if need be, but the picket must die, instantly and noiselessly. He started up and into the open. There was a low growl, a snarl, and like a bolt from a catapult the mountain lion was upon the guard. He staggered beneath the shock, and fell upon his

knees. With a feeling of exultation and intense relief, he heard a howl of pain and felt the bayonet sink into the soft flesh. Simultaneous with his triumph, there was a loud report, a flash of fire, and he turned faint and sick as the shrill call of a bugle resounded through the gray morning stillness from the camp below him.

In pressing his gun to his side, the lock had caught upon his cartridge case and the piece had been discharged.

Forgetful of the dead beast at his feet, and unmindful of the blood which flowed from a vicious wound in his shoulder, made by the animal's claws, oblivious to the call "To Arms," and struggling to recover from the consternation consequent

upon the havoc he had wrought, the picket's attention was attracted towards a movement of the bushes near him, and before he could compel any clear idea in the disorder of his over-wrought brain, a Mexican uniform and a Mexican rifle appeared in the open.

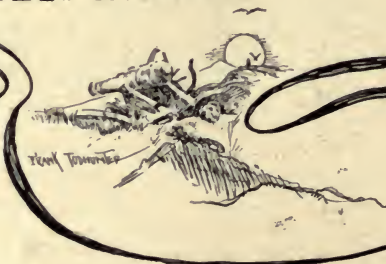
The rest is history. The Mexicans were beaten and compelled to retire. By Fremont's advice, the American settlers in California declared their independence of Mexico July 5, 1846. History tells all this, but neglects to say that a woman knelt in the gray light of that eventful morning, and tearfully supplicated of her God the safe return of the picket, who lay dead upon the field of battle with a bullet through his heart.





The base-born child of vanity and greed,
 Misshapen and ill-favored from its birth,
 A withering blight upon the face of earth,
 Along its path the carrion vultures breed,
 And smiling plenty turns to barren dearth.
 Its splendid gauds half hide the powder grime,
 The while it struts, its nodding plumes keep time.
 Earth's lords, its masters, see their petty worth
 Reflected in its pomp and tinsel show,
 Puffed up with praise from Adulation's tongue,
 It stands supreme-mankind's most dreaded foe.
 Its bloody deeds, as triumphs, still are sung,
 Unmindful of its ravages and woe—
 But God is patient and the world is young.

EMMA E. HUNT



THE NIGHT OF SANTA MARTA

BY GRACE CATH

THIS happened when Margaret was serious (a tall girl, with sure-level eyes.)

She had come to study the Quiches of Central America (after leaving the university a woman feels called upon to do something—her class chum had gone over to study the Tartars), and after a week in filthy Guatemala City, had come up to Antigua, in the hollow of the volcanoes, where the air and water are clean and cold, and the winding roads are tree-darkened. There are wells under the trees—and ruins—and old adobe houses with crosses and saints carved above the doorways—and marble virgins in niches under heavy-far-jutting eaves.

From a couple of pious old women she had rented the deserted monastery, "Recoleccion," that stands at the city's edge, and she had had a half dozen of its rooms floored and renovated, and draped with the odd cloth these people weave.

The courtyards of this old monastery are acres large, and are surrounded by arcades from which open thick-walled rooms. Many columns, arches and portals are fallen. Vines and crimson flowers grow upon them, and upon the magnificent standing gates grow wheat and cactus plants.

The Ninas Fuentes, from whom she rented the place, gave Margaret thirty-two ponderous keys. Of these keys she wrote to her friend among the Tartars: "There is one for each of the smaller doors that open from the outer walls, there is one for the door of each cell, and for the doors of the main entrance—beautiful doors of teak. The Fuentes made a point of giving me these keys, and I received them for the spirit of the

thing. But no lock here can be turned for rust, and as for the doors of the main entrance, they hang crookedly, and will not quite shut. But the keys themselves are fine old things of beaten brass, with flattened thumb pieces on which are carven all sorts of heavenly things."

From the dome over the place of the high altar, Margaret could see miles of glistening coffee bushes growing under the shade of quinine trees, green breadths of sugar-cane sweeping down the volcanoes from the woods above, and in the valley-centre, fields of alfalfa and corn.

The California girl lived for months in this ruined monastery in this silent city, with a few books, a few tortillas, and an old servant—Immaculate Concepcion Quevedo. She—Margaret—would arise at the pink of dawn, stand amongst the domes, and watch the sun come up from the Valley of the Hermitage—come up so quickly that the light would flow like milk down the opposite volcano.

To the girl who had gone to the Tartars, she wrote, on Christmas day: "This morning—as always—the sky is light bright blue. Big clouds of thick white are moving slowly, the sun is on their rolling edges. Bars of sunshine hide the volcanoes; there is a gauze of lavender-pink upon the foothills. From these hills the land comes down in waves that have, at this time of year, their most delicate coloring—brushings of greenish-yellow, brushings of reddish-yellow, spots of pure green. How provoking the eye is not filled with seeing. I come up here to the roofs and look long and earnestly and with rapture—then I go down to the gardens, and the view from

the dome is gone. But Immaculate Concepcion Quevedo, with whom I have spoken, tells me that when I am old and have been many years from here, this valley will come before me whenever I will it, in all its glory, just as she, Immaculate, recalls the far pueblo of San Jacinto, where she was a child."

And she wrote: "In one of these gardens, bricks and rubbish have fallen deep. A dirty, snaky place. Here and there, upon high brick ledges and rock ledges, grow trees covered with white and purple orchids. I go a-digging in this garden, for here lies many a massive corbel and corona, many a broken saint.

And I have found the left half of a stone face that promises to be a face indeed. One day I had three *mozos* come and lift it, and set it with the eye to the north. And I go over to see the sun rise behind it. I like to see that arched nose and heavy jaw, and fine-hewed brow against the morning sky.

For days at a time I say of this face: "It is Spanish." Then, for days I say: "It is Indian." It may be the early Central American face—the face in which fine Spanish lines and vigorous Indian lines first met. I search but cannot find the other half."

And again she wrote, on Holy Thursday: "The roads are strung with Indians who have come from all over the republic to spend Good Friday in this oldest, holiest city. Some have walked down from Mexico. Each pueblo has its distinctive cloth, and all dress in bright, rich colors. They say the rosary and intone the litany, as they trudge along the lanes or sit by the wells and pilas in the cool of the old trees. This morning early I came upon a whole pueblo of them seated about the stone Virgin at the city's gate. They sang droningly of the sorrows of Mary.

Last night a masked Indian stood

upon the broken stone steps of Calvario and at intervals of a minute sounded five notes on a flute, then gave one beat upon a native drum. For hours after sun-down he kept at this. Then, when night was well set in, a procession passed out from the church, and moved along the largest streets and across the plaza," etc.

In fact, the year was passing beautifully for Margaret.

She went to the villages about and spent hours with men and women of the native arts and crafts. Grave, sympathetic, dirty people—courteous, thoroughly independable. She wrote of them in her book.

The year was passing beautifully, when the night of Santa Marta drew near, and the *Ninas Fuentes* took to calling upon her.

The Santa Marta was evil for Antigua, said old Baltazara Fuentes, and the monastery so far and lonely. Why would not the Nina Margarita come in and spend the day and night at the Hotel de Frijoles?

"Or at our house," said old Tranquilina Fuentes. "It is at your disposition." But Margaret said she should like to spend an evil day and night in a monastery.

Then they told her of what had befallen.

On the night of Santa Marta the earth had quaked and the Volcan of Hunapu had split from top to bottom, and the water of the great lake in the basin of the crater had rushed down upon Antigua, and what few things the earthquake had failed to do the waters did.

"And this monastery," said Tranquilina, "it was as deserted as now. No one lived here but a feeble old man—ancestor of our family. The waters came in at him——" But Baltazara gave her sister the sinister Spanish look, and Tranquilina stopped.

Then said Baltazara: "Look over to the court of the chapel. The waters rushed under those arches and

carried away the great portals. The high altar was torn up by the roots."

"And the old man?" asked Margaret, lazily.

But Baltazara would not go on, and Tranquilina, as if in a panic, said to Margaret: "Aye, God and the saints! that is the bad night. Come—come to us you must. Come spend the night at our house."

But Margaret said that these happenings were of long ago; and that she herself had been to the top of Hunapu and found red lilies growing in the crater.

After the last of these ineffective visits, Tranquilina was prostrated, and said again and again: "Pobre, pobre, it will take her reason!"

But Baltazara said: "Perhaps no. She is a cold American. Her eyes will not be able to see it."

A bell tolled on Santa Marta's day, and the older men and women went to mass and remained in the churches throughout the morning.

The whole day was blue and green and golden, but people said to Margaret that the sky was too near, and the light of an unnatural tint. And although the vines stirred constantly in the monastery garden, people said to Margaret that the air was still and sultry.

Immaculate Concepcion Quevedo said that her fires would not burn, and that, as she stood fanning the charcoal, arches of smoke would belly up and take terrible shapes.

Margaret spent the afternoon watching old Espiritu Santa Bolanos, the moulder of earthenware, as he worked on a jar in his flowery mud-walled garden. But every moment she would look up at Hunapu, whose top showed above the roof-tiles. It seemed to be creeping nearer.

At sunset, when she returned to the "Recoleccion," she mounted to the domes and looked toward the West, and saw the glare go down behind the pale volcano Acatenengo, and the after-colors reach across the

sky in radiating prisms, and throw violet, crimson and orange lights on Hunapu and Fuego, and the hills at the east. Then she went down and walked for hours about the moonlit gardens.

She had become suddenly homesick and was ready for the sail north—besides, she had written the last word of these people—these people who are still in the sixteenth century where the night of Santa Marta belongs.

It was very late when she got a candle and crossed over to the "garden of fallen saints"—and went in out of this light garden to the great tunnel that she had never before dared to enter, although she had known there was nothing there but the bat, the centipede and the poisoned spider.

The place smelled as damp and musty as the parlor in the house of the Ninas Fuentes. There was no turning, but the main tunnel was met at intervals by lower, narrower lanes—lanes of awful possibilities.

Margaret walked until the dead air sickened her—or was it the skeleton of "Brother Stanislaw of the Angels" that sickened her? The name was cut in stone below the crypt where he sprawled.

But Margaret did not run. She bent over and held the candle down and looked with interest. Skull, ribs, vertebrae, pelvic bones, shins and scattered phalanges—Brother Stanislaw of the Angels.

Margaret picked up the first joint from one of the long fore-fingers and wrapped it in her handkerchief.

Then she came up and out again to the courtward of the chapel.

Everything was now very bright and the flowers hung spiritualized in the white moonlight.

Margaret reached up to break a vine from the purple bombilla. As she did so, her eyes swept the whole "Recoleccion," and she saw with horror that the great building had become entire. The fallen turrets,

roofs and walls were replaced, the broken arches made whole.

The high altar, of which not a stick, stone or jewel had remained, now stood resplendent with gold and crystal and lights. And at each side of the chancel, the two roughly-torn openings, which Margaret had had boarded to keep out pigs, were replaced by doors of black wood, iron-studded and clamped, set in casings of carved white stone.

Over the whole garden rested a massive black roof through which the stars could be seen.

And for nearly an hour Margaret stood, her arms lifted to the bombilla, her lips apart.

* * * *

A monk came out from the tunnel and stood awhile before the high altar. He was vague, and Margaret was forced to look deep and steadily to keep him in sight. But he had individuality, and was a fine man. He might have been a master at Salamanca.

He seemed restless, and constantly turned to look at the entrances as though expecting some one.

He began to walk about—a majestic papal walk. Once he advanced toward Margaret, his head up, his jaw firm—she feared he was come to demand the first joint of his right forefinger. But he came too near, those cool eyes, and the moonlight took him!

When Margaret saw him again he was far off, stalking past the dark confessionals. He stood for another restless moment before the high altar, then went to the magnificent door at the west of the chancel, lifted the clamp and with his hand shading his eyes, looked down the avenue of Santa Lucia.

Some one was being waited for—and presently he came. But not by that foolish western door.

Margaret heard the main door of the monastery open, and in a moment a young man strode in from the other patio and hurried up the aisle

to the high altar. He could not be seen through—his feet came down convincingly.

Over his evening dress was thrown the long black "capa" that Guatemaltecos wear on chilly nights. He wore a soft black hat, and was a splendid fellow from the back.

But when he turned, Margaret saw that he had the Central American face—the Central American face of to-day, in which the fine Spanish lines and the vigorous Indian lines have fought each other dead.

He also was restless, and once in a while would open his watch and hold it back to the moonlight.

* * * *

And now the monastery began to shake. Margaret felt no movement, but could see the great building sway. It shook steadily, ferociously; and from a room at the side there crept, but swiftly, a terrified old man. Where before had Margaret seen the arched nose, the heavy jaw, the fine-hewed brow?

He ran for the altar and grasped the railing. He knelt and prayed, prayed—such agony in the face! Yet he was a strong man, gaunt and forceful. He looked to the arch above him and his great jaw trembled.

Margaret also looked up, and saw, protruding from the key-stone of this arch that divided sanctuary from nave, the stone face of the garden, risen and entire. And the stone face was terrible. For while one-half, the half she knew, was nobly cut—after the face of the old man who prayed beneath it—the other half was slid to insignificance—like that of the young man in the cape—the nose fell away from the curve and the nostril spread and flattened; the eye said nothing, the ear meant nothing, and the jaw slanted weakly. The mouth, which began with civilized, resolute curves, was, on this degenerate side, cut back aimlessly, the lips heavy and straight and rough-hewn. Upon the thick neck

was raised—"Yo apres mi palabra para hacerla" (I watch over my word to perform it.)

The shaking became terrific. The turrets parted and fell and rolled to where Margaret had always seen them. The arch that divided chancel from nave fell—with its ponderous, outstanding face it fell upon the old man, and dust rose like smoke. Margaret thought him done for. He crawled out, lime-whitened and ragged, his right arm hanging bloody. He pushed open the door of the sanctuary, tottered to the crucifix and leaned with his left arm clutched about it, such unheard-of terror in the face—the right arm dripping, dripping.

Then without noise the great door at the west gave way, and water rushed in deep and strong and boiling white.

It tore up the high altar by the roots, and dashed it against the eastern wall; it caught up the old man and the cross and dashed them against the eastern wall—and carried them back in the recoil—for the wall was of remarkable strength. But still the water grew and piled high, and the wall gave way and the door was laid down, and the water tore through and dragged with it the high altar, the old man, the cross.

Then without obstacles it continued to pour in at one portal and out at the other, smooth and bright and noiseless as a river of quicksilver. It spread over the patio and lapped about the knees of the monk and the man in the capa, but was lost in the moonlight as it approached Margaret. The young man turned and walked, but now like an old man, unseeing, straight through the body of the monk, and across the patio, and out the main door. The monk returned to the tunnel, the water rushed itself away, and Immaculate Conception Quevedo ran in screeching that the dead were walking in her patio.

When morning came, Margaret took a plunge in the cold water of the pila, prepared her coffee, Immaculate Concepcion had vanished with the ghosts, packed her traveling bag, left the monastery, and walked toward the house of the Ninas Fuentes. In the courtyard of the monastery chapel the columns and arches lay as they had fallen on the first night of Santa Marta. Vines and crimson flowers grew upon them. The openings at each side of the chancel were still rough-boarded against the pigs, and upon the place of the high altar grew yellow flowered chilbra bushes. Outside, the hills and city were normal, and Hunapu looked like a gem in the sun.

The house of the Ninas Fuentes is of old pious architecture, with the twelve apostles strung out over the doorways of the damp, overdrawn patio. The stone pilas are gar-goyled, and the inner windows barred most heavily. Margaret looked about. This was her last Antigua morning, and she seemed to see the beauties and horrors of the place for the first time. Baltazara led the way to the dark, heavy "sala," but at sight of it, Margaret backed to the edge of the shaded corridor and held out the keys of the monastery. Baltazara received them and stood waiting, her keen, manly eyes a-search upon Margaret's face.

But Margaret was something of a man herself, and there was no trembling recital—Baltazara and the American girl had always been "antipatica." Besides, the yellow old Guatemalteca had let her sleep for a year of nights in that cemetery, and as she wrote of it to the girl amongst the Tartars: "God knows how many bones are piled in those underground passages."

"You go to your country then?"

"Yes. Adios."

"Adios." And Baltazara put her arm about Margaret and gave the perfunctory patting of the back.

Then Margaret walked straight to the church of San Sebastian, where she knew Tranquilina would be, and she found the old thing crouched before Saint Quetzalcoatl who guards from earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Tranquilina arose and patted Margaret on the back, and thanked the Blessed Virgin in loud whispers.

And Margaret slipped Tranquilina's arm under her own and led her out to the beautiful road ("Road of the Arch of Saint Catherine") and to a stone seat under a mango tree.

Tranquilina began weakly that "the morning was fine"—and that "the wind was from the West and smelt of coffee blossoms"—and that "this was the day for the Indians of Itzapa to come in with the charcoal."

But Margaret, who hated the round-about way, turned her eyes straight and strong upon the old woman's face and told her to explain the happenings of the night.

Tranquilina halted at first, and, to any but Margaret, would have lied.

But Margaret's eyes, dark and concentrated, commanded quick truth. So Tranquilina bent a little forward, her forehead shaded by the black silk shawl, and, as she fumbled with the clasps of her prayer-book, she told this foolish yarn. Until then it had been the secret between the Fuentes family and God.

"You saw an old man crushed under stones and carried away by flood. It is that you have seen our ancestor, Incarnacion Maria Fuentes, he who took from the Capuchines their monastery—"Recoleccion." They spoke in French, that her attendant, the little Indian girl, might not report to Baltazara. "They cursed him. 'The life will be torn from you,' said Brother Stanislaw of the Angels, 'and your son will see you die, and your son's son. And you will die again and

again. There will always be a son, and he must always see you die. And we whom you wrong will be there to rejoice."

"Now see the fulfillment. Incarnacion Maria Fuentes was carried away like a rag by the flood of Santa Marta, to balk the curse he had been living his last years in the monastery, and every year he comes and dies; and always there is a son, and always he is there to see. Now it is our cousin Julio—son of our uncle Manuel (may he rest in peace eternal) who died five years ago last night. Poor Julio does not speak Spanish; he was brought up in France, and until four years ago, had never known Guatamala. Yet the year after our Uncle Manuel died, here comes this fellow on the eve of Santa Marta, and asks of us the keys of the 'Recoleccion.' And every year he comes. That curse! it has the strength to drag a young rich man from Paris. He makes a joke of it. Last night he came riding up, laughing like a boy. And during dinner, while Baltazara and I sat cold and gray as stones, he made light. 'Truly I do not need to come—but I would not miss it.' And 'Truly I do not believe anything takes place. It is some trick. That old devil (Stanislaw of the Angels) must have been a hypnotist. I wish to make it out—come with me.' But not for the jewels of the earth would we. We told him nothing of that there was a woman in the 'Recoleccion.'"

"And you told me nothing of that a man might come."

No; we thought you would be shut in. The 'Chong' (Immaculate Conception) tells us that you write, write like a crazy one at night, and do not hear when she knocks. Also, your patio is far from the patio of the chapel. So we let the poor Julio go. This morning he comes back slow and old, asking the earnest questions of his father—for Julio saw what you did not last night.

And now I must tell you that his father, our Uncle Manuel, shot himself to death before that altar—may he rest in peace eternal—shot himself to be free from having to attend this presentation. For more than thirty years he had come and come, against all the strength of his will. The humiliation was great.

"But Julio says there is a deeper humiliation. I must tell you that our ancestor, Incarnation Maria Fuentes, when a young man, had chiseled out his own fine face in stone, and after his first fight with the Capuchines, had had this face carried to the 'Recoleccion,' and welded to the greatest arch of the chapel. This was the only show of victory—he did not dispossess the monks, he let them die there one by one. But years after, when he came himself to live at the 'Recoleccion,' he found that one-half of the sculptured face had been hewn away and mutilated. You saw it. Julio says that the flood, the falling building, and the taking off of Incarnation Maria Fuentes are nothing—that the soul of the curse is in this slanted forehead, this suspicious eye, this coarse, deceitful mouth. A race prophecy, he says, and—he says it stands fulfilled." (Thought Margaret: "The first joint of that man's forefinger is worth carrying about.")

"Poor Julio! This morning he

went off a-horseback to catch the noon train and to-night's steamer. Next year he will come again."

"An American," said Margaret, "would crush that stone face and old Stanislau's bones to powder."

"But they would rise on the night of Santa Marta. It is their hell," explained Tranquilina, "it is the hell of the men Fuentes. They always come. Last night they were there, but not for you. You saw only the living man and the two strongest spirits—but all the men Fuentes were there. They show thin and fine, and move with halt and reluctance as though whipped in to judgment. Julio says they stand stock still in the wild water and look from his face to the face on the keystone and back."

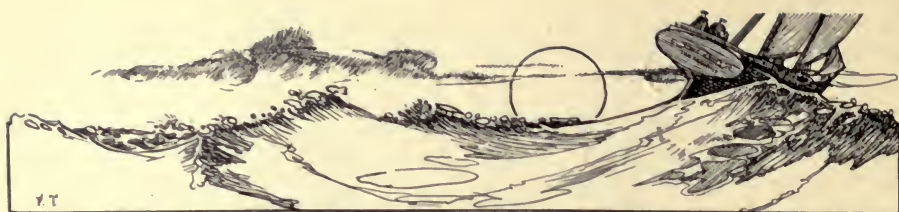
The Guatemala stage was climbing the hill toward them, and Margaret rose. She, too, would catch the noon train and to-night's steamer.

"And it has become the hell for Stanislau of the Angels," continued Tranquilina, "those curses give the rebound. Every year he is dragged up, and he cannot kill this curse he gave life to."

"Adios, pues," said Margaret, her foot upon the coach step.

"Adios, adios. Go thou with God!"





THE MESSAGE



BY J. C. CANTWELL

What do the Waves say, Sweetheart,
As they surge from the vessel's prow?
We break, we break, and our white heads shake,
As southward with bounding leaps we take
This message of love: "Awake! Awake!
And list while I whisper a lover's vow!"

What do the Winds say, Sweetheart,
As they bend and caress the sea?
"We blow, we blow, now fast, now slow.
But ever to HER we go, we go,
And whisper softly, and lingeringly low:
"Thy lover is waiting and longing for thee!"

What do the Stars say, Sweetheart,
Aflame in the quiet skies?
"We shine, we shine, on thee and thine,
Through tangled coppice and darkening pine,
And ever we sing this song divine:
"Thy lover sends greeting, and kisses thine eyes!"

L'Envoie.

Oh, surging Wave and trembling Star,
And sighing Wind, how slow you are!
Out on you laggards! My heart shall bring
Its own sweet message on Love's swift wing!



OLD SANDY'S PECULIAR CRIME

BY DANE COOLIDGE

THERE are all kinds of peculiar crimes for a soldier," said Old Sandy, the scout, "and amongst others, I recollect disobedience to orders as a shooting offense, along with sleeping on guard and such like, when in the enemy's country. Once I disobeyed orders myself—and it was right out in the Apache country, too. And if I had been shot in the back for that act it would have been just about in line with the low-down deal they gave me, all around—but you notice I was spared to tell the story. And for a hard-luck story it can't well be beat—showing what often happens to irresponsible patriots in times of war.

"When the Civil War broke out in '61, I was having a fine time out in California. I was young; I was strong; I was free as air. But being, as I say, irresponsible as a jack-rabbit, nothing would do but I must enlist in a California regiment that was going back East to put down the Rebellion. The recruiting officer give us a great talk—and there was songs and prayers and tears—then after we had took the oath for three years, what do they do but send three troops of us down to Arizona to fight Apaches—and they kept us there, too, until our time expired.

"Mad? I reckon so. If it hadn't been so far to go, we would certainly have deserted in a body and gone East to enlist again. But the Apaches was awful bad out there—and as far as fighting goes, we had a plenty—the dirtiest kind of crawl-on-your-belly-through-the-cactus Indian fighting, too. Well, being as we was elected, we decided to do our worst—and we sure took it

out on those Apaches. Pretty soon with one thing and another there was only about thirty men left in our troop—all mean, lanky devils—and the meanest cuss in the bunch was Dick Kane, who was trying to get killed to spite some girl in the East, and, as in everything else, having damn pore luck. Our captain was a young fellow named Forsythe, and he was sure mad medicine for Apaches—always out helling around through their back country, and either jumping them in their sleep or standing off a few thousand until help came from the fort. Oh, he was a fighter all right, and being as I was something on the fight myself, and a good trailer to boot, he made a scout out of me, a kind of emissary to go ahead and stir up trouble for him.

"When we was out on a scout, the captain didn't let discipline bother him none. This time I'm telling you about, we were away back in the Sierra Anchas, about forty miles from the fort, and we hadn't seen an Indian for three days. That was a mighty bad sign, and the captain was worried.

"Sandy,' he says to me, 'what's the matter? Can't you jump up an Injun nowhere?'

"Lots o' tracks, Cap.' I says, 'but they're all pointing the wrong way.' Nevertheless, I was kinder solicitous myself; and so, after we'd made camp, I says to him.

"If you don't mind, Cap., I'll take a little stroll over by the black cliff yonder and look around some.'

"All right, Sandy,' he says, 'but don't make no mistake. You know the general orders. Don't shoot at nothing, except Injuns—and when

you do shoot you can gamble we'll come a-running.'

"So I takes my carbine, and I could hit anything that crawled with that little gun, and sauntered along over towards a big, black and painted cliff, all full of cracks and caves, and maybe five hundred feet straight up. Well, there was no fresh tracks in the canyon, but being dead on to Apache methods I thought I'd watch the rim of that cliff a little while. So I backed into a cave on the opposite side and sat down to lay for Injun scouts, they having a way of crawling to the edge of some precipice like that and sticking their black heads over while they counted ponies and figured out the easiest way to rush our camp at day-light. Of course if I could get the first man it would save trouble later.

"So I hid away in that black cave and kinder run my eye back and forth along the top of the cliff—and pretty soon—sure enough, I saw something stir.

"'Aha!' says I, and drew a dainty bead on whatever it was. Then it moved again—and stopped—and being exactly the same color as the rest of the rock, I couldn't see it again till it moved. Then it stepped out clear against the sky—the finest big curly-horned old mountain sheep you ever saw.

"'Shucks!' says I, and put the hammer on my gun back to half-cock. It was a mighty pretty shot, but that didn't do me any good. I had my orders not to shoot except at Apaches—and by his being there I knew there was no Injuns for miles behind.

"It was mighty unfortunate about those orders, too; because we had been on short rations for two days—and there was two hundred pounds of fresh meat, just standing up there and watching the boys make camp.

"It was an awful pretty shot, and having nothing better to do, I lay

back against a rock and held the sights on his ribs, figuring it out to a fine point just how I could plug him, and how he'd jump straight up and come tumbling down, clean to the bottom of the canyon. But while I was doing that, the hammer on my gun, being at half-cock, kind of got in the way of my sight, and in order to see better I cocked it. Then while I was aiming, I began speculating on how mad the captain would get if I should accidentally happen to shoot. It would not do, of course—we was right in the heart of the Apache country and the whole bunch of us might get killed on the strength of it.

I was dreaming of the fight we'd probably have in such a case, and squinting, absent-minded at the point of that old ram's shoulder again, when, without a word, the darn gun went off! Well, sir, I was never more surprised in my life—and the next minute here comes the mountain sheep, bouncing like a rubber ball; and he hit the ground about a hundred feet away from where I sat. If a hundred Injuns had come a-boiling down the canyon I wouldn't have been half so rattled—and the next minute there was a yell to raise the dead. I looked around, and here come the whole troop, every man lashing his horse and waving a gun—and away in the lead came this Dick Kane that was trying to get killed to spite his girl. Dick was wearing his bridle lash to a frazzle and his horse was flying over them boulders like a long-tailed lizzard.

"'Hyaah!' he yells, challenging the whole Apache nation, and he swung a circle on me, looking for trouble. 'Where are the ———?' he says, calling the Injuns by their true names. But I only pointed to the cliff.

After him came the Captain, cutting the wind with his quirt, and looking up the canyon—but he did not see much.



"Then it stepped out clear against the sky—"

"What you shooting at, Lockwood?" he says, and I saw he had his eye on the sheep.

"Injuns!" I says, kind of slow and innocent.

"Where's your Injuns?" he says.

"Over yonder is one," I says, pointing to where the sheep lay. He stuck his head over the edge of the cliff there, and I plugged him!

"Injuns nothin'!" he says kind of vexed. "That's a mountain sheep!"

"Why, so it is," I says, rubbing my eyes. "This here desert country is sure affecting my sight. I'd a sworn that was a big buck Injun!"

"Where in —— are your —— Injuns?" yells Dick Kane, a-crowding in on me. And he was sure mad all over.

"That's do, Kane!" says the captain. "Lockwood, I'll have to place you under arrest for disobeying orders."

"Very well, sir!" I says, and so they took me back to camp. And of all the cursing and swearing you ever heard—but I noticed they

packed in the sheep.

"I was sitting on a rock, under guard—that is, a couple of the boys stood over me with carbines, a-cussing me up and down for giving a false alarm, and then a-laughing over the way Dick Kane took on, when I smelled something pretty good cooking.

"It hadn't no more than got dark when the cook came over with my supper. And who'd a-thought it—he give me a tenderloin out of that sheep!"

The next morning, Captain Forsythe came out and looked me over, and I knew by the way his clothes fit him that he'd been eating sheep.

"Morning, Lockwood," he says, 'how's your eyes?'

"Fully recovered, sir," says I, coming to salute.

"Well, go on ahead then," he says, very stern; 'and Lockwood!'

"Yes, sir," says I.

"We don't need no more meat," he says, and that was the last I ever heard about disobedience 'to orders."



THE LORDS OF THE FOREST

BY CLARENCE HAWKES

THE only excuse that I have for writing the following story is two massive inter-locked sets of antlers that stand guard in the hall-way of my old friend, Williams', house in whose congenial company I have spent many hours in the woods, and on streams and lakes. Even this stern trophy of the wilderness would not be sufficient excuse for the tale, but for the fact that I assisted in the discovery, and alone know the true story of the great battle, which only the ancient trees and a few frightened small creatures saw.

We were crossing a tamarack swamp en route to a distant lonely lake, where, by the way, we were never lonely, and had stopped under an overhanging fir to rest and enjoy the wild beauty of the swamp.

The vegetation was very rank in this mossy fastness, even the trees could not resist the temptation to deck themselves with moss, seeing how becoming it was to the knolls and fallen logs. So they had festooned themselves with long silvery streamers that floated to and fro in the slight breeze of the summer morning, as light as thistle-down it seemed, and it gave the dark spruces and tamaracks, the semblance of veiled nuns.

The busy life of the hard woods did not penetrate very freely to the swamp, so the birds and squirrels were not so numerous here.

As we sat under the friendly fir, musing and admiring, I began poking in the moss with my foot which soon struck something hard. This whetted by curiosity, and I poked away the moss, and by degrees unearthed a hard, horn-like knob which extended further and further down into the mold.

Williams did not at first notice what I was up to, but before I had guessed the truth, he jumped to his feet, shouting excitedly: "Antlers, and a busting big pair, too."

We saw that it was no use to dig with our hands, so found some dry broken limbs and set to work in earnest. The more we dug, the larger grew our find, and the greater grew our astonishment, until in an hour or two we had unearthed one of the finest trophies that the old forest ever yielded up to curious man.

It was a gigantic double set of antlers, locked in deadly embrace, and behind each was the skull bone, and the bony outline of the combatant. Here was the story of a tragedy beside which the combats of the knights of old became struggles of pygmies.

Williams went to look for a pole upon which to carry our prize between us, and I sat under the tamarack musing.

Then it was that the wood nymph, sweet custodian of the forest, and the gentle guardian of the wild things, came tripping down the aisles of the ancient forest and passed before me, to see if I was one of those dread hunters who stalk the woods and kill twice what they need, for mere sport. When she saw that I was a peaceful citizen, carrying merely a fishing tackle and a revolver, she told me the story of the double antlers.

Her form so blended with the scene that she seemed more like a shadow or a spirit than the weird enchantress that she is.

Upon her brow was a wreath of laurel, and about her waist a girdle of clematis. Her lips were red with crushed strawberries, and her eyes

were two placid forest pools. Her form swayed to and fro with her emotion as the graceful willow responds to the touch of the zephyr, and her voice was wild and sad as the sighing of the west wind in pine tops at eventide.

Here is the story as I heard it in the primeval forest, with the deep shade of fir tree above me and the moist mould of dead leaves under my feet. Five years before, in the region of our beautiful woodland lake, lived a moose known to hunters as the Tall Bull of Umbago. His wanderings, especially in the spring-time, carried him far into the adjacent region, but he always returned in the mating season to the lonely lake. Sometimes he would bring his mate with him from the great barrens to the north, or frequently he would find her along some of the watercourses that fed the lake.

The Tall Bull of the Umbago was both the envy and despair of hunters. It was said he could detect at once the hollow sham of the best moose-call, and he was so wary and his life so well ordered he had rarely felt the sting of lead and had never been hard hit. While in his own domain, as lord of the Umbago country, he reigned supreme. Occasionally a reckless bull, perhaps into a mass of pulp under the big country in the rutting season, but he always left in hot haste, usually badly mauled and beaten, while several had been borne down and beaten bull's hoofs.

Forty miles to the south, along the course of two rivers, one coming from the mountains and one from the barrens, and both meeting in the marsh country, dwelt the white Ghost; the great albino bull, who was half a myth and half a reality in the settlements. Those who had seen him averred that he was fully a half larger than the average moose, while those who had not,

said he was a phantom, or the wild conjuring of spirits and water.

Like the big bull of the Umbago country, the White Ghost knew no equal and tolerated no rival along the watercourse and in the foothills where he ranged.

One autumn when the forest was ablaze with color and the mad moonlight of Indian summer had warmed the blood in the veins of the bull moose, the Tall Bull of the Umbago country set out on a pilgrimage, caring not where he went, as long as he traveled far and feed was good, for that restlessness of the mating season was upon him, and he expected somewhere in the great wilderness to hear the call of the cow moose that would summon him to the first of many a tryst under the scarlet forest.

On the edge of the great tamarack swamp he heard the call for which he ranged the wilderness, and answered it.

At the same time when he left the Lake, the White Ghost left the low country, and started on a pilgrimage northward, for he too had felt the magic of the mad moon. The fire of the autumn was in his veins, and he, too, sought the tryst.

The third day of his wanderings he came to the tamarack swamp, where he discovered fresh moose signs, which he followed eagerly.

He skirted the swamp for half a mile, and came to a spot where the weeds and ferns were trampled flat as a floor. Moose had evidently spent the night there. So he singled out the fresher of the two tracks leading from the trampled weeds, and followed it. Ten minutes more brought him into a clump of birches a little apart from the swamp, where a moose cow was ravenously cropping the young leaves from a small birch which she held down under her fore leg.

The White Ghost greeted her joyously, but his suit was unwelcome, for the cow let go the birch and

slipped away, without as much as looking back to see who the new-comer might be.

For according to the ethics of the forest, which usually are fully on a par with those of man, she was bound to the tall bull of the Umbago country, and the new comer was one day too late. Two days earlier he would have been as welcome as his rival had been the day before, but now it was different.

It was tantalizing when one had come so far, to have that elusive brown shadow always just one thicket ahead, and the White Ghost Ghost's temper was nettled.

He called beseechingly, putting as much pathos and enchantment as could well be put into a deep-chested bellow, but the brown shadow fled on.

But if his call was not answered by the cow, it did not go unheeded, for the winds wafted it to other ears, and the tall bull came shambling through the forest, thrashing the underbrush with his antlers and bellying with rage.

His precincts were being invaded and his rights usurped. The White Ghost, nothing dismayed, answered with a thundering bellow that made the aisles of the quiet forest resound. This, then, was the secret of his failure, his humiliation. This matter should be contested with horn and hoof. If the new-comer was master of the situation, he would need to retain it with strong antlers.

A blind fury like a whirlwind possessed the white Ghost, he would not stand like a calf or a two year old, awaiting the fray, so he crashed through the underbrush in the direction of his adversary.

Like two battering rams, these giants came together, and the woods echoed with the shock of the contact. Each rose upon his hind legs with the shock of motion suddenly arrested, for a moment like giant wrestlers they stood, and then set-

tled to earth with a heavy thud. Bits of splintered horn flicked the leaves in the tree-tops, and the grinding of the massive horns, blended strangely with half-stifled bellows of rage, and quick, hard breaths that ended in a sort of whistle.

The trees shivered with fright, and the night winds fled away in fear, but the giants battled on.

There were sudden lunges with the great antlers that crashed together like steel, and there were sudden feints and quick attempts to catch the rival off his guard and lacerate his side with the many-pronged antlers, but each was an adept in antler play, and thrust was parried with thrust, and feint met feint.

It was simply a matter of endurance, and each combatant was determined to humble his adversary or leave his bones on the green carpet that he had trod so proudly.

The underbrush was trampled to bits, and the turf was ploughed as though by cavalry. Many a sapling bent and broke with a crack like a pistol as the battle shifted ground. But as the seconds grew to minutes and the minutes to quarter hours, the crash of horns became less frequent, and the deep breathing grew louder. Blood dripped from the nostrils and foam fell from the long upper lips.

It was now fighting at close range, there was snapping of teeth, clicking of hoofs and deep-throated sobs for breath.

Each was alternately on the defensive, but their fury would not let them rest.

The bright harvest moon threw scintillating beams into the cavernous woods, that the owl and the night hawk might see this tragedy of the wilderness.

Suddenly the mode of the battle changed. There were backward pulls and wrenchings of the head, and terrible twists to the right and

left that made their necks crack and hoarse bellows of pain escape their foaming lips. Their antlers were locked in deadly embrace. Now indeed it would be a fight to the finish, and of necessity a drawn battle.

All through the night the stars caught fitful peeps of huge forms in the tangle of underbrush. Sometimes the struggle would cease for half an hour, and then begin again with renewed fury. But the periods of activity grew less and less frequent, until finally they ceased altogether.

The combatants were down, and there was little left to do but strike savagely with those deep-cutting hoofs which merely cut the air. Horns and hoofs were now alike unavailing. It was hunger that would humble them.

When the sun shot his first beams

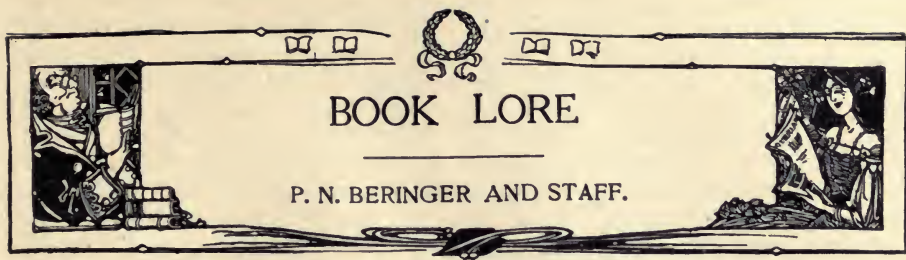
into the woods, they were still there kicking and thrashing, but their great strength was spent and any wolf that skulked the woods could look down upon them now.

* * *

Then the friendly trees dropped a mantle of leaves over them, for nature abhors ugly sights, and the ferns wrapped them about to conceal what had happened. Year after year with loving tendrils and fretted fronds, nature sought to cover up this double tragedy of the forest, and finally the mosses grew where the bones had been, and only the ants and grubs knew what was beneath.

Thus it is with nature—the grave we dig to-day she seeks to cover up to-morrow with grasses and flowers. So go the rounds of the seasons, man scarring and destroying, and nature renewing and restoring.





SOME OF THE BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

"The Book of Indoor and Outdoor Games," by Mrs. Burton Kingsland, is a very seasonable production, and it is most invaluable, as it contains any number of recipes for alleviating the ennui of the long winter evening, in addition to a variety of games more apropos to the summer season. There are 690 pages of very legible type, and the book is well worth the price asked for it.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

"Mystica Algoat."—This is a tale by W. R. Moorehouse, and it deals with an "Indian Legend and a Story of Southern California." It is not a remarkable book in any particular, although it will hold the readers' interest fairly well. It is poorly bound, and would have a better go if it had a publisher of wider repute. The general make-up of the book is bad and the language is at times infantile and inadequate.

The Editor Publishing Company.

"The Man Who Pleases and the Woman Who Charms," is the title of a small volume by one John A. Cone, and it presumes to be the Mold of Fashion and the Guide to Correct Courtesy. It is needless to say that there is nothing new in the book, and it is not fascinating reading. It is barely possible that there are some places in the Tennessee Mountains, the woods of Northern Maine, or out on the Prairies of Assiniboia where this book

will come as a Message of Light. It is one of the useless publications that bore the Reviewer, madden the Purchaser, and ruin the Book-seller.

Hinds & Noble, New York. 75c.

John B. Kaye, "of the Iowa Bar" has left the more prosaic profession of the law to linger among the flowers of rhetoric and rhyme. He is ambitious, as he has done in verse with the Book of Esther what General Lew Wallace did with the story of Christ, and he does it with some degree of sweetness and power. He has called his effort "Vashti."

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

A complete course of Original Sermons, chiefly on the Gospels, "for the Sundays and some Feast Days of the Year," entitled "A Year's Sermons," and compiled from the sayings of "Pulpit Preachers of Our Own Day," should be of use and benefit to clergymen of all denominations.

John F. Wagner, New York.

Henry Cabot Lodge has given us "Theodore Roosevelt" and "addresses and Presidential Messages 1902-1904." In his preface the gifted writer says:

"It is most important that people should be able to read, and let us hope, ponder well what has been written or said by any man to whom they are asked to intrust the Presidency of the United States. For that reason this volume has far more sig-

nificance than that of being merely an addition to the collected works of President Roosevelt. Here in these pages is the real man. We may think his views of public politics are wise or unwise, but no one can read these speeches and not realize that the man who made them is not only intensely patriotic, but that he is also trying to make the world better, is seeking the triumph of good over evil, and so far as he can do it is striving to have righteousness prevail on the earth."

G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. and London. 12mo. \$1.50. Library Ed., \$2.00.

"Dan Black, Editor and Proprietor," characterized recently by Robert Barr as the best short story of the decade, now appears in book form for the first time. The author is Seymour Eaton, who is President of the Tabard Inn Corporation, and one of the best-known advertising men in the country.

Dan Black was the editor and proprietor of the Northern Yankee News, a weekly newspaper published in the early seventies in a small town in Northern Michigan. A choice bit of description of the man follows: "Black was tall, bony, awkward, rather untidy in the matter of clothes, and had about him an air of devilish recklessness. His face was moulded and lined to the point of refinement, clean-shaven, determined, kindly only when he smiled, which was seldom. One arm was withered, and was pocketed in a sleeve with the cuff gathered to a bunch point by a running-string; one eye was totally blind, and was hidden by a leather lap, kept in place by a cord which was lost to view in a head of thick, wavy brown hair. In riveting the attention the double deformity was as nothing compared with the commanding figure and face of the man. Black looked like a fighter who had just returned victorious from battle, or, rather,

who was on the march from one battle to another. He was a soldier who never stood at ease, who never went on furlough, who objected to dress parade." Mr. Eaton has done a strong piece of work in "Dan Black," especially considering that it was done in odd moments by a man who was at the same time meeting the exacting demands of a large and responsible business position.

The book is fittingly illustrated by drawings from the pen of the well-known caricaturist, V. Floyd Campbell.

The Library Publishing Co., 1323 Walnut street, Phila., Penn.

"Non Serviam" is a paper bound volume by the Reverend W. Graham. It is a "Lenten Course of Seven Sermons on Mortal Sin." The particular sky-pilot who has written this little discourse on gloom and its particulars has divided it into seven parts. The first is a learned disquisition on sin in general, with a fore topic or introduction entitled "Lent—Season of Awakening from Sin."

The second chapter bears the alluring heading "Sins of Thought," and it suggests the idea that it might perhaps be better never to think at all if all our thoughts are sinful. It has been said in the past by a wretch named Voltaire that in order to be a perfect follower of the Christian religion it were better to eschew thinking altogether. In this the Reverend Graham and the Irreverend Voltaire seem to agree.

The third chapter seems to be devoted from end to end to writers of poetry, for it bears the awesome title of "Sins of Habit."

The fourth chapter is devoted to the bibulous citizen, and is called "Sins of Drunkenness." The fifth is simply a sermon on scandal, and there is no doubt that it will fit almost any church community. The sixth is on "Sins of the Tongue," and is obviously aimed at the mem-

bers of the choir in almost any congregation. The Reverend Graham seems to be writing from conviction and with a wide personal acquaintance of his favorite topic. The "Non Serviam" of the Reverend Graham will undoubtedly fill a long-felt want, and while the author will gain the thanks of his fellow wearers of the cloth, the publisher may gain a very valuable experience in book publishing.

Joseph F. Wagner, N. Y.

Dallas Lore Sharp, whose delightful "Wild Life Near Home" gained wider reading last year because of John Burrough's hearty commendation of its worth, watches the life around him, above city streets and along country byways simply because he loves birds and animals and all growing things. He writes down his observations because, as he told some one, of "the mild but real excitement of giving form to one's thoughts." And these are the reasons, the best of reasons, why his new book, "Roof and Meadow," just the simple chronicle of what he has seen and enjoyed seeing, has all the charm of the great out-doors and the simple but fascinating life of our smaller animal neighbors. The book is an attractive one to handle and read and own, broad-margined, with a quaint heading for every chapter, drawn by Bruce Horsfall.

The Century Company, New York, \$1.50.

The American public has become very suspicious of anything that is cheap. There is a kind of sadly pessimistic popular belief that nothing that is cheap is worth having, and no one who has lived to years of discretion can deny that this dismal belief has some foundation. Occasionally, however, some one turns up who revives the flagging hopes of the weary public by selling something cheap which is worth having. Just now there appear to be

some such public benefactors in the publishers of The Unit Books. These books are sold by the page, so that the price is in exact ratio to the cost of manufacture. Two cents is charged for each unit of twenty-five pages. A book of 300 pages, for instance, sells for 24 cents in sheets, while a strong linen paper cover is thrown in. Some extra charge is made for cloth and leather bindings.

Reading The Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln, a recently published Unit Book, we realize that Lincoln has become a canonized politician.

Emerson says in one of his essays that had Martin Luther foreseen the pale shades of Boston Unitarianism he never would have written his Ninety-nine Theses. It might be said equally well that had Archbishop Trench, and his colleagues, foreseen some of the fruits of modern philology they would never have written their books. To revert from modern philology to Archbishop Trench's Study of Words is a case where reversion to type is distinctly a good thing.

At a critical period in our national development—about 1830—when this country in point of manners was much like a lusty over-grown boy with superfluous energy continually overflowing the dams of conventionality, Mrs. Frances M. Trollope, the mother of the novelist, came to this country, observed us, and wrote up her observations in Domestic Manners of the Americans. When the book first appeared it could hardly be called flattering, but now it is more so. It is pleasant to be reminded that we have in some ways, at any rate, improved on the much eulogized "good old days."

Now that the majority of think-

ing people have caught up intellectually with the great prophetic minds of the past generation, the great books of a generation ago are again of exceptional interest. Conspicuous among such books is Renan's *Life of Jesus*.

That the original sources of our history should be so widely scattered, so inaccessible and so unsystematized has long been a cause of weariness of the flesh and irritation of spirit to historical students. Certain publishers have recently come to their assistance by compiling a complete documentary history of our country from 1606 to the present time. The documents which are exact transcripts of the originals, being arranged in chronological order, make up an essentially complete national narrative. The book referred to is entitled *National Documents*. Unit Books may be secured from the publishers at 1 West 34th Street, New York.

The G. P. Putnam's Sons have put "Jiu-Jitsu" out in the form of a book. It is the compendium of the Japanese method of physical training. The words mean "muscle-breaking." The publisher says, rather naively, it helps the weak master the strong. It is said Jiu-Jitsu is easily learned, and that it has been practiced by the Japanese for 2500 years. There are 32 full-page illustrations.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. \$1.25.

Stewart Edward White has just published from the press of McClure, Phillips & Co. a book that takes you right into the great Northwest forests, and shows you the brawny-fisted, hard-palmed men who saw and trim and hew in the shadow of the tall pines. They are men of elemental natures; some great-hearted, generous, brave and self-sacrificing, that you will love:

some under-handed, vicious and vengeful, that you will hate. Mr. White, in his stories, presents these rugged woodsmen, with an inescapable reality, at dramatic moments of their labors or sports. He makes you an intimate of the men and a friend of the country, and you're glad of it.

There is a well-drawn frontispiece by Thomas Fogarty.

"Blazed Trail Stories." McClure Phillips & Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

"The South American Republics," by Thomas C. Dawson, the American minister to Santo Domingo, is a well illustrated and written volume of some 500 pages. It has several good maps, and the history is written in a frank, readable and unbiased manner that cannot help being attractive to the reader and student.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. \$1.50.

Marie Corelli is out with a new book, "God's Good Man." She opens the book thus:

"For all sins, whether of omission of non-omission, of construction, or non-construction, of conformity or non-conformity, of crudity or complexity, of diffusiveness or dullness, of expression or of method, of inception or conception, of sequence or sequel, of singularity or individuality—likewise for all errors whether technical or pertaining to the printer, or literary and pertaining to the author, and for everything imaginable or unimaginable that may be found commendable or uncommendable, pleasing or displeasing, aggravating or satisfying in this humble love-story for which no man will be the wiser and no woman the worse. Gentle Reviewer, be Merciful unto Me! and from willful misquotations—from sentences garbled and randomly set forth to the public without context, continuation or con-

clusion, in attempt to do injury to both the story and its writer—from the novel-skimmer's epitome, abridgment, synopsis or running commentary—and from the objective analysis of Literary-Clique 'stylists,' and other distinguished persons, who, by reason of their superior intellectuality to all the rest of the world, are always able, and more than ready, to condemn a book without reading it, MAY AN HONEST PRESS DELIVER ME!

This introduction by the clever lady had a two-fold object. It was aimed at her critics, with a view to making them more lenient, and it was aimed at her readers—i. e., the public, to advertise her wares. Dear Marie, we will read you, and may God have mercy on your soul afterwards.

Dodd, Mead & Company, S. 725th Ave., N. Y. \$1.50.

Idah Meacham Strobridge is the author of "In Miner's Mirage Land." Miss Strobridge is a clever writer, and she writes of the things she knows and knows as well or better than any one who has as yet written on the same subject. Frances Charles gave us the same knowledge of her subject in "In the Country God Forgot," but she had other fish to fry; hers was not all a descriptive task. Miss Strobridge binds us to her chariot, and we follow her in the chase of the golden will-o'-the-wisp. We wander the alkali plains and with her we dream of auriferous oases. We, too, know the desert, and we love its charm and can appreciate the author's ecstasy where others would feel but a heartrending overwhelming. We have been there and have watched the silent thread of smoke ascend into the solid blue of the heavens. We have watched the un-winking stars and listened to the coyote's howl, and have joyed in being one with the Vast Solitude.

There are many readers who "never can understand," but there is a pathos in "In Miner's Mirage Land" and a wealth of descriptive power that will appeal to any one that is a lover of Nature.

Baumgardt Publishing Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Pomes of the Peepul" may be otherwise classified as the "Drivelings of an Idiot," and not overshoot the mark. In order to escape incarceration in an insane asylum, author has hidden his identity under the name of 'by a Syndicate.' If there is any way in which the miscreant may be reached, he should be apprehended, boxing gloves placed on his hands, so he may not repeat the offense, and forthwith railroaded to a "maison de sante" of the bug-house variety. The publisher should be sand-bagged, lest he offend again.

T. S. Dennison, Chicago.

Sanford Kellogg, U. S. A., has given to the world a volume; a historical review of the tremendously stirring incidents of the campaign of "The Shenandoah Valley and Virginia, 1861-1865." He has collated the facts into a volume of 247 pages, and tells his story in a concise and most interesting manner. The book is well bound and is printed in very legible type.

The Neale Publishing Co., N. Y.

The Century Company has just issued a very beautiful volume, "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family," with an introduction by Lucy W. Baker. These letters cover the novelist's first and second visits to America, and while their existence has been known for many years, they have been jealously guarded from publication. They were originally addressed to a lady who is credited with the introduction. They give the reader an intimate glimpse of Thackeray

as the father, the friend and the man. Their continuity gives them almost the attractiveness of the novel, while the individuality and ability of the author of *Vanity Fair* should endear them to the heart of all readers of good literature. The book contains many interesting facsimilies, reproductions of the sketches, and quaint, feminine handwriting of the gifted scholar. This volume will make an exceedingly handsome and appropriate Christmas gift.

The Century Co., New York.

In a three hundred page volume, ex-President Grover Cleveland gives to the world, under the title of "Presidential Problems," the story of the various momentous questions that were settled or partially settled during his incumbency of the chief magistracy of the nation. The book is written in Mr. Cleveland's inimitable style. Terse, vigorous sentences and succinct and clear argument. It matters but little what our prejudice or predilection may be, we cannot help admiring the statesmanship and ability of the great American Fisherman. The book touches upon the conditions involved in the Venezuelan difficulty, the Chicago Riots of 1894, the Bond issue and other "paramount" questions, the actual subjects which taxed the executive's wisdom, judgment and strength.

The Century Co., New York.

Tudor Jenks is to the fore with a volume called "Captain John Smith." It is ornamental and interesting. The cover is a marvel of the cover designer's art. The book itself is borrowed from the writings of Captain John Smith, and it is a clear, plain, accurate, unbiased biography. It is nevertheless a story which cannot fail to interest and thrill every lad who reads it. It is illustrated with reproductions from old prints, and the frontispiece is a picture of the gentleman who

is the pride and glory of all the long line of Smiths, half-breed and otherwise. A splendid gift for a boy.

The Century Co., New York.

Kindly Dr. S. Weir Mitchell tells in the form of an autobiography "The Youth of Washington," a book which will stand unique among all the publications of the year. Dr. Mitchell has endeared himself to an immense constituency by his "Hugh Wynne," and other equally interesting books. "The Youth of Washington" cannot be classed as history, nor does it belong in the domain of fiction. It would be odd if, in after years, it was accepted as such! For nothing is easier to imagine than Washington in his old age, sitting down at the study table in Mount Vernon and recording, solely for his own use, the events of his boyhood. If it were not for the fact that it is well known that he was a strenuous old gentleman, very much given to the joys of society, such an idea might gain currency. Washington lead a more strenuous life than any of the presidents who have followed him, and yet there never was a State affair of prominence enough to beguile him from the dance or the conversation of a pretty and brilliantly endowed woman. He was a gallant, a gentleman, a scholar, a statesman, and, as I said before, the most strenuous of all the presidents.

"**Poems** by Elizabeth Barrett Browning," is a very beautiful little reprint, forming No. 2 of the Red Letter Library. Alice Meynell writes a short appreciative introduction. As a handy volume and well chosen withal, this edition may be thoroughly recommended.

Published by H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston.

"**About Animals**" is a book for children who like animals, and want to know more about them. The

stories have been printed before, for they are here re-told from St. Nicholas, and edited by M. H. Carter, of the Department of Science of the New York Training School for Teachers. It is well printed, fairly well illustrated, and should be found very pleasing.

Published by the Century Co., New York.

"The Mercies of the Sacred Heart," by the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, is a collection of "twelve sermons for the first Fridays." It is a technical book on devotion to the Sacred Heart, and must assuredly be of great value, not alone to the priest of the Catholic faith, for whom it is undoubtedly intended, but to preachers and parsons of all denominations.

John F. Wagner, N. Y.

Miss Annie Hobson has given us a quaint and winsome book in *"In Old Alabama."* It is a very curious and accurate delineation of negro character. One of the characters, "Miss Mouse," the "little black merchant," is the narrator of some exceedingly good stories, all of them centering about herself, forming a humorous and remarkable picture of life in a small Southern town.

Doubleday, Page & Co., N. Y.

The Panama Canal Question.

"The Panama Canal Question, a Plea for Colombia," is the title of a brief in pamphlet form. The name of the publisher is not given, and it is supposed the Colombian authorities are responsible for its publication. If the author intended to reopen the Panama Canal question through the intermediary of this special plea, it is very doubtful if it has made any impression. It is barely possible that this volume is being used as a political document to discredit the administration. There seems to be a desire on the part of some good people, who live in

the land of dreams, to absolutely refuse to accept accomplished fact as impossible of argument. The Philippines and the Panama Canal belong in this category, and are incidental to the march of civilization. We cannot retrograde. We must go forward, and our national responsibilities will go on increasing. We cannot wipe them out. We must face them! Americans are building the Panama Canal, and Colombia's grafting little bubble Government was brushed away because it was a pestiferous insect, an assistant to the miasma and the fever that the French canal constructors had been unable to counteract. The incident is closed.

The Madigans. Among the successful California writers, none

has had such sudden vogue as Miriam Michelson, author of *"In the Bishop's Carriage."* She began her career as a dramatic critic for the San Francisco newspapers and later was quite a star as the "special" writer for the Sunday papers. She still resides in the city by the Golden Gate, although for a little more than two years she was attached to the staff of the *"North American,"* at Philadelphia. During this time she cemented her relations with the magazines, and thence it was but an easy step into novel writing. *"In the Bishop's Carriage"* is one of the year's best selling books.

Not content with the initial success, Miss Michelson now comes to the public with a novel called *"The Madigans."* In this she uses the same "pretty" wit she so aptly brought to bear on the warp and woof of the first successful effort from her pen. She is a quiet, sarcastic and trenchant humorist. This wit pops out in the intellectual (?) struggles between the Madigans—count them, eight of 'em—six girls and two boys, one of them is only four years old. It is a very readable and jolly book, and the illustrations by Mr. Orson Lowell add not a lit-

tle to the attractiveness of a well-bound and beautifully printed volume.

The Century Co., New York.

A General Glossary to Shakespeare's Works, by Alexander Dyce. —Adapted for reference to the Cambridge text. An indispensable book of reference for all students of Shakespeare, edited by the famous English scholar and critic, Rev. Alexander Dyce (1798-1869), and here reprinted from the latest devised edition of the original work, and adapted to the needs of modern readers. Two thick volumes are compiled in one volume of nearly 900 pages with excellent paper, large clear type, and wide margins. The illustrations include full-page portraits of Shakespeare and Dr. Dyce, and a group of eminent Shakespearian editors and commentators. This edition contains several important improvements over the original work, of which the following change is the most noteworthy: Dyce's references for the illustrative quotations from Shakespeare are only to volume and page of his own edition. For these, which are useless except to owners of the Dyce edition, references to particular play, with act, scene and line (Cambridge numbering), or the particular poem, with title and line, have been substituted. Those who are at all familiar with this dictionary of the principal words and phrases used by the great Elizabethan dramatist, do not need to be reminded of its exceptional convenience and value. It is now for the first time readily accessible to the book buyer of limited means.

One volume, cloth, 8vo, illustrated. Same, one-half morocco, \$5.

Dana Estes & Co., publishers, Boston.

"The First American King," by George Gordon Hastings is a book in which the author describes the re-awakening of his characters after a lapse of years in which he

finds that the present aggressive attitude of the great trusts and corporations has resulted in the establishment of a monarchy in the United States. The story, while it may not suit your fancy, certainly reflects the ideas of many who see in the present conditions fertile ground for just such a consummation. It will hold your interest to the end, and though the reader may not in any one particular entertain the same ideas as the versatile author, he may at least pass a delightful two hours of profitable reading in his company.

The Smart Set Publishing Co., New York.

William Le Queux, the author of the "Closed Book," The Smart Set Publishing Co., has been decorated by King Victor Emmanuel with the "Cross of the Order of the Crown of Italy." The King very considerably recognizes the author with the highest distinction in his gift.

Brand Whitlock has written an unusually interesting novel and has chosen to give it an unusual and lucky title. It is called "The Happy Average." It is a good, sane book, telling of the struggles of a young man to achieve a competency, to shine in his chosen profession, in a little town, his subsequent removal to Chicago, his success as a newspaper man and his ambition, as yet ungratified, to become a lawyer of note. There are sidelights on unionism, and the dialogue throughout the book is far better than usual. The book is entirely devoid of the sensational, is well written and interesting, and is another novel that calls for a sequel. It cannot be that Mr. Whitlock intends to leave his hero where he did leave him. There must be thousands of impressionable young people, and old ones, for the matter of that, who are wondering what the sensible young heroine and the specially gifted young

man will do afterward in Chicago. This book is well worth reading.

Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

"The Closed Book," by William Le Queux, is a corroboration of a theory advanced by an Italian savant regarding Lucrezia Borgia. It is the special pleader's invocation in favor of what he is pleased to consider a much abused woman. It is clever, and makes out the cold-blooded murderess a victim of bitter circumstance.

"The Closed Book" itself is the ancient record of one Godfrey Lovel, an English mercenary in the service of Lucrezia. This old manuscript, besides vindicating the lady of the Borgias, at the expense of her

brother and father, reveals the English hiding-place of the lost Borgia jewels and the famous Borgia poison, whose secret, lost to the world after their deaths, during their lives enabled this family to attain almost supreme power by the simple process of eliminating all who stood in their way—by the touch of a glove or a ring or a glass and the mysterious death of the victim, sometimes not until a month had gone by. The English novelist who finds this manuscript becomes involved not only in an exciting treasure-hunt, full of mysteries, intrigue and sudden death, but also in a charming love affair. And both his quests come to a most satisfactory ending.

The Smart Set Publishing Co., New York. \$1.50.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

Summary in Brief by Pierre N. Beringer

Max Pemberton is at it again with an entrancing volume called "Beatrice of Venice." It will be remembered that we had a pleasant half day with this author in "A Garden of Swords," and any reader may depend upon an enjoyable season with him and his latest effort. The illustrations are splendidly done.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"Zelda Dameron" is another of the holiday books. It has a "glad cover" and its illustrations are very artistic, being in the latest three color effects. The story is by Meredith Nicholson, the pictures by John Cecil Clay. It is a very pretty story, and the love passages in it are very entertaining. It will hold your interest from start to finish, and you will wish to read the story of Zelda Dameron, her father, kind old Rodney Merriam and Morris Leighton again and again.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Californians should be interested in Mrs. Alice Prescott Smith's "Off the Highway," because it is a California story, a romance of the fruit farms. Mrs. Smith draws character well, and in her novel has produced a very cheerful work. In this she has interwoven the experiences of two

pairs of lovers, and when the tale is told they are "happy ever afterward." Mrs. Smith is the author of the "Legatee," and it will be remembered that this book had a great run. The book is unillustrated. It is beautifully bound in green and pink, a wild rose pattern, and may be depended upon as a pleasing present for the young person in the household.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. \$1.50.

General Charles King is our national military writer, and age does not seem to dim his faculty. "Comrades in Arms" is his latest, and it is as good as any of the work he has done since the old days on the Milwaukee Sentinel, when Charley Boynton advised him to "be an author." The book is full of situations that will hold the reader, and as I said before, it is as good as anything General King has done, except "A Knight of Columbia," which is the worst he has ever attempted.

The Hobart Company, New York.

Josiah Royce gives us a final review of "Herbert Spencer," in the book of that name. It is an enjoyable volume from the standpoint of those who love the language for the language's sake. It is a masterly treatise on Spencer's contribution to the

thought of nations, written after the publication of his autobiography, together with an interesting chapter of personal reminiscences of James Collier, for nine years the amanuensis of the gifted scholar and for ten years his assistant.

Fox, Duffield & Co., East 21st St, New York. \$1.25.

When you are making your selection of gifts, and you have that bright particular young woman in mind—you know the one I mean—don't forget to look at "The Fusser's Book." It is a unique publication, and one that will interest you. It is not as deep as a well, but it contains much wisdom. Its illustrations are fine, and it is an ornament to any household. The "rules" of the book are by Anna Archibald Georgina Jones, and the pictures by Florence Wyman. It's a splendid little thing, and the young woman aforesaid will thank you heartily for it on Christmas Day.

Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 75c.

Do you remember how your eyes glistened, how you held your breath when the "pater" handed around the books at Christmas time when you were a "kid"? I remember I made my escape with my treasure to the farthest corner of the attic, and read every line, and came down late to dinner, lunchless and unhungry. Glen MacDonough and Alice Chapin have given us just such a book in "Babes in Toyland." If you want to please the children and at the same time give them something that will last the year, and until another wonder comes along, let them rest awhile in Toyland with the "babes." The book is full of magnificent illustrations in color, upon which no pains have been spared, and it will interest young and old.

Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.50.

"Love Triumphant" is a very pretty little volume of catchy verse. It sings of love in every phase and it sings in tune. It is by Frederick Lawrence Knowles. The cover design is by Marion L. Peabody.

Dana Estes & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.

"Little Almond Blossoms."—A charming and original book of stories of Chinese boys and girls, by an author who depicts them from life. The scenes are laid principally in Chinatown, San Francisco, and the experiences of the little Mongolians will delight all juvenile readers. The books are faithfully illustrated from photographs.

By Jessie Juliet Knox. With sixteen illustrations from photographs of Chinese children in California. Little, Brown & Co., Publishers. \$1.50.

The literary world will be glad to hear the news that my friend Charles Warren Stoddard has another book off the Press,

and that it is a South Sea story. It is called "The Island of Tranquill Delights." From the seclusion of his residence in Cambridge, the sweet song has been sent forth to greet the world. It is a wild thing, a fresh thing about the summer seas; it is full of tropic color and fragrance, and it should meet a warm welcome from his California friends. Stoddard writes as well as he ever did, and I am sorry I tried to bury him during the year. Caesar is himself again, thank you.

Herbert B. Turner & Co., 170 Summer street, Boston. \$1.00.

I do not know how John Oliver Hobbs hit upon the title to her new book, "The Vineyard." It has little to do with the text except it may be that her lovers have each a case of sour grapes on hand, and that the very interesting young men marry the girls they do not really care for, and the young women marry the men they least liked, except in the case of that sickly and passionate young woman, Miss Tredegar. She achieves, arrives, conquers, but all the rest of them get shop-worn goods. The story may be true to life, and is exceedingly well written. It is epigrammatic, and will hold your interest from start to finish.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The Basket Woman."—This is a collection of stories from the California desert, of Indians and coyotes, ranches and cattle men, miners and others. Over them there is the glamour of Mrs. Austin's rare power as a story teller, and the brilliant setting of the Sierra Nevadas. "The Basket Woman" might almost be called The Jungle Book of the West, not only on account of its subject, but on account of its style and spirit. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price, \$1.50.

Percy E. Newberry is a very prolific writer, and his books, the "Beni Hassan," "El Bershesh," and "The Amherst Papyrus," have made him a host of friends. In his latest work, "A Short History of Ancient Egypt," he has the collaboration of John Garstang, author of the "Third Egyptian Dynasty," etc. The work is very attractive, and will meet the approval of all who desire to study Egyptian archaeology and the latest researches of scholars in a distinctly dignified and charming style.

Dana Estes & Co. \$1.20.

"Your Loving Nell."—The title of this rather singular book is, to say the least, highly indicative of its contents—it is loving. The letters which make up the volume are edited by Mabel Wagner. They were written by Mrs. Nelly Gore, whose tragic death in Paris several years ago at-

tracted considerable attention at the time. These letters were written by Mrs. Gore, who was studying music at the time in Europe. She studied under some of the greatest teachers of Vienna and Paris, and there is an undeniable charm about her letters to the ones left behind at home. As pictures of student life in Vienna and Paris, they are excellent.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$1.

Martha Kean tells us the story of a pilgrimage to Brittany by a clever American woman and her children. This is a story that will be a delight for old and young, for all seasons and all times. It tells of trips to Saint Malo, Dinard, Cancale, and Jersey, and the whole is beautifully illustrated, from snap shots by the author. The book is one of the most attractive of the holiday publications, and the cover is in three colors.

The Century Co. \$1.20.

Happily timed for the gift season, Ruth McEnery Stuart's "Sonny," sweetest and tenderest of books, is just issued in new form. The illustrations are by Fanny Y. Cory, and in that clever illustrator's most attractive and sympathetic vein. Then, too, there is a dainty initial to begin each chapter. Fourteen editions of "Sonny" have been printed since it first appeared eight years ago; and still the publishers' books show that the demand keeps up steadily year after year. This attractive new dress must make the little volume more of a favorite than ever.

The Century Co., New York. \$1.25.

The reading world, men, women and children, will remember Mary Mapes Dodge. She is woven in our childhood, and we

love her. She has just written a book of "Poems and Verses." Here is one at random that is particularly seasonable:

Oh, the beauty of the Christ-child;
The gentleness, the grace,
The smiling, loving tenderness,
The infantile embrace!
All babyhood he holdeth,
All motherhood enfoldeth,
Yet who hath seen his face?
Oh, the nearness of the Christ-child
When for a sacred space
He nestles in our very homes,—
Light of the human race.
We know him and we love him;
No man to us need prove him—
Yet who hath seen his face?

These are just the verses one would expect from Mary Mapes Dodge, simple, sympathetic poems, touching all the varied interests of the home and fields, youth and old age, in joy and sorrow. Perhaps no living writer can claim more friends than Mary Mapes Dodge; and the sweet serenity and sunny cheer which characterize her life breathe from every page of this, her latest book.

The Century Co., New York. \$1.20.

How much we have enjoyed Charles Marlott's books. His latest is "Genevra," and it is the story of a Cumberland girl who has all the usual experiences in the life of a healthy, strong young woman except her love affair, which comes to her at twenty-nine. She then has all the experiences of previous years, that may have been "coming to her" at one fell swoop. She feels ambition, shame, disappointment and finally love, and is an example of human, pulsating womanhood. An enjoyable book.

D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

ALPHA AND OMEGA

BY HERMAN E. KITTREDGE

Upon the lap of Eve Day laid his tired head,
The sun a scene of molten splendor drew;
The first lone star its twinkling glory shed:
Eve pressed upon Day's brow a kiss of dew.



An 18 mile an hour and over clip.

THE AUTO-BOAT THE LATEST FAD

BY ALEX E. BEYFUSS

MOTOR boating is yet in its infancy in this country, and is growing into favor among the Eastern sport-loving fraternity with a Barney Oldfield speed. Sporting Paris has gone motor boat crazy, and the auto boat has now become the fad among the wealthy of our land. "Auto-boatists" are plentiful on the Atlantic, and it will not be long before the new sport will take a firm hold on the Pacific Coast. "The auto boats are bound to come," said a prominent adherent of the new speed craft, "and no doubt you know we are some years behind our Eastern brothers in boats."

Boats of speed promise as much utility and popularity on the water as the automobile has attained on the land, and the often expressed opinion of Jay Gould that traveling by water way is the ideal method, is being realized. The development of the automobile having demon-

strated the possibilities of explosive gasoline engines for vehicle propulsion, their application to marine work has followed, as a matter of course.

Great is the thrilling joy of this new sport, and gliding through the water almost noiselessly and without the slightest commotion at a twenty miles an hour clip, adds much to the delight of motor boating. There are no teams to pass, no ditches to look out for, no fines for speeding; in fact, automobiling in the water is not nearly as heavy a financial loss to the legatees as a well-built, speedy motor car would be. Auto boat enthusiasts contend that their craft is the safest and most seaworthy model built, and hold up as their example the United States torpedo boats, which are built on the same model design.

A motor boat is the New York girl's latest fad, and many of the

society girls are going in for this exhilarating sport, following the example of the first water chauffeur, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. The great motor king's wife named her craft "Hard Boiled Egg," because it couldn't be beaten.

The fever of ocean racing has been keen since the offer of C. L. Charley, of Paris, of a prize of \$10,000 for the motor boat which shall succeed in making a trip across the Atlantic Ocean between Havre and New York. Many are the enthusiasts who are building boats to race across the salty ocean, and the Transatlantic race will no doubt attract the attention of the whole world, and if successful will make the automobile boat one of the most marketable of the products of modern engineering skill.

In local motor boatdom, there was up to a few months ago but one enthusiast. Now that number has grown to nearly a dozen, and is continually growing as other speed-lovers are introduced to the latest sport.

Three genuine automobile boats are owned on the Coast, while there are numerous compromises. The difference between the automobile boat and the compromise is principally in the shape of the boat after the waist, the torpedo model being perpetually flat, while the compromise has a round bottom.

S. D. Rogers, the father of motor boating on this Coast, has for several months astounded the yachtsmen and boatmen in general on the bay with his auto boat "Rogenko," which craft has developed remarkable speed. Roger's auto boat is moored off the San Francisco Yacht Club at Sausalito, and its racy appearance attracts much attention. The boat is 40 feet long, 5 feet beam and is equipped with a 25 horsepower "Buffalo" engine. In the official speed test over a surveyed course, around Tiburon point, and over the Government course, the "Rogenko" developed a speed of

18 $\frac{5}{8}$ miles an hour, and her owner claims she can travel at a 20 mile an hour clip. H. L. Rich's "Hazel" at Eureka is a boat similar to the Roger's craft, being also equipped with a Buffalo engine.

William S. Tevis, one of the first motorists on the Coast, is a strong enthusiast of the speed launch, and not satisfied with a 12 mile an hour craft, has had a new auto boat constructed with a speed of nearly 18 miles an hour. The Tevis boat is a Dolphin model, which differs from the regulation auto boat in the shape on the water line, the torpedo or motor boat being curved on the sides while the Dolphin model is a straight wedge designed by Fred S. Knock of New Jersey.

Allan Pollok's "St. Francis" is one of the handsomest speed launches on the Coast, and Mr. Pollok has become very enthusiastic over



S. D. Rogers steering the "Rogenko."

motor boating. The "St. Francis" listed with the Corinthian fleet is a 44 foot boat with a 35 horse-power engine and a speed of 12 miles an hour. It comprises a fore and aft cabin, cockpit, engine house and dressing room with everything complete.

Many owners of gasoline launches on the Pacific Coast are interesting themselves in motor boats. The conditions for the sport are better here

than in the East. The season is longer on the Pacific, for, barring rain, the auto boats can run all the winter, while in the East most of the rivers and lakes are frozen up. The conditions on the Coast also excel those on Eastern bodies of water after the trade winds have died out.

It will not be long before the automobile boat will hold sway on the water as the horseless carriage rules on the land.

The Diversified Products and Industries of Two

Great Counties, Santa Barbara and Ventura

BY INEZ BUCKNER, Winner of Second Prize Essay, Santa Barbara High School, Freshman Class



Sam F. Batdorf, winner of first prize essay in the Overland Monthly Essay Contest.

THE two great counties, Santa Barbara and Ventura, are certainly as beautiful, healthful and productive as one could desire. In his "Barbariana," Dr. Jackson, the eminent divine, says: "One

who has lived in the temperate zone may write down the names of all the fruits he ever saw, and then add to the list all those whose memory can recall out of the books he has read, and he shall be reasonably sure of finding them here." Fruits from Mexico and South America, from China and Japan, from Italy, France, Spain and India, here prosper side by side. In the orchard may be found the apple, orange, peach, loquat, pear, custard - apple, lemon, persimmon, prune and fig; also quinces, pomegranates, limes, citrons, guavas, grapes of all varieties, raspberries, loganberries and blackberries, bananas, dates and pineapple grow here, though not very abundantly, while in the garden are fruits from every zone with strawberries every month in the year.

The mild winters and cool summers are especially favorable for the culture of the lemon. Those raised here excel all others. Some of them are marketed by the growers, but most of them are handled through the packing houses of the

various fruit companies, and the Lemon Growers' Exchange. The lemon is an "all the year round" product, so that the grower is receiving returns at all times throughout the year.

The olive tree also holds a very conspicuous place. Santa Barbara County is especially adapted to the culture of the olive. It will grow and thrive on all the different kinds of soil. The demand both for olive oil and pickled olives is increasing each year, as people learn the value of the olive, both as food and medicine.

Both counties, but especially Ventura, are noted for beans and the sugar beet.

The main bean fields are between Santa Maria and Guadalupe. They have yielded as high as forty cents per acre, but the average yield is from twelve to thirty cents. The most abundant are the small white and all colored varieties. The average price is two dollars per cental, and the income sometimes amounts to eighty or ninety dollars per acre.

At Betteravia, eight miles from Santa Maria, there is a large sugar refinery with a capacity of five hundred tons per day. The raising of sugar beets for this factory has been a great industry for the farmers. About 2,000 tons were raised in the past season, which brought four dollars and fifty cents per ton.

The second largest sugar factory in the world is at Oxnard, which has a capacity of two thousand tons per day.

Lompoc is greatly noted for its elegant apples and potatoes.

Although the apple industry is youthful, the oldest apple orchard in Lompoc Valley being but fifteen years old, it is a very profitable one. The apples of this valley took first premiums at Chicago, Sacramento and New Orleans. The annual shipments are rapidly increasing, and now amount to from sixty to sev-

enty-five carloads. The value of the crop for 1903 was about \$25,000. Apple growing may one day be the most profitable industry of Lompoc Valley.

Potatoes, too, are very profitable in this valley. The famous Lompoc Burbanks are known as a superior variety of potato, and are in great demand in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. In 1903, 300,000 centals were raised, and were valued at \$30,000. The average yield is from seventy-five to one hundred sacks per acre, and the average price from seventy-five cents to one dollar per sack.

Livestock is an exceedingly profitable industry. Many horses, cattle, sheep and hogs have been raised. Few sheep are raised now, but there were \$200,000 worth of beef cattle, \$20,000 worth of horses and \$20,000 worth of hogs raised in 1903. That this is a good stock country is shown by the fact that many of the largest cattlemen bring their cattle here for growing and fattening, from other places.

Another very important product of the two counties is the walnut. The first walnut orchard in these counties was planted at Carpenteria, a beautiful little valley near Santa Barbara, in 1858. The undertaking was a success from the beginning, and nowhere are finer nuts produced than in the Goleta and Carpenteria Valleys. The walnuts are in great demand, and there is considerable competition among the commission men of San Francisco, Los Angeles and the Eastern cities for them.

The beautiful Ojai Valley lies at the foot of the Coast Range, and between the Ventura River and its tributary, Nordhoff Creek. It is one of the most picturesque of the natural parks of California. It is merely diversified with orchards of apricots, peaches, with groves of hoary olive and fragrant orange. There are sulphur springs here and

there, and each has a name and legend setting forth its special virtue. In an article on the Ojai Valley, in the *Overland Monthly*, F. W. Reid says: "The iron spring cures cranks, gout and nightmare. There is a remedy for everything from insomnia to insolvency."

There are also Veronica mineral water springs near Hope ranch, Santa Barbara.

There are oil wells at Summerland, and near Santa Maria. Among the minerals about Lompoc Valley are asphaltum, asbestos, bituminous rock, chrome, yellow ochre, lime rock, feldspar, gypsum, diatomaceous earth, potter's clay, copper, fire clay, glass sand, chalk, ball clays, opalite, mica and petroleum.

The most important of these is petroleum. The prospecting for petroleum began here in 1901. The development has been slow; but two wells are now producing three hundred and fifty barrels per day, and five more wells are being put down. The deposit of oil sand in one well is six hundred feet in thickness.

There is a deposit of fine quality of lime rock near Lompoc, from which three hundred carloads are shipped annually to the great beet sugar factories at Betteravia and Oxnard.

From \$50,000 to \$100,000 of beach gold is taken from a black sand near Lompoc annually. Platinum is also

found in connection with the beach gold.

The demand for poultry and eggs has rapidly increased until it has become a great industry. The city of Santa Barbara alone furnishes a market for many thousand dollars worth a year.

This is also a great bee country. No bee hives are needed here, the bees winter outside and gather pollen and honey every month in the year. The honey finds a ready sale. The production for 1903, although below the average, was about fifty tons. There has been but one failure in the honey crop here in fifteen years. Beeswax, too, is a very profitable branch of this industry.

A large area in the Lompoc Valley is adapted to dairying. In 1903, 800,000 pounds of butter were made and sold for \$200,000. The industry is of recent date in the valley proper. The older dairies are all located in the hills. The valley farms alone furnish \$100,000 worth of milk annually. These dairy facilities cannot be surpassed and they will be still more profitable as they adopt more scientific methods.

The total income of one small valley in Santa Barbara County—Lompoc Valley—is \$1,000,000 annually, from all products and industries. Who can compute the total income from all the valleys of these wonderfully rich and fertile countries?





The pleasures of boating at Black Diamond.

E. G. Davis Photos

BLACK DIAMOND

A Hive of Enterprise

BY JANET MACDONALD

FIFTY miles eastward from San Francisco, on the Contra Costa shore of Suisun Bay, at the confluence of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, lies a tract of 8,000 acres, still known by its original Spanish title, Rancho Los Medanos, or "Ranch of the Sand Dunes."

The early history of this old Spanish grant forms an interesting chapter in the annals of the State.

In 1849, the Rancho Los Medanos passed from the Mesa family, the original Spanish settlers, into the hands of Colonel J. D. Stevenson and Dr. William Parker. Colonel Stevenson indulged ambitious designs for the future of the tract, and engaged General W. T. Sherman to survey a townsite. General Sherman accordingly surveyed, and plotted a town upon which Stevenson bestowed the pretentious appellation of "New York of the Pacific."

The first actual settlers of the place were two brothers, Joseph H. and W. W. Smith, who, in July, 1849, proceeded with their families

to the projected metropolis and built a structure which was called the "New York House."

General Sherman received for his services \$500 and ten town lots. The General did not share Stevenson's roseate views as to the future of the place, for he promptly converted his holdings into cash.

Other settlers arrived, and for a year or two "New York of the Pacific" was a thriving port. In those days business between San Francisco and the river towns was handled by sailing craft, many of which called at New York for provisions. Steamboats, however, soon supplanted the slow sailing vessels, and with their advent, "New York of the Pacific" rapidly declined. In the course of time, its name was changed to New York Landing. The famous Black Diamond vein of coal was discovered at Nortonville, six miles to the south, in 1859, and soon afterwards a railroad was built from the mines to New York. For many years it was the shipping point for the coal from the Black Diamond

mine, and ultimately it dropped its original name and became known as Black Diamond.

In 1882 a salmon cannery was established at Black Diamond by King, Morse & Co., of San Francisco. Some years later the Sacramento River Packers' Association established a cannery, which is still one of the leading industries of the town.

Stevenson and Parker made an effort in December, 1849, to have "New York of the Pacific" made the capital of the State. They proposed to erect a capitol, Governor's residence and other buildings at a cost of \$100,000. The project failed, however, Vallejo being chosen in 1850 as the seat of Government.

The ownership of the Los Medanos Rancho thereafter passed through several hands. Pioche and Bayerque, the French bankers, succeeded Stevenson and Parker in possession. They, in turn, gave it to

their head clerk, L. L. Robinson. Robinson spent a large amount of money on the property, building a handsome residence at Pittsburg Landing, and laying out and beautifying extensive grounds around it.

About four years ago the tract was purchased by C. A. and G. W. Hooper, the well-known lumber men.

The Hoopers were quick to perceive the immense possibilities of their newly-acquired holdings from a commercial point of view. Valuable as were the 8,000 acres of fine land, the eye of the keen man of business discerned a potential value far greater. Two transcontinental railroads crossed the grant, while its northern boundary consisted of six miles of deep waterfront, with a channel close to shore deep enough to carry vessels drawing seventeen feet of water.

Soon after acquiring possession the Hoopers had surveyed and grad-



San Giusseppe Day. St. Joseph and Virgin Mary.



Black Diamond from the top of tank.

ed a block of more than one hundred acres. A wharf was erected and a drying yard established for the purpose of drying redwood lumber and shingles. This experimental venture proved highly successful, the climate, with its warm sunshine and drying winds, being found particularly adapted to the purpose.

The consolidation of the redwood lumber interests of the State and the establishment at some advantageous point of a mammoth planing mill plant had long been a pet project of Mr. C. A. Hooper.

The Los Medanos grant, with its climatic conditions and transportation facilities, met every requirement of the case, and thus it came about that the Redwood Manufac-

turers' Co., representing 12 of the leading redwood concerns of California was incorporated last year, and has erected just east of Black Diamond one of the largest and most complete planing mill, door, tank, and wooden pipe manufacturing plants in the United States.

I saw here sufficient lumber to build a high wall completely around the entire Los Medanos Rancho and shingles enough to cover it. It is said that in the infancy of this enterprise they counted their shingles by the 1,000, but now they count them by the acre, having at the present writing eleven acres. The wharves of the company extend 900 feet along the banks, and are wide enough to accommodate 5 lines of



Dye tanks and net racks.

tramways. The track system also runs through the shingle and lumber yards and into the various buildings, the trackage to-day representing in round numbers eight miles.

Already has the company experienced its initial lesson in the dangers accruing from fire, and have minimized its destructive power by the erection of buildings composed for the most part of concrete and corrugated iron. The land upon which the mill proper, lumber yards, etc., are built, is covered by a complete network of pipes, with fire hydrants at frequent intervals and hose carts are placed at various points; the water is pumped directly from the



Cannery girls filling cans.



Tons of fish.

river into a 100,000 gallon tank 70 feet high, and at any moment the pump is ready for emergency.

The electric power for running the planing mill and door and window factories has four 80 horse-power horizontal tubular boilers. The boilers furnish steam to a 22x36 inch Corliss engine, capable of developing 300 horse-power.

When one examines the beauty of natural redwood in doors and windows, and especially in all interior finishings one is prepared for the statement that already from all parts of the civilized world—and more particularly from New England—orders are pouring in for this rapid-

ly growing favorite wood, until the already enormous capacity of this enterprising firm is insufficient for the demands made upon it, and they are obliged to utilize all of the time, day and night, in filling the most pressing and imperative orders. In addition, they are supplying mill lumber of all kinds, wooden water tanks, wooden pipe staves, siding, ceiling, etc., in carload lots, straight or mixed. Other kinds of woods are not used to any appreciable degree, redwood proving superior for all purposes demanded in this trade. To the courtesy of Mr. D. C. Henny, the company's genial and efficient manager, I am indebted for an in-



Hoisting fish. Superintendent Croxon at hoist.



Fourth St. Cottages. C. A. Hooper, proprietor.

structive and interesting inspection of the mills, and even my comparatively uneducated eye noted the absence of the heavy, cumbersome machinery which has been so conspicuous in former mills which I have visited; indeed, the ease with which the entire plant is manipulated almost persuaded me to apply for a position in the Redwood Manufacturers' Black Diamond mill. Following is a list of the different companies combining to make this in the aggregate one of the best balanced and equipped of any company on the coast, and equal to any in the world.

Outside of the herculean efforts of the Hoopers in placing so gigantic an enterprise on a foundation so solid, they have found time to erect a fine hotel and 40 modern and artistic cottages; has established a bank, and given it a solid, substan-

tial home in a fine up-to-date brick building, which looks the part it is destined to play in the future of this now thriving and prosperous town.

A flour mill will be erected at once, capacity 200 barrels every 24 hours, and last and greatest of all the Bowers Rubber Co. have bought 12 acres of ground, adjoining the home place—about 4,000 feet east of the lumber yard—and will there erect buildings and install machinery that will constitute the largest rubber factory in the United States.

Leaving this interesting history with regret even, since the subject is by no means exhausted, we retrace our steps, and pay our reverential respect to the old town of Black Diamond, the picturesque Italian colony, the largest Italian colony on the coast, settled by swarthy Sicil-



Shingle Yard at Los Medanos



Shingle yard and Los Medanos Yard.

ians, with costumes scintillant in gorgeous coloring, and dutiful, even in this American settlement, to all the customs of their Fatherland.

The children attending the public schools learn English with reluctance, and having attained the age which I shall call commercial (i. e., when they are old enough to earn even a pittance), they are taken from school and put to work, when they resume their native tongue and their national costumes. Their fathers are fishermen, and are at home in the fishing season, and go north during the season there. They are easy-going, and are wiser than Americans, for they enjoy life, taking it for granted that it is a part of the original plan.

The fishing industry was first introduced on this coast by Mr. A. Booth, one of the firm from Chicago, who had and still have business of international importance in this same line, which, without desire to be facetious, might properly be called a "Fish Line." In 1872 Mr. Booth organized a company at Collinsville (opposite Black Diamond), and with the primitive methods at that time obtaining, canned 4,000 cases of salmon in a year's time. The present company, with increased facilities and modern methods have canned 1,500 cases in one day, which totals 72,000 cans.

At one time there were in active operation 16 canneries of salmon on the Sacramento river, but in 1885 a number of them dropped out, and

the remainder amalgamated. In the year 1874, Mr. A. Booth left California for Astoria, and there laid the foundation of a business which is thriving and prosperous to-day.

The present Black Diamond Company, Mr. F. E. Booth president, assumed the business in 1879, and established 4 canneries. One at Chipps Island, two at Collinsville, and one at Black Diamond which finally absorbed the other three, and has enjoyed many years of business prosperity, although the catch is not what it formerly was in California, the season being erratic and unreliable. About four years since, Mr. Booth commenced furnishing salmon to foreign trade, most largely to Germany, and his business in this direction has increased to such an extent that he does comparatively little in canning, at the present time.

Sweet pickle is the method employed in the preparation of salmon for exportation, and the process is most interesting to every one excepting the fish. First, the head is deftly severed from the body, the fish is slit down the back and the backbone removed intact, after which it is subjected to thorough washings; then it is put into a sweet pickle composed of salt and sugar, where it is allowed to remain for a fortnight, when it is again thoroughly washed and again packed in sweet pickle, but this time in barrels and is ready for shipment in cold storage steamers, and upon its arrival at its final destination it is

again put in cold storage, more reliance being placed upon the cold storage than there is in the sweet pickle.

It is now smoked and sold rapidly to an eager demand, for it is esteemed a luxury and brings fancy prices.

Mr. W. G. H. Croxon is the able and affable manager of the company's plant at Black Diamond. Mr.

Whilst pleasantly describing the modus operandi of fish preservation, Mr. Croxon has frequently to excuse himself in English, to give orders in Chinese and Italian, both nationalities being largely represented.

The Booth cannery is the factor in the old town, as the Hooper Mill is in the new Booth Company's giving employment to the town, and



Contra Costa County Bank, Black Diamond, the directors of which are D. A. Bender, M. Cody, A. Sbarboro, C. A. Hooper, Geo. W. Hooper, G. Guaragnello and W. J. Buchanan. G. Todaro, Cashier.

Croxon is somewhat afraid of being flattered, and I shall preface my remarks anent the works with ample apologies in case my natural inclination gets the better of my judgment, for it is my way to say pleasant things, not departing from strict truth. The factory then is a model

of cleanliness, and the work goes forward with clock-like precision, thereby giving to it the sustaining power of life.

The Booth Company also owns the water supply of the town, and is making large improvements and materially enlarging the pres-

ent plant, a step made necessary by recent rapid growth and development of the town.

Where Mr. Booth shines, however, is in the packing of his Crescent brand of broiled mackerel, and it is there that he deserves the thanks and appreciation of connoisseurs and epicurean appetites. I always think of them as Monterey sardines, because they are only Californian grown.

Everything that grows here attains unusual size, and so it is with these poor misguided fish. They have outgrown their class, but they have retained all the delicious flavor which accounts for their popularity. I have found them in all of the first class hostelrys, and am prepared to say that for a chafing dish delicacy, this overgrown sardine stands pre-eminent. I am prepared to prove the truth of my assertion by

furnishing free gratis recipes for chafing dish preparation.

Socially, Black Diamond boasts two churches—Congregational and Catholic—a newspaper. The most important and interesting social topic of conversation at Black Diamond at present is the new Los Medanos Club, a really ambitious social innovation for a town numbering only about 1800 inhabitants, a large proportion of whom are of foreign birth. Here, however, is an organized club, preparing to erect a handsome two-story club house with all modern conveniences and luxuries, and owning its own boat house, which is to be a feature of their entertainments. A \$20,000 school house, too, is on the tapis, and is soon to be constructed, whilst a system of sewerage is now the subject which is turning gray the hair of the town fathers.



On San Diego's Quiet Bay

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF CALIFORNIA

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

RUSKIN has it that: "There is a singular sense in which the child may peculiarly be said to be the father of the man. In many arts and attainments the first and last stages of progress, the infancy and the consummation, have many features in common; while the intermediate stages are wholly unlike either, and are farthest from the right. We see the perfect child, the absolute beginner, using of necessity a broken, imperfect, inadequate line, which, as he advances, becomes gradually firm, severe and decided. Yet before he becomes a perfect artist, this severity and decision will again be exchanged for a light and careless stroke which in many points will far more resemble that of his childhood than of his middle age. So it is in matters of opinion. Our first and last coincide, though on different grounds, it is the middle age which is farthest from the truth. Childhood often holds a truth in its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to recover."

This is a keen analysis of life and we find it applies with force in the question of education. The most serious age is that critical period when, physically and mentally, a change takes place in girl and boy. It is then that it becomes necessary to safeguard the ideals of tenderest youth and guide the faltering feet into paths of rectitude. Here it is that the need of the professional teacher, man or woman, comes in as a factor to shape the lives of the future man and woman into careers of dignity and worth. Ours is the age of the specialist and in no branch has man made such rapid strides in specialization as in pedagogy. The teacher of to-day must of necessity know much more than the teacher

of years ago. He must be able to give his charge a sound general knowledge of all things and yet direct the pupils' attention along whatever special lines that may be selected, unerringly and truthfully. "In literary and scientific teaching, the great point of economy is to give the discipline of it through knowledge which will immediately bear on practical life." "All professors should be literal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement."

"A single knot of quartz occurring in a flake of slate may alter the entire destinies of a mountain's form. It may turn the little rivulet of water to the right or left, and that little turn will be to the future direction of the gathering stream what the touch of a finger on the barrel of a rifle would be to the direction of a bullet. Each succeeding year increases the importance of every determined form, and arranges in masses yet more and more harmonious, the promontories shaped by the sweeping of eternal waterfalls.

"The importance of the results thus obtained by the slightest change of direction in the infant streamlets, furnishes an interesting type of the formation of human characters by habit."

If it is important that each step be guided by the mind of a master who will look to the individual possibilities in the student it is also of importance that this formative period be passed in a congenial climate and in absolutely frictionless surroundings.

California, with its smiling skies, its sunshine and its flowers, its balmy climate and its varied and diversified landscape offers the ideal

conditions necessary to the establishment of institutions of learning. Parents, in the East, desirous of sending their children to good schools, away from the rigorous cold winters, may safely do so in the full knowledge that the schools are the best in the land. California is full of good schools and from San Francisco to San Diego, "from the Sierras to the Sea," one need feel but an embarrassment of choice.

As civilization advances the private schools become a necessity for the grammar and high schools of overcrowded cities soon become congested and careful parents invariably seek the individual attention, the refined surroundings, and the broader culture which the private school furnishes their children.

California's young eyes have been far seeing in this matter of education, and San Francisco ranks with the Atlantic cities in the high grade of her private schools.

Among the most favorably known is Irving Institute, a boarding and day school for girls, in the handsome building on California and Buchanan streets.

Over twenty-five years ago Rev. Edward Church founded the school in the Mission. Mr. Church was well adapted by education and ability to undertake the task, and his talented wife was an able second.

The school grew steadily and soon became one of our leading institutions, patronized by the best families on the coast. Six years ago it was removed to its present favorable position.

It is a common saying that "the girls of Irving know something." It is certain that while they have been taught the refined and courteous graces of true womanhood, many have distinguished themselves in art, music and literature, those accredited to the colleges always taking high standing.

Mr. Church, greatly honored and beloved, laid down his life work two

years ago and last month went to his last rest.

Mrs. Church will continue the Institute exactly on the same lines as hitherto, the efficient corps of twenty teachers having been retained and Mr. and Mrs. George Herbert Kellogg, so well and favorably known, will be acting principals as they have been for two years.

Mrs. Kellogg's large circle of friends have long recognized her as a woman of great executive ability and intelligent sympathy with young people. Her high ideals are influences in the present success of the institution.

In token of the esteem in which they hold their "school father" the "Irving Club" and "Irving Alumnae Association" are combining to erect a beautiful mosaic glass window in one of our large churches as a memorial to the Rev. Edward Bentley Church.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE—This institution of learning has turned out thousands of graduates who are to be found everywhere among the haunts of commerce,—bright young men and women who owe their positions and start in life to the training and fostering which they received in this college.

Heald's is business-like, honest and efficient. It has established and impressed the Bryant and Stratton methods into the business of the entire Pacific Coast. It has proven its worth by forty years of successful, practical work.

In a very short time young persons may become expert in shorthand, bookkeeping, typewriting, telegraphy, penmanship, and acquire a general business knowledge at a comparatively small expense.

Heald's School of Mines and Engineering gives the pupil both a theoretical and practical education in Civil, Mining, Electrical, Steam and Gas engineering. Students are prepared to enter shop and field at the same time.

Last year the college register showed entries from every county in California, as well as the other Pacific Coast States and nearly every State in the Union.

All mentors and young persons wishing a business education should consider the merits of Heald's.

the United States. Its graduates receive the best positions, and immediately upon graduation. The most modern methods and systems of instruction are employed, with specialists in each department. There are thorough and complete departments of business training, short-



One of the Piano Studios of the Oakland Conservatory of Music.



Polytechnic School Building, Oakland, Cal.

POLYTECHNIC BUSINESS COLLEGE—This college is an institute of shorthand and school of engineering, located in Oakland, California. It is perhaps one of the largest and most elegantly equipped and most thorough business and training school west of Chicago. It is indorsed by the Oakland Board of Trade, and by the leading business and professional men, banking institutions and educators and men of standing throughout the West.

The new "Polytechnic Building" is the finest building ever erected in the West for business training; it is four stories, 100x100 feet; 30,000 square feet for seating capacity; 37 rooms; accommodations for over 1000 students; electric light; steam heat. Light and ventilation perfect. Planned and equipped on a scale of elegance and completeness never before attempted by any similar school west of Chicago.

The building and equipment cost over \$100,000. One of the best in

hand, typewriting, telegraphy, penmanship, civil, electrical, mining and mechanical engineering.

COLLEGE OF MUSIC—The College of Music, Oakland, Cal., is now located in beautiful quarters at Maple Hall, corner of Fourteenth and Webster streets, but within a few weeks hence it will occupy a permanent home in the elegant new Polytechnic building now nearing completion at the corner of Twelfth and Harrison streets, where every



Oakland Conservatory of Music.
The Director's Studio.

facility that would be required by a school of the highest grade will be provided; and the counterpart of which may not be found in any city west of Chicago.

The College of Music was founded in the spring of 1901 by Rozell Worden Vincent who is favorably known in musical circles in the East, where his labors in the educational field have extended over a considerable period. As it is with the trend of a stream, which does not naturally rise above its source, so it is with an institution of learning in regard to the quality of its educational work, which rarely exceeds the value of the imprint of its pedagogic force. The department of voice culture under the direction of Edward A. Thornton, the tenor soloist and teacher, has been doing artistic work during the past two years that is beginning to show the good fruit of his labor. With the advantage of the new splendid auditorium, which the vocal department will share, yet better results are anticipated.

The pianoforte department, which is in direct charge of R. W. Vincent, the college director, is developing into one of the strongest departments of any Western school. The method of instruction include all of the best points of the Liszt technical theories, with their modern develop-

ments. The Overland Monthly is permitted to make advanced use of a few illustrations from Mr. Vincent's new book entitled "Principles of Artistic Pianoforte Playing," now in press, which it is said will be a work of unusual instructive value to students and teachers, and as here presented, serve to show the quality of instruction available in the College of Music.

This musical institution is in the very center of educational activity, enjoying the threefold benefits of equable and health-giving climate, easy access and home-like surroundings, the O. C. M. is undoubtedly destined to become one of the leading conservatories of the Pacific States.

In the choice of a director, the management has been fortunate in securing the services of so able and experienced musician as Professor Adolph Gregory began his musical career as a chorister in Chester Cathedral, Eng., in 1871, where he remained as soprano soloist until the change of voice; studying singing, theory of music, piano-forte and violin under the respective direction of Prof. Cuzner, Dr. Statham, Professor Gunton and Drs. H. I. Irons and J. C. Bridge, all musicians and composers of well-known repute, in 1878 he went to London,



High wrist position for
Elastic Touches.

Mr. Vincent at the Piano.

Low wrist position for
close hand work.

where he continued his studies under Elleberts, a favorite pupil and friend of the Abbe Liszt, holding the positions of soloist and director of choir and orchestra in several London churches. In 1883 he was appointed organist and choir director of Wadhurst College. Here he remained for two years, producing several noteworthy compositions, notably a mass for male voices in A Major. In 1885 a favorable opportunity occurring, he removed to Italy to continue his studies, and land Conservatory of Music, since

then bringing this school to its present state of efficiency.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS has prospered and grown until it numbers among its alumni men honored in all walks of life throughout the State. Here the honored founder and his wife have rounded out an unusually extended term of service in educational and official life. In 1903, owing to the burden of advanced years and ill health, Dr. Hoitt began to look about for a successor in the management of the school.



Hoitt's School, Menlo Park, California.

held the position of Maestro di Cappella at the celebrated Santuario della Croce Piemonte, at the same time graduating in Physical Science and Philosophy in the Lyceo Reale and Collegia Mellerio-Rormini. After seven years spent as teacher and conductor of the orchestra and chorus of Italy, he returned to London, from whence he accepted an invitation to Canada, where he founded the Vancouver, B. C., Conservatory of Music. In 1900 he accepted the position of Director of the Oak-

At the opening of the fall term he associated with himself Professor William J. Meredith, A. B., B. Ped., (University of Washington), who has had a very wide range of successful experience as public school teacher, high school instructor, superintendent of schools, institute lecturer, and registrar and associate professor in his alma mater. At the New Year, Mr. Meredith assumed full control of the school, and since that time has borne the responsibility of managing the institution.

That the last year's work has been eminently successful is an indication that the traditions of the school will be preserved, and its high standard of efficiency maintained.

Mr. Meredith is now sole owner, and the retirement of Dr. and Mrs. Hoitt will not rob the school of the benefit of their experience, but their wise counsel will still be available whenever occasion arises.

An exceptionally strong faculty has been secured for next year and important improvements made in buildings and grounds. The same policy of thorough instruction, kindness and watchful care will be continued as heretofore.

THE CALIFORNIA COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY has just moved into their new building, located at the corner of University Avenue and Ramona street, Palo Alto, Cal., which has been constructed for the express purpose of photographic instruction and experiment. They already have a large enrollment of students from all portions of the west. New classes start on the first of every month, so that students can enter at any time. The school is in session twelve months in the year.

The instructors are the very best obtainable. Miss Clara Weisman, who is known throughout this country as the leader in photographic instruction along art lines, has charge of the departments of Art and Retouching. She was instructor in Retouching in the Illinois College of Photography for three years, and has been connected with some of the leading photographers in this country, such as Strauss, of St. Louis, and Schumacher of Los Angeles. Mr. A. S. Dudley, the President, is thoroughly conversant with the work, and Palo Alto should feel proud of the fact that she has the only real College of Photography west of the Mississippi River.

The college has been newly equipped with the very latest apparatus

and every facility for thorough instruction has been installed. The location of the college is such that nothing but praise can be given for the foresight displayed in its selection. The rates of tuition are as low as it is possible to make them, consistent with the thorough instruction given. A handsome catalogue is in preparation, and every person interested in perfecting his knowledge of photography should send for a copy.



Los Angeles College of Fine Arts.

THE LOS ANGELES COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS.—The college building is surrounded by spacious and beautiful grounds on the cliff overlooking the famous Arroyo Seco, where the outdoor classes find ample material for sketching, in pool and running stream, magnificent mountain and foothill scenery, groves of superb old live oaks and sycamores.

Trips are made to nearer Missions or to the Sea Beaches or the Mountains, all of which are within easy reach by trolley.

In the Picture Gallery a permanent exhibit of high class work is maintained. This is open to the public on Friday afternoons and to students of the school at all times.

There are classes for men and women in drawing, clay modelling, composition, painting in oil, water color or pastel, illustrating for books and newspapers. A full Teachers' Course includes mechanical drawing, projection, perspective, free-hand drawing, painting in water color, and oil, art history, classic and sacred history, anatomy. The

course in Drawing and Painting covers three full years' work, and entitles the student to a diploma on passing the required examination and payment of matriculation fee.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BUSINESS COLLEGE.—Its reputation and patronage are national. Its ownership of school

center. In school furniture, equipment and facilities for good work, it has no superior on the continent. The use of its fine gymnasium, 46x100 feet, is free to all of its pupils.

Its faculty consists of broad-minded men and women, whose experience, business and educational attainments are on par with the great



Southern California Business College.

property is the greatest of any business college west of the Rocky Mountains. Its new college building is modern, perfect in detail and arrangement, light, ventilation, sanitary arrangements, etc. Its location, one block south of the Normal School, near Central Park, is pleasing and refining, convenient to all street cars and near the business

institutions of higher education. It converses readily and accurately in five modern languages—English, German, French, Spanish and Italian. Its teaching qualities in all the courses of study are unexcelled. Its faculty of thirteen teachers elevates its pupils into higher callings and can be depended upon to look after their interests with fidelity.

Its skill in teaching penmanship and in the execution of all kinds of pen work is known and appreciated throughout the entire country.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—The University of Southern California, located in Los Angeles, has had a very prosperous year. The enrollment in all the departments of the university was more than seven hundred. The enrollment in West Los Angeles was more than four hundred and the tuition receipts were seventy-five per cent in advance of the previous year.

The College of Liberal Arts building is being renovated and some adjustments made in the rooms. The new gymnasium is now completed and furnished with the best equipment. It will be one of the most complete and commodious gymnasiums in Southern California. The athletic grounds will be enclosed and put in first-class condition for all out-door games, including football, baseball and track athletics. It is the purpose of the management to make the grounds suitable for all

contests. There are two tennis courts and a good basketball court in close proximity to the gymnasium. And in order that all athletics and physical training may be done in a way that will be the most helpful to the young people, the board of trustees has secured Professor Harvey R. Holmes to have complete charge of the physical training of the young men, and Miss Nellye M. Dickson to have charge of the physical training of the young women.

Professor Holmes is a graduate of the State University of Wisconsin, and will bring into the institution the college spirit of the greater universities.

The scientific department has recently received additions to its apparatus, which makes it possible for students pursuing scientific lines to have advantages equal to those of the best institutions in the State.

The endowment of the university is steadily growing. The productive endowment now reaches more than two hundred thousand, while there is more than fifty thousand, as yet, non-productive.



Occidental College, Los Angeles, Cal.

The college has a classical, scientific, literary and musical course. The academy is of the High School grade, and prepares students for Occidental or any college or university. The School of Music teaches theory, vocal and instrumental music.

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